This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

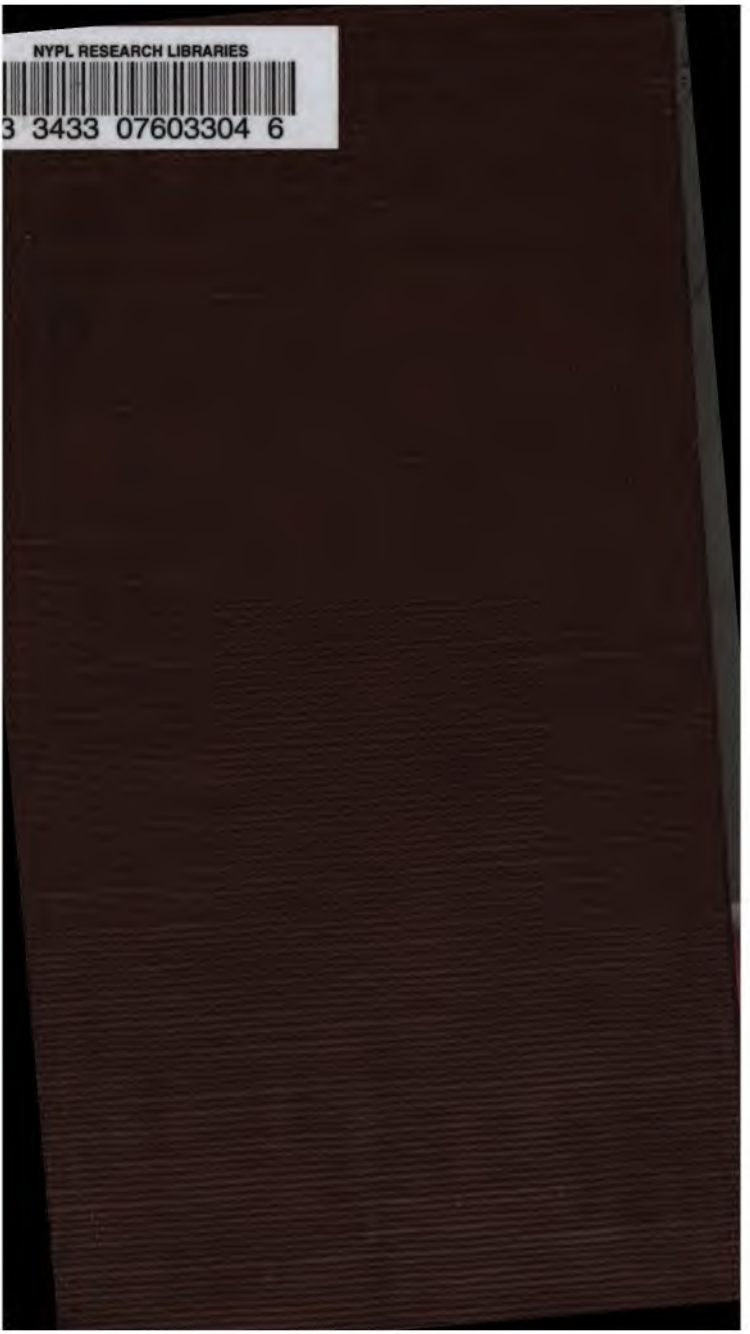
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07603304 6

852

O for a Booke and a shadie nooke,
eyther in-a-doore or out;
With the greene leaves whispring overhede,
or the Streete cryes all about.
Where I maie Reade all at my ease,
both of the Newe and Olde;
For a jollie goode Booke whereon to looke,
is better to me than Golde.

NBHE

Brannan

AVENIA:

OR,

A TRAGICAL POEM,

ON THE

OPPRESSION OF THE HUMAN SPECIES.

AND

INFRINGEMENT

ON THE

RIGHTS OF MAN.

IN SIX BOOKS,

WITH NOTES EXPLANATORY AND MISCELLANEOUS.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

BY THOMAS BRANAGAN,

AUTHOR OF A PRELIMINARY ESSAY ON SLAVERY.

" Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began,
" A mighty hunter, and his prey was man."....POPE.

PHILADELPHIA;

PRINTED FOR SILAS ENGLES, NO. 248, SOUTH THIRD-STREET; AND SAMUEL WOOD, NO. 362, PEARL-STREET, NEWYORK.

S. Engles, Printer.

1805.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
54317B
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1940 L

DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA, *to wit:*

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twenty-sixth day of July, in the thirtieth year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1805, THOMAS BRANAGAN, *of the said District, hath deposited in this Office, the Title of a Book, the Right whereof he claims as Author, in the words following, to wit:*

"*Averia: or, a tragical poem, on the Oppression of the*
"*Human Species, and Infringement on the Rights of*
"*Man. In six books, with notes explanatory and mis-*
"*cellaneous. Written in Imitation of Homer's Iliad.*
"*By* THOMAS BRANAGAN, *author of a Preliminary*
"*Essay on Slavery.*

"*Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began,*
"*A mighty hunter, and his prey was man.*"....POPE.

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, intituled, "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the times therein mentioned" And also to the Act, entitled, "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the times therein mentioned," and extending the benefits thereof to the Arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other Prints."

D. CALDWELL, Clerk of the
District of Pennsylvania.

fords him, in acknowledging with the most grateful sensations, the generous patronage afforded his antecedent production, by a judicious public; which far exceeded his most sanguine expectations, and which can only be equalled by the unfeigned thankfulness, and sentiments of respect, with which he subscribes himself, the public's much obliged, and

Very Humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

OF all the diversified publications which may be productive of public utility, there is none of greater magnitude, none more deserving general attention, none more intrinsically momentous to the citizens of America, than the subject of our investigation. The primary cause of the premature annihilation of modern as well as ancient republics, was the impolitic lassitude of their citizens, in not guarding with indefatigable assiduity, the palladiums of their social and religious rights; investigating the basis of their political and unalienable privileges; and defending with tenfold solicitude the republican principles of their respective governments. The matter in this performance is supremely interesting to mankind collectively, as well as the citizens of a republic individually. The freedom and happiness of Adam's family, are objects which equally merit the consideration of the savage and the sage, the peasant and the philosopher, the historian and the divine; in short, the information derived from the investigation of this subject, and which cannot be investigated too often, is of such a nature, that there is not an individual of the human species to whom it may not produce the most permanent advantages. On a subject of such importance many authors, both in the old and new worlds, have written, several of whose performances are deservedly eulogised as works of sterling merit. But I must say few have had the opportunity of gaining the practical, as well as theoretical information on this subject, which

Providence has put in my power; and none can be under such cogent obligations, to expose the barbarities of my accomplices in villainy, which I have personally witnessed, as I undoubtedly am. It will appear evident to every discerning mind, that I am perfectly correct, when I affirm, that this subject is impeperiously momentous to the people of America, and is essentially connected with their interest, their honor, their prosperity, and their patriotism. In every nation the subject matter of the following tragical poem, would be deemed important; but to the body politic, whose very existence exclusively depends upon the purity of their political principles, it must be doubly important. Liberty, disrobed and in tears, has been chased round the globe, has been banished from every government in the world but the federal government of the United States; here she has fled for refuge, here she hopes to find a permament asylum, here she looks to be defended from the innovations of interested demagogues; while the sentiments she inculcates, and the evils she deprecates most, is individual supremacy: for it is a fact, which has been woefully demonstrated, that supremacy in an individual family, or an individual state, is destruction to a republic. What must more forcibly interest the sentimental, as well as the philanthropic reader, is the melancholy consideration that the subsequent poem is drawn from real life; it is alas far from being the fictitious phantoms of the novelist or the romancer; the principal scenes depictured are literally transacted every year; the concomitant catastrophies, resulting from the deleterious commerce of the human species, are in reality far more tragical than those delineated in the poem. Many of the events recorded, which are recent in my memory, I have been scrupulously circumspect in particularizing, and no matter is admitted in the notes but what is of undisputed authenticity. In rendering an account of those famous, or rather infamous tyrants, who have so long signalized themselves by their unparalleled brutality, I have in

conjunction with my own personal knowledge, availed myself of the most unexceptionable documents which my obscure situation, relative avocations, and local circumstances would allow me to procure. Perspicuity instead of elegance, utility instead of method, the developement of truth instead of the flowers of rhetoric, have been my primary objects in the prosecution of the work.

In the present performance, in common with many others, literary inaccuracies and deviations from the radical rules of composition will no doubt be recognized, but the reader must remember *that* in the execution of the work I have labored under many formidable disadvantages, inconveniences, and interruptions resulting from domestic avocations, etc: *that* part of the poem was compiled some years past, when I had little expectation of submitting it to the indiscriminate inspection, and scrutinizing investigation of a discerning public, and on transcribing it for publication I found it utterly impracticable to arrange it systematically: *that* I have not had the assistance or advice of any judicious friend in preparing, or even perusing my manuscript poem previous to publication; and *that* I could not without being guilty of the basest ingratitude to my most gracious Creator, unparalleled treachery to my wretched fellow creatures, without anticipating the anger of heaven, and the execration of my own conscience, procrastinate the work any longer, especially as its objects were, the vindication of injured innocence, not reputation; the good, and not the praise of man. For the plaudits of the great I will not sue, their censures I do not fear. Without spending one thought on those futile considerations, I will advocate the rights of man, being well convinced that when I drop the curtain of mortality I will be perfectly insensible both to the one and the other. These paramount considerations, with others which might be adduced, will no doubt apologize for obvious imperfections and desultory arrangements; and let it be remembered, that many sanguine animadversions, and literal repetitions

in this work, are the spontaneous effusions of a grateful heart, dictated by the unutterable thankfulness I feel to that wise benificent Being, who great in goodness and good in greatness, worked that conviction in my mind, which enabled me to relinquish the wages of unrighteousness, and to prefer virtue cloathed in rags, to vice arrayed in gold, and who now strengthens and stimulates me to forego my native diffidence and pride, and regardless of the despot's imperious frown, and the critic's malicious sneer, to exhibit to popular execration, the legal barbarity of the traitors and tyrants of mankind.

Whatever reception this work may meet with, the Omniscient is my witness, that my motives are disinterested, generous and pure, and I have used my very best endeavours to accommodate it to the various tastes of the different classes of readers. They whom an enlightened taste and liberal education have made proficients in literature, will be thoroughly sensible how very difficult it must be to accomplish such an object; and they will, no doubt, not only be the first to discern, but the most ready to pardon those errors into which so hazardous an attempt may perhaps have betrayed me. They will nurture, rather than nip, the smallest bud of genius to its full blossom, and will finally with the soft and gentle hand of candor, draw a vail over literary errors, and permit the merits of the cause and the purity of my motives to plead my excuse.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

Agreeable to previous notification, the author, (from a number of recommendatory letters,) selects the subsequent documents, from the Governor of Antigua, and the principal Secretary of State; the originals of which he will cheerfully present for the inspection of those who wish farther testimonials respecting his moral character.

ANTIGUA, MAY 18, 1797.

I DO CERTIFY, That the Bearer of this, THOMAS BRANAGAN, has lived upon the estate of THOMAS LANGFORD BROOKE, ESQ. under the direction of LANGFORD LOVELL HODGE, ESQ. for near twelve months: during which time he has conducted himself to the satisfaction of the said HODGE, who had the management of the said estate, and to myself, as the Attorney, and general superintendant of the said BROOKE's affairs; and he leaves the employment for the purpose of going to Ireland, to make enquiry after some property, which he informs me has lately been left to him by his father.

THOMAS NORBURY KERBY.

To whom it may concern.

ANTIGUA.

By the honorable Edward Byam, President of His Majesty's Council for the said Island of Antigua, and Deputy Ordinary of the same, &c. &c. &c.

LICENCE is hereby granted unto Mr. Thomas Branagan, to depart this Island, he having given bond with security, in the Secretary's office, as the law directs.

This ticket to be in force ten days.

GIVEN under my Hand the Thirteenth Day of May, Anno Domini, 1797.

EDWARD BYAM.

Passed the Secretary's Office,

WILLIAM MATHEWS,

Dep. Sec'ry.

AVENIA.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

INVOCATION....Description of the fertility and beauty of Africa....The native virtue and rural pleasures of its inhabitants....The arrival of the slave ships....The traders procure slaves first by fraud....The hospitality of the natives, and the villainy of the traders described....They proceed by force to surprise and enslave the youths and maidens in their artless jolity....The youths resist and are murdered, and the females are conveyed to the ships....The warriors in a distant town are informed by a youth who escaped the catastrophe....They immediately fly to arms, and repulse the assassins....The war commences....A description of the leader of the sable forces ....His speeches....His rectitude, filial love and native courage described....MONDINGO's wife is murdered.... His bitter lamentations for her.

AVENIA.

BOOK I.

AWAKE my muse, the sweet Columbian strain,
Depict the wars on Afric's crimson plain.
Sing how the poor, unhappy sable dames
Are violated at their rural games;
How Afric's sons surrounded with alarms,
Die in the cause of liberty, in arms;
How with their bloody scourge the Christians go
To Africa, dread ministers of woe;
How big with war their tilting dungeons ride,
Like floating castles o'er the yielding tide.
What pen can half their villainies record?
What tongue can count the slaughters of their sword?
Give me, my muse, your melancholy bard,
Give me to paint their guilt and their reward.
Lo, help me now those monsters to decry,
Death on each cheek, and horror in each eye.
Ye sacred Nine! assist me to proclaim
The native virtues of the sable train,
And grandeur of their own paternal plain.
Here fragrant fields, where rice luxurious grow,
And cornels blushing on the hawthorn glow;
Here the spontaneous and the pregnant vines,

Around their bridegroom elm fraternal twines;
Here lofty oaks around quadrupeds spread
Their leaves, while with the acorns they are fed;
While stately palm-trees prove a cool retreat,
To screen the natives from the sultry heat.
Here all the diff'rent species of the wood
Prowl on in safety, and enjoy their food,
Then lay them down by limpid streams, abide,
And slumber as the murm'ring waters glide.
As when a peasant to his garden brings
Soft rills of water from the bubbling springs,
And calls the floods from high to bless his bow'rs,
And feed with pregnant streams the plants and flow'rs;
Soon as he clears whate'er their passage staid,
And marks the future current with his spade,
Swift o'er the rolling pebbles down the hills,
Louder and louder purl the murm'ring rills;
Before him scatt'ring, they prevent his pains,
And shine in mazy wand'rings o'er the plains.
The rose and lily spread their various dyes,
And from the jess'mine groves sweet fragrance rise:
From thence the tuneful linnets soaring high,
With Philomel salute the morning sky;
While each harmonious warbler of the grove
Recounts its Maker's wisdom, truth and love.
Here no forboding fear disturbs the breast
Of Africans, with native freedom blest;
Here crystal streams from their primeval bed,
More cool and sweet than from the bursting lead,
Allay their thirst.
Here heathens make terrestrial bliss their own,
To kings and beggars equally unknown.
Each cottage of content a sweet retreat,

Ne'er purchas'd by the riches of the great,
With happiness and peace and plenty crown'd,
Pours copious blessings, benedictions round.
No beds of down here anxious thoughts impart,
No gilded coach conveys an aching heart;
No mighty ramparts here the natives raise,
No gorgeous palaces with sculpture blaze;
No soldiers here in glitt'ring armour wait,
No mighty champions guard the despot's gate;
No foaming charger deck'd with gold profound,
Neighs, prances, rears, or foaming, paws the ground;
No precious stones or beaming di'monds shine,
Emboss'd on sculptur'd bowls, with sparkling wine;
No cringing vassals here their bondage bear,
No cowards court the kings they hate and fear;
No sable hero bends beneath their sway,
No dikes impose, no votaries obey.
But here the lambkins bleat the native's toil,
The hinds are gen'rous as their natal soil.
Woods crown the mountains, and each myrtle grove,
In scented meads the frisking heiffers rove.
Soft rains and pearly dews refresh the fields,
Perpetual spring eternal verdure yields.
The balmy spirit of the fragrant gale
Breathes on the blushing fruits untaught to fail.
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
On plantains plantains, plumbs on plumbs arise.
The lovely seasons give the blooms to blow,
The buds to blossom, and the fruits to grow.
The herbs for ever bud, for ever green,
The rose and lily luminate the scene;
The blushing fruits all beauteous to behold,

Glow on the trees bright as the lucid gold;
Still copious by the vernal winds inclin'd,
Blush as they wave and twinkle in the wind.
The fruitful soil a ready harvest yields,
Successive crops crown the luxuriant fields;
Spontaneous wines from the old palm-tree pour,
And heav'n descends in each prolific show'r,
Refreshing meads along the briny main,
And silver rills run bubbling through the plain.
The nodding woods with purple beauties crown'd,
Breathe aromatic fragrances around.
In wavy gold the verdant vales are drest,
Where trees are bending with their foliage prest;
With milk white flocks the dewy fields are stor'd,
And silver fish the sea and lakes afford.
The winter smiles on this auspicious clime,
And meads are florid with unfading prime:
On these sweet meads no winds inclement blow,
Nor mould the hail, nor flake the fleecy snow;
But thro' the myrtle grove and flow'ry vale,
Murmurs the fragrant breeze and scented gale.
Here full grown figs a purple hue disclose,
The olive ripens, and pom'granate glows;
The dangling oranges sweet scents unfold,
And shaddocks ripen like the blooming gold.
Thus free from Christians, Africans were bless'd,
With health, peace, joy and happiness possess'd;
Fearless they tripp'd along the verdant meads,
While beauteous garlands crown'd their sable heads;
From bow'r to bow'r they pleasantly remove,
As pleasure calls from grove to myrtle grove;
And on sweet beds of flow'rs extended lie,
And hear translucent rills run bubbling by.

Midst all these beauties sweet AVENIA shone,
Like bright Aurora on her golden throne;
The royal maid the monarch's only joy,
And brave LOUVERTURE was his oldest boy.
The poor, unhappy king, whose rev'rend brow
Time hoary time had silver'd o'er with snow;
His boundless reign the distant realms confest,
His people blessing, by his people blest;
Mild, modest, virtuous, generous and good,
Friend to the friendless, to the hungry food.
AVENIA blest the poor sweet as the gale,
And beauteous as the verdant flow'ry vale;
Celestial virtue crown'd her tender youth,
All innocence she play'd the simple lute,
And spent the joyful and the dancing hours
By bubbling streams, or in ambrosial bow'rs.
Kings and brave heroes for AVENIA burn'd,
But she deny'd, and kings and heroes mourn'd;
Fir'd by her charms the regal youths remain
To woo, but woo'd the lovely maid in vain.
Brave ANGOLA the royal maid addrest,
Whose birth, youth, beauty, far excell'd the rest.
She saw and lov'd him, and her passion grew
More pure and ardent at each interview:
But brave ANGOLA void of lust or fears,
Express'd his love, and spoke his joy in tears;
Ardent he lov'd, and as he lov'd he grew
More fond and faithful, nor deception knew;
His passion ever young, kind and sincere,
His actions virtuous, mixt with modest fear.
Amid the jess'mine bower or sylvan grove,
They spent the fleeting hours with virtuous love;
While o'er their heads dress'd in ambrosial state,

The am'rous turtle woo'd his charming mate.
AVENIA with terrestrial rapture glows,
Clasps her ANGOLA....to his bosom grows:
Thus they with transports each the other warms,
Pour out their souls, lock'd in each other's arms,
Till the expected bridal day appears,
To crown their joy, and to dispel their fears.
With rustic pomp the nuptial feast delight,
The artless dance and the hymeneal rite,
Through flow'ng fields the new made bride is led,
With songs of triumph to the bridal bed,
While joyful dancers in a circle bound,
To the soft lute and banjoes silver sound.
Now sable nymphs advance the scented mead,
With myrtle wreaths adorn AVENIA's head;
Now o'er the lawn with sweet majestic pace,
The bride moves on, and moves with stately grace,
Thro' verdant greens, the maidens in a row,
And joyful youths, enjoy the artless show;
Some wrestle on the grass, and some in play,
And games heroic, pass the hours away.
These raise the warlike song, and those advance
In measur'd steps to form the mazy dance.
There sweet AVENIA in her loose attire,
And her ANGOLA strike the sounding lyre;
Here warlike heroes, the majestic train,
Pitch all their idle lances on the plain.
On beds of roses some are stretch'd along,
Sweet to the ear their charming voices sung;
Others beneath sweet scented groves were laid,
And joyful feasted in the fragrant shade.
Here sable youths advance along the meads,
And crimson wreaths adorn their graceful heads;

Now here, now there, unsettl'd they remove,
From jess'mine bowers to the fragrant grove;
Taught by no guile, the poor unhappy band
Dance without fear, and join each hand in hand;
They now with active feet in oblique ways,
Move round promiscuously, a moving maze;
Now forth at once too swift for sight they spring,
And in a moment blend the flying ring:
So whirls a wheel in giddy circle tost,
A d rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.
Then each irregular moves diff'rent ways,
And joins in chorus with the artless lays;
The gen'rous palm wine the short joys enhance,
And moves them to renew the mazy dance;
And as they sing and symphonize around,
Creation echoes to the grateful sound:
But soon from thence will sounds of anguish flow,
And joy's sweet carols end in shrieks of woe.
Imperial Sol in his diurnal way,
Beheld their artless joy and nuptial day;
The bridal day, but void of pomp and pride,
A woeful prelude to the groom and bride.
Nocturnal stars that twinkle as they rise,
And gild the milky way and golden skies,
Saw them in chains, and saw their miseries;
For while they fearless tripp'd the flow'ry plain,
The artful Christians plow'd the liquid main.
Th' approach the golden coast, the whistling gales,
Drive the huge ships, and fill the swelling sails.
The hardy sailors and the compass guide
The painted dungeons through the rapid tide;
Conscious of ev'ry land, sea coast and bay,
That lies beneath the sun's meredian ray;

Tho' clouds and darkness vail the blushing sky,
Thro' darkness, clouds, and hurricanes they fly;
Tho' tempests rage and swell the surging main,
The seas may swell, the tempest rage in vain.
Lo, now diminish'd stars had fled away,
Before the glories of the dawning day;
While bright Aurora left her orient bed,
And rear'd above the waves her dazzling head,
When lo, the golden coast appear'd in view,
As tilting o'er the waves the vessels flew:
The sailors see the fragrant mountains rise,
Peep o'er the vales, and dance before their eyes;
The canvas wings all shiv'ring as they go,
Flap in the wind, white as the driven snow.
Th' approach the shore, as mighty serpents glide,
Who roll incumbent on the glassy tide;
Advancing to the shore their spires they raise,
Fold above fold, in many a tow'ry maze:
Beneath their speckled breasts the waters glow,
Their crimson crests enflame the deep below;
O'er the vast flood extending vast and wide,
Their curling backs are floating on the tide;
Their hissing tongues they dart the poison'd bane,
As their red eye-balls shoot a vivid flame;
Lash'd to a foam, the boiling billows roar,
As the tremendous monsters reach the shore.
Thus fierce, Columbia's sons degenerate go
To Afric's coast, dread ministers of woe.
The ships now anchor in the winding bay,
As the devoted town in prospect lay.
The baptiz'd ruffians now in council join'd,
While dreadful plans are pregnant in each mind;
Here horrid thought of death and slaughter roll,

And av'rice rises awful in each soul.
At length they all unanimous conclude
To act by fraud, then bathe their swords in blood.
As hungry wolves, when clouds involve the day,
Rush from their dens, and prowling wide for prey,
Howl to the tempest, while the savage brood
Stretch'd in the cavern, pant and thirst for blood:
Thus from their ships they send their boats to land
The bloody ruffians on the yellow sand.
Now lo, through groves five artful villains stray'd,
The rest in ambush march'd the woodland shade;
They stray'd, or seem'd to stray, with grief along,
By streams where nodding cedars overhung;
And lo, they found good ANGO as they sought,
A faithful neighbor, and without a fault:
The tyrants found him busied as he sat,
Before the threshold of his rustic gate.
Around the mansion in a circle shone
A rural portico of mud and stone:
ANGO with honest and industr'ous toil,
With his own hands had rais'd the rural pile;
The wall part wood, and stone from quarries borne,
Encircled with a fence of native thorn,
And strong with pales by many a weary stroke
Of stubborn labour hewn from heart of oak.
As the impostors near th'inclosure drew,
With open mouths three furious mastiffs flew;
Then stop'd the ruffians, cautious to withstand,
Each held his hat before him in his hand;
Sudden the master runs, aloud he calls,
And from his hasty hand the weapon falls;
With show'rs of stones he drives them far away,
The scatter'd dogs around at distance bay,

The villains now approach the good man's door,
With tears they cry " Thy succour we implore,
Respect us human and relieve us poor,
At least some hospitable gifts bestow,
'Tis what the blessed to the wretched owe,
'Tis what our God requires....our God revere,
The poor and stranger are his constant care:
To heav'n our cause and our revenge belongs,
God wonders with us, and he feels our wrongs:
Pity us while we lift our suppliant hands,
For lo, keen misery before thee stands.
Twice ten tempestuous nights we roll'd resign'd
To roaring billows and the veering wind:
Heav'n bade the deep to spare, but heav'n our foe,
Spares only to inflict some mightier woe.
Inur'd to cares and death in all its forms,
Outcasts we rove familiar with the storms.
Once more we view the face of human kind,
Oh, let soft pity touch your gen'rous mind,
Unconscious of what air we breathe, we stand
Helpless, defenceless on a foreign land.
If thou the stranger's righteous cause decline,
Ours is the suff'rance but the sin is thine."
" Unhappy strangers" thus the faithful swain
Began with accent gracious and humane,
" What sorrow had been mine if at my gate
The helpless stranger met a shameful fate,
Enough of woes already have I known,
Enough my neighbor's sorrows and my own
But enter this my homely roof and see
Our wood's not void of hospitality;
Now tell me whence you are, and what the share
Of woes and wand'rings you were born to bear:

He said, and seconding the kind request,
With friendly steps precedes each unknown guest;
A brind'led lion's hide beneath them spread,
And with fresh rushes heap'd an ample bed:
Still fraudulent of soul the tyrants find,
So just reception from a host so kind.
" And Oh, our God with all your blessings grace,
(With guile they spoke) this friend of human race."
The swain reply'd, " It never was our guise
To slight the poor or aught humane despise;
For heav'n unfolds our hospitable door,
'Tis heav'n that sends the stranger and the poor:
Little alas is all the good I can,
A man myself, dependant, yet a man."
Then lo, he girds his garments round his waist,
Forth rush'd the swain with hospitable haste,
Straight to the lodgment of his herd he run,
Where the fat barrows slept beneath the sun;
Of two his cutlass launch'd the spouting blood,
These quarter'd, sing'd and fix'd on forks of wood,
All hast'ly on the hissing coals he threw,
And smoking back the tasteful viands drew.
Then with delight he on the board display'd
The ready meal before the strangers laid,
And sat companion of the friendly feast,
With open look, and thus bespoke each guest;
" Now take with freedom what our hands prepare,
Such food as falls to simple servants' share."
Thus he benignant, while each treach'rous guest
Now swills the palm wine, then devours the feast,
While schemes of veng'ance ripen in each breast;
" And now my venerable friends declare
Your names, your parents and your native air;

Sincere, from whence began your course, relate,
And to what ship I owe the friendly freight:
Whom want itself can force untruths to tell,
My soul detests him as the gates of hell."
Then spoke the tyrants, "Witness God of love,
And all ye first born sons of light above,
And mother earth, and heav'ns diurnal light,
And ye fell furies of the realms of night,
Who punish sinners and dread woes prepare
For perjur'd men, and all who falsely swear,
That we are helpless wretched and forlorn,
Wreck'd on this coast and shatter'd by the storm:
If this be false may heav'n its veng'ance shed,
And levell'd thunder strike each guilty head."
This shows our friend by old experience taught,
And learn'd in all the wiles of human thought
How prone to doubt how cautious are the wise:
"But hear again, O hear ye sacred skies,
Hear heav'nly worlds, and hear thou roaring main
And all ye pow'rs that all these worlds contain,
No form, design, no meditated end
Lurks in our minds, thou sympathizing friend;
Our narratives are true, sincere our aim,
The same our practice were our fate the same,
Heav'n has not curs'd us with hard hearts of steel,
But giv'n the sense to pity and to feel.
From Russian fields sad wand'rers o'er the main,
Behold the relics of the Russian train;
Through various seas by various perils toss'd,
And forc'd by storms unwilling on your coast;
Far from our destin'd course and native land,
Such was our fate, and such our God's command:
Not what we are befits us to disclaim,
Great PETER'S friends, in arms a mighty name:

The rude winds dash'd our ships against a rock,
Fast by your shore the gallant vessels broke,
Scarce with these few we 'scap'd of all our train,
Whom foaming billows 'whelm'd beneath the main,
The scatter'd wrecks the winds blew back again."
To whom the swain, " O strangers cease your care,
Great woes you've seen but man is born to bear:
Heav'n weighs affairs of earth in dubious scales,
And the good suffers while the bad prevails:
Bear, bear with souls resign'd the will of Jove,
Who breathes must mourn, your woes are from above;
But since you tread our hospitable shore,
'Tis mine to bid the wretched grieve no more,
To clothe the naked and your way to guide,
And thus my little all with you divide:
'Tis ours the sons of sorrow to relieve,
To cheer their hearts nor let affliction grieve.
Of all that breathes or grov'ling creeps the earth
Most vain is man, calamitous by birth:
To-day with pow'r elate in strength he blooms,
The haughty creature on that pow'r presumes:
Anon from heav'n a sad reverse he feels,
Untaught to bear, 'gainst heav'n the wretch rebels;
For man is changeful as his bliss or woe,
Too high when prosp'rous, when distress'd too low:
Then man should ne'er be proud, but firm of mind,
Bear the best humbly, to the worst resign'd."
He spoke; the ruffians all at once display
Their arms, and evil for his good repay,
Force him and all his family away;
His wife and daughters serve their brutal lust,
His sons resent and bite the crimson dust.
So whilst he feeds luxurious in the stall,
The *sov'reign of the herd* is doom'd to fall:

They load with pond'rous chains his gen'rous hands,
And drag him from his dear paternal lands:
His house they plunder, and with dire alarms,
The unmask'd ruffians shine in glitt'ring arms.
So from his den, the winter slept away,
Shoots forth the burnish'd snake in open day,
Who fed with ev'ry poison of the plain,
Sheds his old spoils, and shines in arms again:
Proud of his golden scales, rolls tow'ring on,
Birds fascinated view him in the sun.
They now pursue their course with artful guile
T' enslave the artless children as they smile,
And now approach a village near the main,
As they drew near th' address'd the sable train;
The smooth tongue Christians gain them to their mind
For words deceive the best of human kind.
As from some rock that overhangs the flood
The artful fisher casts th' insidious food,
With fraudful care he waits the finny prize,
And sudden lifts it quiv'ring to the skies:
With equal artifice with equal care,
The treach'rous foe the sable maids ensnare;
A sudden trust now confidently grew,
And smiling children round the ruffians drew;
"Give me some beads," the fearless damsel cries,
"Haste, then," the cunning slaver thus replies,
"To yon grand ship there riches we'll bestow,
Nor doubt our words nor fear an artful foe."
"Swear first" they cry "ye Christians to restore
Us safe again to our paternal shore."
And as they spoke the perjured slavers swore.
They swore, and swearing lift their guileful eyes
And hands, with seeming rev'rence to the skies;
They swore that oath that never should be vain;

" By heaven, by hell, by earth and by the main,
And all the pow'rs that all the four contain,
The infernal monarch and the fiends below,
And God who punishes the broken vow ;
To sanctify our words behold we stand,"
They cry, " and on each breast we lay each honest hand ;
No art shall win us and no pow'r compel,
Not tho' the golden skies should plunge to hell ;
Yon starry splendors from their spheres should fall,
And ocean spread its waters o'er the ball."
They now alas, the hapless natives bring,
And more, the youthful offspring of the king ;
Each ruffian seiz'd a maiden's willing arm,
They follow'd smiling, innocent of harm,
Like bleating lambs they lead them safe away,
A noble prize, and to the ships convey ;
They now ascend the lofty painted sides
Of the high ships amid the briny tides ;
When on the decks the simple natives came,
They show them amber chains, elaborate frame,
And toys like gold, but only gold in name.
Each female eye the beads and links employ,
They turn, review and cheapen every toy,
And while the glitt'ring trinkets they behold,
The sailors force them in the dismal hold :
The eagle thus who soars through fields of air,
Snatches the snowy swan or quiv'ring hare.
The wretched slaves beneath the decks were stowed,
While to the shore the cruel ruffians row'd ;
The poor unhappy infants left behind,
To more than mortal miseries consign'd,
The ambush now approach the distant plain,
All bent to intercept the dancing train :
They march thro' groves and thro' the verdant wood,

They load with pond'rous chains his gen'rous hands,
And drag him from his dear paternal lands:
His house they plunder, and with dire alarms,
The unmask'd ruffians shine in glitt'ring arms.
So from his den, the winter slept away,
Shoots forth the burnish'd snake in open day,
Who fed with ev'ry poison of the plain,
Sheds his old spoils, and shines in arms again:
Proud of his golden scales, rolls tow'ring on,
Birds fascinated view him in the sun.
They now pursue their course with artful guile
T' enslave the artless children as they smile,
And now approach a village near the main,
As they drew near th' address'd the sable train;
The smooth tongue Christians gain them to their mind
For words deceive the best of human kind.
As from some rock that overhangs the flood
The artful fisher casts th' insidious food,
With fraudful care he waits the finny prize,
And sudden lifts it quiv'ring to the skies:
With equal artifice with equal care,
The treach'rous foe the sable maids ensnare;
A sudden trust now confidently grew,
And smiling children round the ruffians drew;
"Give me some beads," the fearless damsel cries,
"Haste, then," the cunning slaver thus replies,
"To yon grand ship there riches we'll bestow,
Nor doubt our words nor fear an artful foe."
"Swear first" they cry "ye Christians to restore
Us safe again to our paternal shore."
And as they spoke the perjured slavers swore.
They swore, and swearing lift their guileful eyes
And hands, with seeming rev'rence to the skies;
They swore that oath that never should be vain;

" By heaven, by hell, by earth and by the main,
And all the pow'rs that all the four contain,
The infernal monarch and the fiends below,
And God who punishes the broken vow ;
To sanctify our words behold we stand,"
They cry, " and on each breast we lay each honest hand ;
No art shall win us and no pow'r compel,
Not tho' the golden skies should plunge to hell ;
Yon starry splendors from their spheres should fall,
And ocean spread its waters o'er the ball."
They now alas, the hapless natives bring,
And more, the youthful offspring of the king ;
Each ruffian seiz'd a maiden's willing arm,
They follow'd smiling, innocent of harm,
Like bleating lambs they lead them safe away,
A noble prize, and to the ships convey ;
They now ascend the lofty painted sides
Of the high ships amid the briny tides ;
When on the decks the simple natives came,
They show them amber chains, elaborate frame,
And toys like gold, but only gold in name.
Each female eye the beads and links employ,
They turn, review and cheapen every toy,
And while the glitt'ring trinkets they behold,
The sailors force them in the dismal hold :
The eagle thus who soars through fields of air,
Snatches the snowy swan or quiv'ring hare.
The wretched slaves beneath the decks were stowed,
While to the shore the cruel ruffians row'd ;
The poor unhappy infants left behind,
To more than mortal miseries consign'd,
The ambush now approach the distant plain,
All bent to intercept the dancing train :
They march thro' groves and thro' the verdant wood,

A place for ambush sought, and there they stood;
Four spies at distance lurk to watch the scene,
And view their movements through the flow'ry green;
Soon maids unthoughtful dance along the plains,
By silver fountains and by limpid streams;
The joyful bridegroom, and the shepherd swains
Before them piping on their reeds, they go,
Nor fear an ambush nor suspect a foe;
The maidens wake the sweet ambrosial strings,
And to the simple lays each sweetly sings:
Behind irreg'lar move the chaunting train,
All time the voice and answer to the strain:
Twice twenty warriors as their guardians stand,
Six shepherd's dogs compleat the rural band,
And snowy flocks that crop the verdant green,
Skip o'er the lawns and whiten all the scene:
While round their youthful queen the nymphs advance,
She tow'rs majestic as she leads the dance;
She moves in pomp superior to the rest,
And sacred transports touch'd AVENIA's breast:
The joyful nymphs still trip along the meads,
Flow'rs in their hands and garlands on their heads.
In arms the Christians suddenly rise round,
Rush furious, slay the foremost, heap the ground
With hills of slaughter and with death profound.
So with her young amid the woodland shades,
A tim'rous hind the lion's court invades,
Leaves in the fatal lair the tender fawns,
Climbs the green clifts or feeds on flow'ry lawns;
Meantime return'd with dire remorseless sway,
The monarch savage rends the trembling prey.
With equal fury and with equal fame,
Soon shall the warrior chiefs avenge the slain,
The maids are all insulted on the plain,

While in the midst lies dead the shepherd swain,
Sudden from thence the sounds of terror flow,
And joyful songs now end in screams of woe;
One youth escap'd of all the warrior train,
One was enslav'd....ANGOLA was his name;
The rest lay gasping on the purple plain,
And grasp'd the grass and bit the dust with pain,
Not for himself the brave ANGOLA fears,
But for AVENIA sheds his silent tears;
He strives to rescue her, he calls her name,
O'erpower'd by numbers, he but strives in vain;
As the grim prowling wolf, amidst her play
Leaps on the lamb and rends the tender prey,
While roams the bleating mother round the plain,
Seeks and laments her slaughter'd child in vain;
Thus the kind husband now in vain complains,
The tyrants bind him in coercive chains:
Towards the floating dungeon sad he moves.
Hapless with grief and hapless in his loves;
They near him walk'd with solemn pace and slow,
Promoters of his misery and woe.
The brave bold hero grievously oppress'd,
In all his woes the warrior shin'd confess'd;
The 'vengeful Christians drag him thro' the wood,
While blushing roses were bedropt with blood;
A ruffian by the royal victim stands
With fi'ry eyes and sabre in his hands,
Still he, th' intrepid youth, no fears express;
August in grief, majestic in distress.
His soul's far dearer part with woes oppress'd,
The sweet AVENIA with dire pangs distress'd,
Now swoons a victim at her tyrant's feet,
And but recovers to complain and weep;
She cries while pearly tears her words attend,

" Oh ! where is ANGOLA, my dear dear friend ;"
She sighs and moans and tears her hair in vain;
And bathes with big round tears the purple plain ;
And cries, " How happy is the virgin's lot,
The world forgetting by the world forgot ;
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind,
By heav'n protected, and to heav'n resign'd ;
Labor and rest that equal periods keep,
Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep,
Desires compos'd affections ever even,
Love that delights, nor of that love bereaven,
Peace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whispering spirits prompt her golden dreams,
For her, sweet nymphs, the bridal garlands bring,
For her sweet virgins songs triumphant sing,
For her the unfading rose and myrtle blooms,
While heav'n protects and sheds divine perfumes,
Shields her from Christain, bloody Christian foes,
From disappointed love, exhaustless woes.
She lives to love, to love she dies away,
And clasps her lover in eternal day ;
But me, ah me...," and still she strove to say,
But groans and sighs and tears stopt up the way ;
With frantic and delirious grief she raves,
While ruffians chain her with the sable slaves ;
She loves, she hates, despairs, and hopes again,
And then with rage she shakes her clanking chain ;
Here cease my muse, for they who lov'd so well,
They only they can half her sorrows tell ;
These only these can pity weep and melt,
Those cannot sympathize who never felt :
The youth who 'scap'd now hastens to impart
With weeping eyes and agonizing heart.
Swift fled the lad, nor not a moment stands

Till he had reach'd the town and warrior bands :
The heroes gaze, the panting youth appears,
And tells the melancholy tale with tears ;
" Sad tidings friends and fathers you must hear,
And I alas must be the messenger ;
The bloody Christians have appeared in fight,
And robb'd your children of their natal right :
Lo ! all your sons are welt'ring in their gore,
Your ravish'd daughters to the ships they bore,
And I alone oppress'd with mighty woe,
Have scarce escaped from the ambush'd foe."
Wrapt in a cloud of grief he strove to say
The narrative, but sighs stopt up the way ;
The hoary heroes heard with silent woe,
And while they heard the tears began to flow.
So when the woodman's toil her cave surrounds,
And with the hunter's cry the grove resounds,
With grief and rage the mother lion stung,
Fearless herself yet trembles for her young.
Lo, instantly th' alarm the warrior train,
And in a moment scour the distant plain,
Rang'd in promiscuous lines the warriors stand,
Start from the town and vanish o'er the strand ;
Swift as on wings they flew, or seem'd to fly,
And drifts of dust involve the golden sky :
Thus from his flaggy wings, when Notus sheds
A night of vapours round the mountain heads,
Swift gliding mists the dusky fields invade
To thieves more grateful than the midnight shade,
While scarce the swains their feeding flocks survey,
Lost and confus'd amidst the thicken'd day :
So wrapt in gathering dust the sable train,
A moving cloud swept on and hid the plain.
They stop and listen, and they hear from far

Dire shrieks, they fly again to meet the war.
Lo now the chieftains reach the silver flood,
Heap'd with the slain and red with human blood!
The hapless slain, the cruel ruffians tore
Who lay all languid horrible in gore;
Thus o'er th' unguarded fence by hunger bold
Springs the grim tyger and invades the fold,
All dreadful growling in the midnight hours,
The helpless flock he murders and devours;
While wrapt in silence lies the fleecy brood,
The savage rages in a foam of blood.
The sable heroes view th' unequal fight,
And mangled youths, but sicken at the sight,
They view their gasping sons extended die,
While tears of rage stand trembling in each eye;
No more they weep but to the battle turn,
Breathing revenge....all for the combat burn;
So two wild boars spring furious from their den,
Rous'd by the cries of dogs and voice of men,
On every side the crackling trees they tear,
And root the shrubs, and lay the forest bare;
They gnash their tusks, with fire their eye-balls roll,
Till some wide wound let out their mighty soul;
Th' intrepid prince his myrmidons inspires,
The brave LOUVERTURE by example fires.
Amidst his host the royal hero stood,
And sent his voice before him as a flood;
And fir'd with fury to the fight he flies,
Keen flash the flames, and lighten from his eyes;
So the fierce bull collected in his might,
Roars for his rival and demands the fight,
Impatient for the war with fury burns,
And tries on every tree his angry horns;
Bends his stern brows and pushes at the air,

And paws the flying sands, the prelude of the war.
Fearless of death he views the Christian bands,
Pants for the battle and the war demands;
The shrieks of maidens and the shouting foe
Swell his bold heart, and only make it glow;
Amid his bands majestically tall
He stood, and standing, far outshin'd them all:
A filial hero, pious, fond and good,
A friend to man, a servant of his God,
His person amiable, his mind serene,
His strength heroic, and august his frame;
His hands were ever open, and his door,
To help the helpless and relieve the poor.
Then with a voice which anguish made more strong,
He thus harrangues and animates his throng:
"Fellows in arms whose deeds are known to fame,
And you whose ardor hopes an equal fame,
Since not alike endow'd with force and art,
Behold a day when each may act his part;
A day to fire the brave to warm the cold,
To gain new glories or augment the old;
For lo, depending on this dreadful day
The fate of babes, sires, wives and daughters lay;
We face the foes of our extended reign,
Where crystal streams enrich the Afric plain,
Lo, see them come from each bright wooden wall,
This day we'll conquer or this day we'll fall;
Let each reflect who prizes fame or breath,
On endless slav'ry, or on instant death;
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claim no less the fearful than the brave,
For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge your souls to war;
But since alas, *ignoble* age must come,

Disease and death's inexorable doom;
The life which others pay let us bestow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe;
Brave though we fall, and honor'd if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give:
Think on your dear dear children basely slain
And mangled by the cruel Christian train;
Your ancient valor on the foes approve,
Jove is with us and we will trust in Jove,
'Tis not for us but our proud foes to dread,
Whose crimes sit heavy on each perjur'd head,
Who hope our sons and dames to lead in chains,
And with our warriors strew the mournful plains,
" And Oh," he cries, " Thou Ruler of the sky
Give me to make yon cruel Christians fly,
And o'er my eyes triumphant wisdom spread
While dawning conquest plays around my head,
Thou, only Thou, can bless my bold design,
Protect my sire and make the conquest mine;
O Jove on thee alone I now depend,
As thou hast been, still ever be my friend."
Then on his spear the hero cast a look,
The beaming jav'lin, and with ardor spoke;
" My trusty lance still faithful to my hand,
Still wing'd with death to answer my command,
Which once brave ZANGA's arm was wont to wield,
And mine now throws, the terror of the field;
In this great moment fly nor fly in vain,
But stretch yon haughty tyrants on the plain;
Oh give me through their hearts thy point to thrust,
And soil their scented garments in the dust."
He spoke, and speaking grasps in either hand,
His sword and lance and speeds from band to band;
The Christians resolute their onset dare,

Condense their powers and meets the coming war;
LOUVERTURE leads, all fix on him their eye,
Resolv'd to conquer, or resolv'd to die.
Ye sacred nine, assist me to proclaim
Who fac'd him first and press'd the purple plain:
Proud HODGE with insolence and void of fear,
First met his lance and felt his thirsty spear,
Prone in the dust the panting tyrant lay,
While brave LOUVERTURE lopp'd his head away;
Still slaught'ring on, the valiant prince proceeds,
Both friends and foes all wonder at his deeds;
The fight begun, promiscuous shouts arise,
And dreadful clangor thicken in the skies;
DUNDAS, an officer of ancient fame,
Oppos'd his might and press'd the bloody plain,
In his proud front he felt the fatal wound,
Sudden he fell, and falling bit the ground;
There slain he left him in the shades of night,
Then pres'd amidst the thickest ranks of fight;
A proud imperious ruffian dead to fame,
Cross'd in his way, and PEACOCK was his name;
He saw the prince and seiz'd with sudden fright,
All pale he shrunk and turn'd his back for flight;
Swift as he flies, pursues the following dart,
Enters his back and quivers in his heart,
From his torn heart the crimson torrent flow'd,
His tremb'ling knees desert their dying load.
The Africans in one phalanx unite,
While dying groans are mix'd with shouts of fight:
O'er heaps of carcasses and clotted gore,
The heroes press toward the distant shore.
The brave LOUVERTURE with resistless hand,
Pursues, o'erturns, confounds the Christian band;

The valiant prince still plies the hostile crew,
He kill'd two brothers, and the father slew :
On strong O'BRIEN next inflicts a wound,
And lay proud THOMPSON gasping on the ground :
While he lay foaming on the purple plain,
The far fam'd villain, BARRINGTON by name,
Wing'd with wild fears, he strove in vain to fly,
The ships too distant and the foe too nigh :
He fled, or seem'd to fly swift as the wind,
But as he fled he left his life behind.
The eager dart now sings along the skies,
Transfix'd the ruffian as the ruffian flies :
At BRINTON next he launch'd his spear profound,
The chief rush'd on, regardless of the sound,
Till in his breast he felt the fatal wound ;
The pointed death amid his bowels stood,
Infix'd within, and drank the vital blood,
He drops, he pants, and scarcely draws his breath
And round about him stands the monster death :
The golden light now languish on his eyes,
From his fair cheeks the rosy colour flies,
He grinds the dust with agonizing pain,
And lies neglected on the crimson plain ;
In thick short sobs the flutt'ring spirit flies,
The soul alas, as the frail body dies :
The prince thus raging, spreads the slaughter round
Some foes expire some welter on the ground ;
Some fly, but fly in vain, swift as the wind,
His dreadful lance arrests them from behind.
Not less elate all ZANGA's royal boys,
And ev'ry chieftain all his force employs :
As wasps provok'd by children in their play,
Pour from their mansions by the broad high way ;
In swarms the guiltless traveller engage,

Whet all their stings, and call forth all their rage;
All rise in arms, and with a gen'ral cry,
Assert their waxen domes, and progeny.
Thus from the town the angry chieftains swarms
So loud their clamours and so keen their arms,
The brave intrepid prince MONDINGO nam'd,
For virtue much, but more for valor fam'd;
He fought, he conquer'd, prodigal of breath,
And sought the certain glorious path to death:
Some pierc'd by him with many a ghastly wound,
Lay cold in death and press'd the sable ground:
He animates the brave victorious throng,
Prince urg'd on prince, and chief drove chief along.
Thus brave MONDINGO shouting to the skies,
On all th' embroider'd Christian squadron flies.
First cruel OTTO cross'd him in his way,
He lopp'd his proud, imperious head away:
The stroke so just, that still the body stood,
Then fell, and ting'd the yellow sand with blood.
The powder'd scull rolls dreadful on the shore,
And mix'd the batter'd brains with purple gore.
Next proud O'CONNER at his squadron's head,
Proud was the chief, and proud the men he led.
The foe beheld the dreadful prince before,
Rush'd from his fate toward the sandy shore:
"Proud as he is, our arms he scarce will try,"
MONDINGO cries, while all the dastards fly.
"Now then let others bleed," he spake aloud,
And as he spake enflames the 'vengeful crowd.
"Oh friends," he cries, and ev'ry band alarms,
"Join battle, man to man, and arms to arms;
'Tis not in me, though favor'd of the sky,
To mow whole troops, and make whole squadrons fly;
But whatsoe'er MONDINGO can inspire,

Whate'er of active force, or active fire;
Whate'er this heart can frame, or hand obey,
All, all, (MONDINGO) friends, is yours to day."
Now all on fire his breast, his flaming eyes
Marks ev'ry foe, and singles ev'ry prize.
Next SIR JOHN SANDFORD dead to virtuous fame,
A deer in heart, with an illustrious name,
Succeeds to fate; the sword his belly rends,
And to the shades his guilty spirit sends.
His sword all starr'd with gems, bestrew the shore,
With his grand epaulets, all drench'd in gore.
A ruffian stopp'd, and TAYLOR was his name,
To meet this dreadful terror of the plain;
For the proud foe the prince directs his course,
All pale with fear, he dreads superior force.
Full in his eye he drove the flying spear,
The ruffian stood with agonizing fear;
Whose loose head tott'ring, as with rum oppress'd,
Obliquely drops, and nodding strikes his breast;
Pow'rless to move, his stagg'ring feet deny
The coward wretch the privilege to fly:
Swift his broad-sword the fierce MONDINGO spread,
And from his shoulders lopp'd his nodding head;
To earth at once the head and jav'lin fly,
The quiv'ring lance still sticking in the eye;
The prince now seiz'd it, and aloft he shook,
While to his myrmidons the hero spoke:
"Ye far fam'd Africans behold your foe,
Such is the fate proud Christians soon shall know."
He spake no more, but toss'd the head on high,
The tyrants see, they tremble, and they fly.
Now haughty BRIDGES met the flying death,
Fate sends the lance, his guilt demands his breath;
His noble birth no succour could impart,

Death, horrid death, o'ertakes him on the dart;
Swift to perform heav'n's righteous will it fled,
Just on the juncture of the neck and head;
It struck the joint, and cut the nerves in twain,
Hat, wig and head all tumbled to the plain.
Thus from his mighty hand there flies no dart,
But wing'd with death pants in some ruffian's heart.
The hissing spears by sable heroes flung,
And feather'd arrows from the bow-string sung.
Some drink the spouting blood of tyrants slain,
Some miss the mark, and thirst for blood in vain.
The brave LOUVERTURE, gloomy as the night,
Forbids to plunder, and commands to fight;
Furious he spake, and as he spake he flies,
"Who dares to linger, by this hand he dies;
No weeping sister his cold lips shall close,
No friendly hand his funeral pile compose;
Who stops to plunder on this signal day,
The birds shall tear him, and the beasts shall slay."
The Christians hear the voice with wild despair,
Confus'd each face, and fill'd each heart with fear;
Th' exhort their men with threats and with commands,
With falt'ring voices, and with trembling hands.
Around each prince a mount or mighty wall
Of carnage raises, as the tyrants fall.
MONDINGO rush'd amid his sable crew,
And sent his voice before him as he flew,
Loud as wild winds, or as the bellowing roar
Of mighty surges, thund'ring on the shore:
And as he flies triumphant o'er the plain,
A tyrant stopp'd, and DUNCAN was his name.
He stopp'd and saw the prince come furious on,
While *he, the ruffian,* proudly thus began:

" Pierc'd by my sword to endless darkness go,
Thou proud black savage, to the realms below."
At this the hero cast a dreadful look
On the vain man, as thus he briefly spoke:
" Come tyrant, meet thy fate!" He spake no more,
But struck the boaster gasping on the shore;
He fix'd an arrow to the well strung bow,
And sent the flying veng'ance at the foe;
His frowning face it enter'd, and betwixt
The mouth and nose, the guilty ruffian fix'd:
Headlong he falls, and falling bites the ground,
Hell groans to meet him in the dark profound:
He sees the monster death with wild affright,
The soul with shrieks rush'd to the realms of night.
Another shaft the raging hero drew,
The other shaft another tyrant slew.
Again he twangs the string, the veng'ance flies,
Death on its point, and sung along the skies;
An honorable villain's face it tore,
And dipp'd its feathers in illustrious gore;
Between the cheek and eye the arrow went,
The scull it shatter'd, and the tongue it rent;
And as he foams and bites the bloody plain,
The mournful son beheld his father slain;
He sees, and rushes furious through the fight,
And saw his sire, but sicken'd at the sight;
And he th' intrepid conqueror defy'd,
With base reproaches and unmanly pride:
And lo, the youth defy'd th' intrepid foe,
While from his eyes the silver torrents flow;
And as he weeps the 'vengeful weapon flies,
But erring, sings along the purple skies;
He sees it fall, and deprecates his woe,
And curs'd the lance that spar'd the savage foe.

But not in vain MONDINGO's dart is thrown;
Both struck and wounded to the shoulder bone.
Prone on his knees, oppress'd with mighty fear,
He sinks, and sees the intervening spear;
The hapless youth in suppliant posture press'd
The hero's feet, and thus his pray'r address'd:
" O spare my youth, and for the life I owe,
Large gift of price my friends will soon bestow;
Rich beads and brass shall in your town be told,
And silver trinkets, with persuasive gold."
While thus he speaks he views the fleeting skies,
While big round tears stand trembling in his eyes.
Mild pity touch'd the hero's yielding heart,
Who still suspended the destroying dart;
Compassion pleads, and pleading gains the prize,
The youth he spares, and bids the youth arise.
While thus he pities on the distant plain,
His hapless consort thought her husband slain:
She thinks, and lo, precipitate she flies,
" Alas! where is my MONDINGO?" she cries.
Then stood the mournful dame, and o'er the plain
Cast a long look to find her prince, in vain.
" Where is my prince?" she cries, " my only joy,
Where does he fight, or where his arms employ?"
A tyrant view'd her as she cross'd the plain,
A coward wretch, and HAWKINS was his name;
And while he sees, precipitate he flies,
Swift as wild wind, like lightning thro' the skies;
His sounding feet distinctly heard behind,
His panting breath comes thick in ev'ry wind:
Fearless she hears and views the dreadful fight,
The ruffian swiftly intercepts her flight:
Nor for *herself nor for her* babe she fears,
Nor dreads the flashing swords or flying spears;

When lo, the tyrant struck her to the ground,
And ripp'd her belly with a ghastly wound.
Now for her babe the pregnant mother fears,
While its unhappy father late appears.
Against the bloody foe with wild affright
He rush'd with grief, distracted at the sight.
The sympathetic hero heard her call,
Flies to her aid, but just to see her fall;
From the close fight MONDINGO rush'd in view,
And sent his voice before him as he flew:
" Me, me, to me alone, your rage confine,
Here sheath your sword, all, all the guilt is mine;
By yon bright sun, and by the silver flood,
Her hands, her thoughts are innocent of blood:
Nor durst the dame a bloody deed intend,
Her only crime, (and oh, can that offend,)
Was too much love for me, her dearest friend."
In vain he spoke; the ruthless sword, address'd
With rage, transfix'd OVENAL'S panting breast.
With blood her sable limbs are purpled o'er,
She sobs with grief, and welters in her gore.
Like a fierce tiger o'er the plain he bounds,
Precipitate, to see the fatal wounds;
Flies to her aid in vain; with mighty fear
The ruffian vanish'd as a tim'rous deer.
So the grim lion from the slaughter comes,
Dreadful he glares, and terrible he foams;
His breast with marks of carnage painted o'er,
His jaws all dropping with the bull's black gore.
His eye first glanc'd from whence the purple spread
That stain'd the verdant green with crimson red;
He saw, he groan'd, the tears with eager pace,
Ran down his cheeks, and sprinkled all his face,
He reach'd his arms, and gave a last embrace;

Hangs o'er his wife, in his embrace she dies,
His lips rain kisses o'er her face and eyes:
Of tender tears again he sheds a flood,
He wept abundant, and he wept aloud.
As the bold eagle with fierce sorrow stung,
Or parent vulture mourns her ravish'd young,
They cry, they scream, their unfledg'd brood a prey
To some rude youth, and borne by stealth away.
He scarcely spoke, though much he had to say,
Nor plaints, nor words, for tears could force their way.
His heart weeps blood, and tears the ground bedew,
Mix with her gore, thick as the early dew:
On his bold breast she languishingly lies,
Her head declin'd, and drooping as she dies;
She bends her languid head like golden grain,
Or some sweet rose oppress'd with mighty rain,
That droops and withers on the verdant plain.
His wife now dead, his mournful voice he sends
Before him, to his brave victorious friends,
Around her waist his loving arms he threw,
And from the bloody combat gently drew;
Towards the town he goes, and leaves the shore,
And sprinkled as he past, the fields with gore.
As some grim lion bears across the lawn,
Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a slaughter'd fawn,
In his fell jaws, high lifting thro' the wood,
And sprinkling all the shrubs with drops of blood.
Charg'd with his languid load, with mighty woe
The prince moves on, majestically slow;
And as he pensively advanc'd more near,
Her breathless body plac'd upon a bier;
A show'r of tears then gushing from his eyes,
Alarming thus the natives with his cries:
"*Turn here your steps,* behold with sad dismay,

Ye wretched dames and sons of Africa;
If e'er you rush'd in crowds, with vast delight,
To hail your hero, glorious from the fight;
Now view his consort murder'd by the foe,
Your common sorrow, and your common woe."
Then acting more than any words could say,
He beat his breast, and tore his hairs away;
Then on the ground his tortur'd body threw,
And grovell'd there, as to the earth he grew.
The maids and matrons with disordered charms,
Now weep aloud, and all the town alarms.
The natives hear the cries, and gathering round,
Beat their black breasts, and languish'd on the ground.
Each relative now pours a social flood,
And weeps and cries, and cries and weeps aloud.
His mother came to bear a tender part,
And mourn his anguish with a mother's heart;
She heard his cries, and as she heard she ran,
And thus the sympathetic dame began:
" Why mourns my son, and what is thy request?
Why mourns my son, and why art thou distress'd?
Why mourns my son? thy anguish let me share,
And soothe thy sorrows with a parent's care."
Deep groaning with unutterable grief,
With agonizing woe beyond belief;
He strove to say, and as he strove he shed
A flood of pearly tears, and thus he said:
" OVENAL.....Ah, say mother, can I boast,
OVENAL! and with her my peace is lost;
OVENAL! lov'd of all the sable train,
Beyond her sex, beyond myself, is slain.
OVENAL dead, MONDINGO hates to live,
Nor friends, nor earth itself, can pleasure give;
Let me revenge it on proud HAWKINS' heart,

Let his last spirit smoke upon my dart:
On these conditions will I breathe; till then
I blush to walk among the race of men.
I saw my beauteous consort press the plain,
Mangled by HAWKINS, and by HAWKINS slain.
A flood of tears at this the parent shed,
"Ah! then I see thee dying, see thee dead!
When HAWKINS falls thou die'st." "Let HAWKINS die,
And let me fall," MONDINGO made reply.
"My dear, dear consort on her natal plain
She fell, and falling, wish'd my aid in vain.
Oh then, since from this miserable day,
I cast all hope of happiness away,
Since unreveng'd, my murder'd wife demands
The fate of HAWKINS from MONDINGO'S hands,
Let me....but oh, ye mighty pow'rs above,
Wrath and revenge from mortal man remove;
Far, far too dear to ev'ry mortal breast,
Sweet to the heart as honey to the taste;
Gath'ring like vapours of a noxious kind,
From bad to worse, and dark'ning all the mind.
Yet I must meet the murd'rer of my wife,
Or, (if the heav'ns ordain it) lose my life;
Let me this instant rush into the fields,
And reap what glory life's short harvest yields;
Soon shall the sanguine torrent spread so wide,
That all shall know MONDINGO swells the tide:
Or shall he fall inanimate and dead,
No more his parent's joy, the Christian's dread."
Thus he, while Sol approach'd the western main,
And haughty tyrants press'd th' ensanguin'd plain;
Deep in the ocean sunk his golden light,
And then arose the beauteous queen of night;
O'er dewy plains her silver beams are shed,

Illumes each vale, and gilds each mountain's head.
The conqu'ring natives mourn his beams decay'd,
While all the Christians bless the friendly shade.
The fright'ned tyrants, panting from the war,
A sudden council call'd upon the shore:
Each chief conven'd, each chief with dread appear'd,
Standing and trembling, for to sit they fear'd.
'Twas now no time for eloquent debate,
They fear'd MONDINGO, and in him, their fate.
Silent they stood, till CUNNINGHAM at last,
Skill'd to foresee the future by the past,
With solemn sadness thus express'd his fears,
The friend of HAWKINS, and of equal years:
" In free debate, my friends, your sentence speak,
For me, I move, before the morning break,
To raise our camp; too dang'rous here our post,
Far from our ships, and on a naked coast.
I deem'd not negroes thus fierce while engag'd,
In mutual feuds her prince and hero rag'd:
Then while we hop'd our squadrons might prevail,
We boldly camp'd beside twice twenty sail,
I dread MONDINGO now, his rage of mind
Not long continues to the town confin'd;
Nor to the field, where long in equal fray,
Contending armies won and lost the day.
For blood, for blood, shall henceforth be the strife,
And the hard contest, not for fame, but life.
Haste then on board, while yet the fav'ring night
Detains those terrors, keeps that arm from fight:
If but to-morrow's sun behold us here,
That arm, those terrors, we shall feel, not fear;
And hearts that now disdain, with joy shall leap,
If heav'n permits them, to regain their ship.
Let not my fatal prophecy be true,

Nor what I tremble but to think, ensue:
Whatever be our fate, yet let us try
What force of thought or reason can supply."
Thus he, when thus the blinking chief address'd
His myrmidons, and thus his fears confess'd;
And as he speaks, his color comes and goes,
Now looks behind, and thinks he hears the foes.
"Cease we at length to waste our blood in vain;
We'll launch what ships lie nearest to the main;
Leave these at anchor till the morning light,
Then launch to sea, and hoist all sail for flight:
Better from evils well foreseen, to run,
Than perish in the danger we may shun.
Ye sons of war, partake your leader's care,
Intrepid soldiers, brothers of the war;
Of partial heav'n with justice I complain,
That bless'd with victory the sable train:
Now shameful flight alone can save the host,
Our blood, our booty, and our cargoes lost.
So God directs, resistless lord of all,
At whose command whole nations rise and fall;
He shakes the feeble props of human trust,
And towns and armies humbles in the dust.
Our cordage torn, decay'd our vessels lie,
And scarce insure the wretched pow'r to fly:
Haste then, nor hope to see the negroes fall;
Our weeping wives, our tender children call;
Love, duty, safety, summon us away,
'Tis nature's voice, and nature we obey;
Our shatter'd ships may yet transport us o'er,
Though without slaves, to our paternal shore."
Then lo, a hero spoke, well known to fame,
With eloquence, and LAMBERT was his name.

Dress'd in grand robes all beauteous to behold,
Of crimson hue, and fring'd with flowers of gold:
Flush'd with the bloom of youth, his features shine,
His hair in ringlets wave with grace divine:
Like polish'd marble, beauteous to behold,
Or silver's milder gleam on burnish'd gold;
Or shining iv'ry shone the charming man;
All stood surpris'd, when thus the youth began:
"Return!" he cries, and looks with stern disdain,
"What! coop whole squadrons in our ships again?
Was't not enough, ye valiant soldiers, say,
Nine months imprison'd in these tow'rs we lay,
While we all tilting plow'd the watry way,
To purchase slaves and gold in Africa?
Now we're arriv'd, and arms to conquest calls,
Yet you would pen us in our wooden walls.
To better council then, attention lend,
Take due refreshment, and the watch attend;
Soon as the morn yon purple orient warms,
Fierce on yon army we will pour our arms;
If great MONDINGO rises in his might,
His be the danger, I will stand the fight;
Honor I'll get, or honor I will give,
And live he glorious, whosoe'er shall live."
Thus he, when lo his father boldly stands,
The major-general of the Christian bands;
He casts on HAWKINS his disdainful eyes,
And to his former speech in brief replies:
"What shameful words, all fearful as thou art,
Fall from that trembling tongue and tim'rous heart;
Oh! were thy sway the curse of meaner pow'rs,
And thou the shame of any host but ours.
Brave squadrons, all endow'd with mortal might,
And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight,

Advent'rous combats and bold wars to wage,
Employ our youths, and yet employ our age ;
And wilt thou thus desert the Afric plain,
And have whole streams of blood been spilt in vain ?
In such base council if thou couch thy fears,
Speak it in whispers, least a soldier hears ;
Lives there a man so dead to fame, who dares
To think such meanness, or the thought declares ?
And comes it from the officer, whose sway
Our banded troops implicitly obey ?
Is this a general's voice that calls to flight,
While war hangs doubtful, while his soldiers fight ?"
" Thy just reproof (thus HAWKINS calm replies,)
Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are wise ;
Unwilling as I am to lose the host,
I force you not to leave the hateful coast ;
Glad I submit, whoever, young or old,
Aught more conducive to our weal, unfold."
Brave LAMBERT cut him short, and thus began :
" Such council if you seek, behold the man,
Who boldly gives it, and what he shall say,
Young tho' he be, disdain not to obey :
Then what for common good my thoughts inspire,
Attend, and in the son respect the sire.
Tho' sore of battle and with wounds oppress'd,
Let each go forth and animate the rest :
Advance the glory which he cannot share,
Tho' not partaker, witness of the war."
HAWKINS this heard, oppress'd with mighty fear,
All pale with guilt, and leaning on his spear ;
Aw'd by no shame, by no reproach controul'd,
Busy in cruelty, in malice bold ;
With witty envy studious to defame,
Lust all his joy, and money all his aim :

But chief he glory'd with licentious stile,
To lash the good, religion to revile;
Potent and rich, in factious councils skill'd,
Proud at the board, a dastard in the field;
His figure such as might his soul proclaim,
One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame;
His mountain shoulders half his breast o'erspread,
A long tail wig bestrew'd his shaven head;
Spleen to mankind, his treach'rous heart possess'd,
And much he hated all, but most the best;
A hypocrite, a coward, dead to fame,
Blood his delight, debauchery his theme;
Sharp was his voice, which in a stam'ring tone,
He answer'd LAMBERT, when the youth was done;
"Intrepid soldier, and my youthful friend,
Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend;
Ev'n to the ships the negroes arms extend,
And groans of slaughter'd troops to heav'n ascend,
On better measures then employ your thought,
In such distress if council profit aught;
Arms cannot much, tho' courage us incite,
Our gaping wounds, witholds us from the fight:
We've strove to conquer slaves, and now we yield,
'Tis time when routed, to renounce the field.
Black fate hangs o'er us from th' avenging God,
His fiery judgments and vindictive rod."
Such was his threat; and ah! how soon made good,
On many a soldier's bosom writ in blood!
"All this from God's afflicting hand we bear,
Who far from Briton, wills our ruin here;
Then let us fly, our sails and oars employ,
And dream no more yon army to destroy;
Haste then, for ever quit these fatal fields,
Haste to the joy our native country yields."

He said, deep, silence held the Christian band,
Silent, unmov'd in dire dismay they stand;
A pensive scene; till WILLMORE's warlike son
Roll'd on the chief his eyes, and thus begun:
"If I oppose thee, chief, thy wrath withold,
The laws of council bid my tongue be bold;
And have we cross'd the deep, the stormy main,
And have our heroes bled, but bled in vain?
And shall we basely quit the field of fame,
Our glory lost, our bravest soldiers slain?
Is this a general's voice, that would suggest
Fears like his own, to ev'ry soldier's breast?
Confiding in our want of worth he stands,
And if we fly, 'tis what our chief commands.
Go thou, inglorious, from the embattled plain,
Thy ship lies nearest to the surgy main;
A nobler care our soldiers shall employ,
To fight and conquer, and return with joy;
Here we shall stay, or if our troops retire,
Myself will fight and gloriously expire.
Me and my valiant sire will fight for fame,
With him I'll fight, for 'twas with him I came."
He ceas'd; the troops loud acclamations raise,
From voice to voice resounds brave LAMBERT's praise;
Fierce WILLMORE then his lofty figure rear'd,
He spoke, the troops in still attention heard;
The noble hero on his spear reclin'd,
And bending forward, thus reveal'd his mind:
"O truly great, in whom high heav'n has join'd
Such dauntless courage and such strength of mind;
In conduct as in beauty you excel,
Still first to act what you advise so well;
Those wholesome councils which your wisdom moves,
Our soldiers all with common voice approves;

Chiefs thou canst blame, a bold but prudent youth,
And blame ev'n chiefs with praise, because with truth;
But let me add what yet remains behind,
A thought unfinish'd in that gen'rous mind:
THOU CHIEF, it fits alike to speak and hear,
Pronounce with judgment, with regard give ear;
To see no wholesome motion be withstood,
And ratify the best for gen'ral good;
Nor, tho' a meaner give advice, repine,
But follow it, and make the wisdom thine;
Hear then a thought, not now conceiv'd in haste,
At once my present judgment and my past;
Obey the night and use her peaceful hours,
Our troops t' encourage, and refresh our pow'rs;
Strait in the vessels be provisions sought,
From them let beef and bread and rum be brought;
Let the physicians medicine prepare,
And be the wounded their peculiar care;
Wide o'er the fields, high blazing to the sky,
Let num'rous fires the absent sun supply;
The flaming piles with plenteous fuel raise,
Till the bright morn her orient light displays;
To keep strict watch must now command our care,
But soon as Phebus rides thro' fields of air,
Refresh'd in arms let every troop engage,
And yon fir'd town behold the battle rage."
The leader spoke; from all the troops around,
Shouts of applause along the shores resound.
Thus they debate, while night extends her reign,
And round OVENAL mourns the sable train.
Stern in superior grief MONDINGO stood;
His slaught'ring arms so us'd to bathe in blood,
Now clasps her clay cold hands, then gushing start
Salt tears, while sighs burst from his swelling heart.

The lion thus with dreadful anguish stung,
Roars thro' the desart, and demands his young,
When the grim savage to his rifled den,
Too late returning, snuffs the track of men;
And o'er the vales, and o'er the forests bounds,
His clam'rous grief the bellowing wood resounds:
Thus grieves MONDINGO, thus MONDINGO vents
To all his mournful friends, his loud laments:
"My dear OVENAL, yet a while I stay,
Then swift pursue thee in the darksome way;
Thus let me lie till then, thus closely press'd
Bathe thy cold face, and sob upon thy breast;
While maids and matrons here thy mourners stay,
Weep all the night and languish all the day."
He spoke, and speaking bids the matrons round
First cleanse the corpse and wash each gaping wound;
And then with fervent and with pious toil,
T'adjust the body, and anoint with oil.
With grief and rage he feels his bosom glow,
And longs to meet the bloody Christian foe;
Now looks all eager for the morning light,
Then views the corpse, and sickens at the sight;
Prone on the body, fill'd with wild despair,
He falls, and beats his breast and tears his hair;
Furious with rage, he lifts his humid eyes,
Shining with grief, and as he lifts them cries,
"And is she gone? the dame I lov'd so well,
My dear, dear consort, my poor OVENAL;
For ever dear, beneficent and kind,
Joy of my life, and solace of my mind;
Accept these loving tears, for thee they flow,
For thee who ever felt another's woe;
I left thee fresh in life, and beauty gay,
Now *find thee cold* inanimated clay,

What woes my wretched race of life attend,
Sorrows on sorrows, never doom'd to end;
Thy sweet society, thy winning care,
Oft stay'd MONDINGO rushing to the war,
But now, alas! to death's cold arms resign'd,
What banquet but revenge can glad my mind;
What greater sorrow could afflict my breast,
What more tho' hoary ZANGO were deceas'd;
Who grieves for me and tears his silver hair,
For me his son, and drops a tender tear.
I hop'd OVENAL might survive to rear
Our tender infant, with a parent's care."
Sighing, he said, while tears spontaneous flow
In streams profound, that swell the mighty woe.
Friends strive to comfort him on ev'ry side,
Unmov'd he heard them, and with sighs deny'd;
His grief they calm not, nor his woes control,
He sighs, he raves, and sorrows, from his soul.

AVENIA.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

Before day-light LANGO the king's youngest son leaves the town and joins the warrior train.....His youth, his courage and his filial love describ'd....The battle commences with the rising sun....The effects of the slave-trade delineated in the number of men that fall on either side.... Young LANGO is slain by WILLMORE.....His mother is frantic for her son....Laments with the old king when the corpse is conveyed to the town....LOUVERTURE pursues WILLMORE, kills his son LAMBERT, who attempts to defend his sire, and then kills WILLMORE himself....He is described as an atheist....Fears to die.....After his death his spirit is conveyed to the shades by deamons.... The slavers' army completely routed...The Africans while pursuing them to their boats behold twenty Guinea ships standing in for the shore....They are discouraged, and give up the pursuit....The sun sets.. .LOUVERTURE described as a good general and a loving son.....His lamentations....Sends his brother MONDINGO to explore the foe....His sad report....He encourages his troops.

AVENIA.

BOOK II.

AND now bright Venus told th' approach of day,
Before Aurora spread a purple ray,
Or Sol triumphant on his golden car,
With loosen'd reigns ascends the atmosphere,
While up the heav'ns his fiery coursers fly,
And gilds with orient light the sable sky,
Devours the ætherial fields, outstrips the wind,
And leaves the pinions of the storm behind;
E'er his fierce steeds high bounding o'er the sea,
From their wide nostrils snorted beams of day;
The monarch's youngest son, LANGO by name,
Then left the town behind, and cross'd the plain,
To join his brothers and the warrior train.
From his fond mother's arms, and sire he fled,
And from the sable train who mourn'd the dead;
Swift as wild wind, towards the host he came,
A stranger to the war and voice of fame.
Soon as the little sable boy could go,
On his young shoulders hung a slender bow,
A small light quiver at his side he wore,
And in his hand a painted jav'lin bore;
No rich embroider'd robes his limbs enfold,
Nor was his sable hair adorn'd with gold:
The spoils of some fierce tiger wrapp'd him round,
That from his head hung trailing to the ground;

Ev'n then his tender hand the dart could fling,
Or whirl the pebble from the sounding sling;
Strike the long crane or snowy swan, on high,
And fetch the tow'ring eagle from the sky:
So young, that springing down had scarce began
To shade his sable cheeks, and promise man;
Nor had he yet receiv'd the warrior's arms,
But far excel'd his father's sons in charms.
He sent his voice before him as he ran,
And thus, in brief, the panting youth began:
"A glorious warmth, LOUVERTURE, breaks my rest,
Some high exploit lies throbbing at my my breast,
Courag'ous hopes with mighty ardours raise,
And set my mounting spirits in a blaze;
Permit me then to join the bloody fray,
And die, or conquer, on this signal day."
The prince with love, all destitute of pride,
First shed a tender tear, and thus reply'd:
"And will my dear, dear LANGO, thoughtless boy,
Your mother's comfort and your father's joy,
And will you thus your tender life expose
To all the rage of bloody Christian foes?
And can you thus, your loving sire bereave
Of such a son, and force him to the grave;
And can you cause your mother's soul to know
Such heart felt pangs, unutterable woe?
Thy dear fond mother, who the loss of thee,
Would plunge in woe and sov'reign misery."
"In vain, (he cries) my courage you restrain,
My soul's on fire, and you but plead in vain;
Thyself can witness that my worth is try'd,
We've vanquish'd woodland monsters side by side;
Like thine, this bosom glows with martial flame,
Burns with a scorn of life, and love of fame;

And thinks, if endless glory can be sought
On such low terms, the prize is cheaply bought."
" Let not such jealous fears alarm thy breast,
(The chief replies) thy valour stands confess'd ;
But let the danger fall (he cries) on me,
In such a war I durst not think on thee :
No, let me fight the cruel Christian train,
Then come victorious to thy arms again ;
But should I fall, nor in my plan succeed,
Should I (which heav'n avert) but should I bleed,
Live thou ; in death some pleasure that will give,
Live, for LOUVERTURE's sake, I charge thee live ;
Thy tender youth a longer term demands,
Live to release my corpse from hostile hands,
And decent to the silent grave commend
The relics of thy brother and thy friend ;
Or raise at least, by kind remembrance led,
A vacant tomb in honour of the dead ;
But if you are resolv'd the war to wage,
And rise the ZANGO of the future age,
No fortune henceforth from my soul shall part,
Still at my side and ever at my heart ;
My dangers, councils, glories, thoughts, to share,
My friend in peace, my brother in the war."
" All, all my life, (replies the youth) shall aim
Like this one hour, at everlasting fame ;
Tho' fortune only my attempt can bless,
Yet still my courage shall deserve success ;
But one reward I ask before I go,
The greatest I can ask, or you bestow ;
My mother, tender, pious, fond, and good,
Thinks I am hunting in the distant wood,
Such was *her love, she* fear'd to let me see

Our heroes fight, the Christian's villainy ;
And such is mine, that I must keep unknown
From her the danger of so dear a son ;
To spare her anguish, lo, I quit the place,
Without one parting kiss, one last embrace.
By night, and by yon golden star, I swear,
Her melting tears are more than I can bear ;
For her, for her, your pity I implore,
Ah ! comfort, comfort her, when I'm no more !
Oh ! let her, let her find when I am gone,
In you, a younger, as an older son :
With that dear hope, (he cries) which soothes my soul,'
While down his cheeks a tear unbidden stole,
" With that dear hope, emboldened will I go ;
Brave every danger, and defy the foe."
Charm'd with his words, which every chieftain hears,
But most of all LOUVERTURE melts to tears ;
To see the sorrows of a loving son,
And filial tenderness, so like his own ;
And thus spoke QUACO, an illustrious sage,
Renown'd for wisdom, and rever'd for age :
" Yes the good spirit, gracious and divine,
Will save our children, and the royal line ;
Since he the bosoms of our youth inspire,
With such high courage, such determined fire ;"
Then in his arms the melting boy he took,
First shed a tear, and panting thus bespoke :
" Oh ! what reward brave youth, can we impart,
What honour equal to so brave a heart ?
The best, the fairest, all th' applauding sky,
And thy own conscious virtue, shall apply ;
The next our gracious sovereign shall bestow,
And brave LOUVERTURE's future years shall owe ;
Whatever boon such merit can receive,

The sire, the brother, and their chiefs will give;"
And now Aurora thro' the shades of night,
Bounds o'er the horizon with sacred light;
Her footsteps chase the sable clouds away,
And ushers in the golden light of day;
Then lo, LOUVERTURE rush'd to meet the foe,
While for his brother tender sorrows flow;
And with a voice fraternal grief made strong,
H' exhorts, harangues, and animates the throng:
"Warriors, be mindful of your ancient fame,
And spread your glory by proud tyrants slain;
Jove is with us, I saw his hand but now,
Inspire my LANGO with his painted bow;
Indulgent Jove! how plain thy favours shine,
When righteous nations bear the marks divine!
How easy then, to see the sinking state
Of realms accurs'd, deprav'd and reprobate.
Jove will avenge th' oppress'd, his cause is ours,
Behold, ye warriors, and exert your powers.
Chieftains be first t' indulge a thirst for fame,
Your brave examples shall the rest enflame;
Tho' fierce our foes, by long indulgence vain,
To fire our town, or e'en a slave to gain
Asks toil, and sweat, and blood, and mighty pain.
Come on, a distant war no longer wage,
But hand to hand thy country's foes engage;
Death is the worst, a fate which all must try,
And for our country 'tis a bliss to die:
The gallant man, tho' slain in fight he be,
Yet leaves his nation safe, his country free:
Entails a debt on all the grateful state,
His own brave friends shall glory in his fate,
His sire live honour'd all his race succeed,
And late posterity enjoy the deed:

'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates,
To your own hands are trusted all your fates;
And better far in one decisive strife,
This day shall end our labour, or our life:
Brave men be bold, and then their utmost might
Shall find its match....No more; 'tis ours to fight."
With rage he spoke, and rush'd upon the foe,
Grief edg'd his sword and strengthen'd ev'ry blow;
His men all follow, echoing clangors rise
In peals profound, and thunder to the skies.
Then, nor till then, in fight young LANGO bore
His twanging bow, employ'd on beasts before.
His 'vengful shaft a noble victim found,
And stretch'd imperious WATSON on the ground;
He first by LANGO'S poison'd arrows bled,
Next STARGES then proud SANDERSON fell dead;
Fierce PETERS then fell groaning to the ground,
The pile of carnage cruel NELSON crown'd.
Heaps fell the glorious trophies of his art,
A Christain ghost attended ev'ry dart:
Twice twenty arrows from his hand had fled,
And full twice twenty brigands he laid dead.
When e'er he twang'd the string, he pierc'd the hear
Of some proud foe, and drench'd in blood his dart.
When lo! a haughty ruffian, base and proud,
Meets the brave youth, and vainly boasts alond:
"Hence, you young savage, to the town again,
And play with children, and the female train;
With fear and trembling in yon town await
Your doom profound, and your approaching fate;
Go to the town, your sire awaits you there,
And leave to men the bus'ness of the war."
He said, and aim'd a meditated blow,
But LANGO shun'd the disappointed foe.

And spoke undaunted thus, " Such words employ:
" To one that dreads thee, some unwarlike boy;
Such we could give, defying and defy'd,
Mean intercourse of obloquy and pride:
I know thy force, to mine superior far,
But heav'n alone confers success in war;
Young as I am, great Jove may guide my dart,
And give it entrance in a braver heart;
We plunge our infants in the hard'ning streams,
And prematurely animate their limbs,
Our boys the forests range and kill the boar,
Nor fear the woodland monsters when they roar;
Long thirst and hunger our bold youth can bear,
Hunt, fight, and shake embattled towns with war;
Nor flags our gen'rous warmth by years declin'd,
Still flames the noble ardour of the mind;
Ev'n the grave sire with martial vigour glows,
Scorns fear, and longs to meet his country's foes:
But you delight to profit by our toils,
Subsist on rapine, and divide the spoils;
And still you seek our nation to destroy,
And place in dying groans your cruel joy:
Warm purple robes defend your Christian bands,
Your heartless breasts, and unperforming hands,
Your sable souls your ruddy forms disgrace,
Hence then, ye tyrants, to your native place;
Haste to your native christendom away,
Ye hypocrites, nor dream of Africa."
He spoke, and now prepares his well strung bow,
And closely view'd the boasting Christian foe;
But first address'd to heav'n his ardent pray'r,
With reverential awe, and void of fear:
" My bold attempt Almighty Sire succeed,
And let this cruel tyrant also bleed!"

He pray'd, and praying, strain'd the forceful yew,
The shaft already to his shoulder drew ;
The feather in his hand just wing'd for flight,
Touch'd where the neck and hollow chin unite ;
At once the twanging bow young LANGO drew.
And hissing fierce the feather'd veng'ance flew ;
Nor flew the shaft, the dreadful shaft, in vain,
But pierced his nap and stung him to the brain.
" Go, and once more the sable race defy ;"
Thus the black savage negroes thus reply :
No more he said, but left the corpse profound,
With batter'd brains beating the bloody ground ;
As the huge shark just hook'd and brought to land,
Beats with its quiv'ring tail the yellow sand.
MONDINGO now, who e'er the golden light,
Rushed first, all dauntless, to commence the fight ;
Behind the dames and maids and youths attend,
They flank the army and the town defend ;
The mournful prince now show'd the glorious way,
To conquer tyrants, on this signal day ;
Like vivid lightning he attacks the foe,
Impell'd by grief and strengthen'd by his woe.
As on the fleecy flocks, when hunger calls,
Amidst the field a brindle lion falls,
If chance some shepherd with a distant dart
The savage wounds, he rouses at the smart,
He foams, he roars, the shepherd dare not stay,
But trembling, leaves the scatter'd flocks a prey ;
Heaps fall on heaps, he bathes with blood the ground,
Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty mound.
Now arrows hiss and darts by heroes flung,
Swift as wild wind, thro' air sonorious sung ;
Dread horror seizes ev'ry tyrant's breast,
Some flee, some trembling fight, with fears oppress'd
So flies a herd of oxen scattered wide,

No swain to guard them, and no day to guide,
When two fierce tigers from the mountain come,
And spread the carnage thro' the shady gloom.
Heaps fall on heaps the fight MONDINGO leads,
And by his sword a lofty tyrant bleeds;
Tall EDWARDS from his native home expell'd,
From his paternal cottage, where he dwell'd;
In peace, till vanquish'd by his scolding wife,
He went to Africa, and lost his life;
How great his loss oppress'd with mighty fear,
Full in his nap MONDINGO fix'd his spear;
Swift thro' his jaws and scull the weapon glides,
Pierc'd his cold tongue, his grinning teeth divides;
Prone on his face he falls, with fruitless cries,
And in a foreign land death seals his eyes.
Thus the fierce lion who with hunger bold,
Roams grimly round the fences of the fold,
Spies a tall goat the chief of all the train,
Or stately stag, high stalking o'er the plain;
His horrid main he rears, he runs, he flies,
Expands his jaws, and darts upon the prize;
The prize he rends with a tremendous roar,
And growling rages in a foam of gore.
Confounded and dismay'd they flee or fall,
Some seek the ships, and some for quarters call,
Some trembling fight, while others pant for breath,
And o'er the wounded stalks gigantic death.
On rush'd MONDINGO, gloomy as the night,
By deeds, not words, he animates the fight;
The tyrants now recede with sudden fear,
While clouds of arrows sing along in air.
As when a tyger rushing from his den,
Amidst the plain of some wide water'd fen,
Where num'rous oxen, as at ease they feed,

At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead,
Leaps on the herd before the herdsman's eyes,
The trembling herdsman far to distance flies;
Some lordly bull, the rest dispers'd and fled,
He singles out, arrests and lays him dead.
Thus from the mournful prince the ruffians flew,
And as they flee, the hindmost still he slew.
A tyrant look'd around to view the foe,
When fierce MONDINGO aim'd a noble blow;
The sword he wields, and swift as light'ning sped,
Full on his neck, and just below his head:
The head still mutt'ring by a blow so just,
Hung by the skin, the carcase sunk to dust;
Still on the rear the fierce MONDINGO flies,
While dreadful clamors thicken in the skies;
Thick storms of arrows intercept the light,
And clouds of dust, while heav'n is snatch'd from sight
As warring winds in Sirius' sultry reign,
From diff'rent quarters sweep the sandy plain;
On ev'ry side the dusty whirlwinds rise,
And the dry fields are lifted to the skies;
Thus, by despair, guilt, rage, together driv'n,
Fly the red troops and flying darken heav'n;
Proud HAWKINS fled thro' heaps of disarray,
The tyrants follow, when he led the way.
Loud o'er the rout the natives shout and cry,
Where the war bleeds, and where the Christians die;
Where chiefs on chiefs in heaps lie overthrown,
And gasping tyrants under tyrants groan;
No stop, no check, the brave MONDINGO knew,
Swift as the wind th' intrepid hero flew;
High leaping o'er the fosse and void of fear,
Smoaks thro' the troops, o'ertakes the flying war.
He thunders after HAWKINS; HAWKINS flies,

Nor stops to view his men, nor blushing skies ;
And lo ! the prince the foremost foes compell'd
To stand the fight, and all their arts repell'd ;
Stopp'd all their troops, in their resistless way,
And forc'd the routed foes to stand the day ;
All grim, with dust and blood, MONDINGO stands,
And slaughters on each side the Christian bands.
Proud MILLER died beneath his thirsty dart
Which pierc'd his sattin vest, and panting heart.
BRINDLE was next ; he saw the prince appear,
And when he saw he trembled with his fear ;
Shrunk up he stood, with wild and fearful eye,
Nor dar'd to combat, nor had force to fly ;
MONDINGO mark'd him as he shunn'd the war,
And with unmanly trembling shew'd his fear ;
He lifts his dart, and pierc'd him 'twixt his jaws,
The spear sticks fast and from the squadron draws,
As on a rock that overhangs the main,
An angler, studious of the line and cane,
Some mighty fish draws panting to the shore,
Not with less ease the barbed jav'lin bore.
The gasping ruffian, as the spear was shook,
Fell, and that instant life his breast forsook ;
His head one instant mutter'd as it fell,
The following instant snatch'd his soul to hell.
A youthful boaster EVERHARD by name
Now stopp'd to meet this terror of the plain.
" The task be mine (he cries) his strengh to try,
Who mows whole troops, and makes whole armies fly."
He spoke, and speaking stands all void of fear,
MONDINGO sees, and rushes to the war :
As he drew nigh the boaster as a hind,
Flew o'er the plain, and left the war behind,
MONDINGO follow'd swifter than the wind.

As when two skillful hounds the lev'ret wind,
Or chase thro' woods obscure, the trembling hind,
Now lost, now seen, they intercept his way,
And from the herd still turn the flying prey;
So fast, and with such fears, the ruffian flew,
The prince thus close, and constant still pursue.
Thus he, while LAMBERT his pale troops beheld,
Grov'ling in dust, and dying o'er the field;
A groan that moment from his bosom broke,
Another follow'd, and brave LAMBERT spoke;
His gallant speech the tremb'ling host now warms.
"Oh! shame to honour, oh! disgrace to arms,
Oh! friends, oh! soldiers, names for ever dear,
Once brave and valiant, thunderbolts of war;
Oh! lasting infamy, oh! dire disgrace,
To chiefs of vigorous youth, and manly grace;
I trusted in your courage, and to see
You all victorious, and I see you flee:
Alas! the glorious combat you disclaim,
And one black day clouds all your former fame;
Lo! what a prodigy my eyes survey,
Unseen, untaught, till this amazing day;
Fly we at last from Afric's conquer'd bands,
And must we fall by such inglorious hands;
A black, undisciplin'd, a savage train,
Not born to glories, on th' embattled plain;
Like frighted fawns from hill to hill pursued,
A prey to ev'ry monster of the wood?
Oh! scandal to your race, your country's shame,
Warm'd with no honour, no regard to shame!
What fear ye cowards ev'ry breast controuls,
Unnerves your limbs, and chills your trembling souls;
Thus then from one flies all our scatter'd band,
Lo! but from one, and that a savage hand!

Oh, cast away the sword and idle spear,
The foolish pomp and pageantry of war;
Yet were you never recreant to delight,
Nor to the softer battles of the night,
When violins proclaim the revels' nigh,
How swift how eager to the dance you fly!
You run and riot in the rich repast,
The first in banquets, but in fights the last.
Ah! whither, whither, would you turn your flight,
By your past deeds, by ev'ry former fight,
By all your triumphs, by your country's name,
By all your hopes, and by your former fame,
Trust not your feet; your hands must hew your way
Thro' yon black host, and thro' that thick array;
Rush to the fight, no god our arms oppose,
Men like ourselves, and mortal are our foes:
In us an equal strength and soul appears,
Our hands and spirits are as bold as theirs.
Lo! there the foes our bands in terror keep,
And here the eternal barrior of the deep.
Back on your ships, ye dastards, would ye fall,
Each hide his head in his bright wooden wall."
He said, and rushing on the sable band,
Drench'd with the natives' blood their natal land.
Brave MINGO flew to meet this dreadful foe,
All grim with blood, he rose to ev'ry blow:
He first, alas! beneath his dreadful steel,
Then great BANGO and valiant PERO fell;
While bold ONOKO flies before the band,
To seize his throat, fierce LAMBERT lopp'd his hand:
Then on his head the sword descended full,
Cut it in twain, and crash'd his batter'd scull.
Now bled the Africans, the sable train,
And all their former victories were vain.

The Christian squadrons by LAMBERT inspir'd,
Rous'd by his speech, by his example fir'd,
Disdain to fly, and foes to foes oppose,
Grief shame and anger drove them on the foes.
The good LOUVERTURE on the distant plain,
Fought, nor beheld his hapless heroes slain;
He and brave MONDINGO of matchless might,
Were absent, the fierce bulwarks of the fight;
While LAMBERT raging, spread the slaughter round,
Some chiefs expire some welter on the ground.
Thick and more thick the horrid clangors rise,
And clouds of dust involve the golden skies;
Promiscuous shouts and dying groans resound,
While gasping warriors bite the bloody ground;
At one fierce charge three sable chiefs he slew,
And ten that moment from his presence flew;
His blazing sword he brandish'd in his hand,
By words and deeds, he stimulates his band,
Revives their ardor, and forbidstheir flight,
And animates the dying flames of fight.
The trembling HAWKINS at a distance stood,
And saw young LAMBERT bathe in hostile blood:
On him, and him alone, the the natives ran,
With all their darts, an army on a man;
But like a rock the dire alarms he stood,
A rock, whose sides project into the flood,
That hears above the furious whirlwind blow,
And sees the frothy billows break below,
But stands unmov'd, majestically high,
And braves the idle rage of seas and sky:
Embody'd close the lab'ring Christian train,
Thefiercest shock of sable chiefs sustain.
Brave LAMBERT at their head the war they wait,
All grim with dust and blood, and fix'd as fate.

Now HAWKINS said, and seem'd all void of fear,
" Ye chiefs be men, the charge of battle bear;
Your brave associates and yourselves revere.
Let glorious acts more glorious acts inspire,
And catch from breast to breast the noble fire.
On valour's side the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch who trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame."
Then to the beauteous LAMBERT thus he cry'd,
" Thus, always thus, thy early worth be try'd;
Thy brave example shall retrieve our host,
Our army's saviour, and thy father's boast "
To this the youth, " With praise the rest inspire,
Nor urge a soul already fill'd with fire."
Thus HAWKINS proudly boasts and vaunts aloud,
With words, not deeds, inflames the 'vengeful croud.
Thus they, while the fierce prince pursues the foe,
O'ertakes the wretch oppress'd with mighty woe,
And cries aloud, " Whoe'er thou art, remain,
This jav'lin else shall fix thee to the plain."
He said, and high in air the weapon cast,
Which whizzing err'd, and o'er his shoulders pass'd;
Then fix'd in earth, against the quivering wood,
The foe stood propp'd and trembling as he stood;
A sudden palsy seiz'd his turning head,
His loose teeth chatter'd and his colour fled.
The raging prince now ey'd the quiv'ring foe,
And horrible, high rising to the blow,
Cleft his proud head with a redoubled wound,
His battered brains rush'd smoaking to the ground;
An iron sleep came low'ring o'er his sight,
And wrapp'd the ruffian in a cloud of night.

Back thro' the cleaving ranks MONDINGO flies
That moment, swift as lightning thro' the skies,
His troops he rallies, and his foes confounds,
While some retreat, and others sink with wounds;
He calls his chiefs by name, exhorts the train,
And with his presence fires the host again:
And when the furious hero came in view,
That instant HAWKINS from the combat flew,
As when the force of men and dogs combin'd
Invade the mountain goat or branching hind,
Far from the hunter's rage, secure they lie,
Close in the rock, not fated yet to die;
When lo! a lion shoots across the way,
They fly at once, the chasers and the prey:
So boasting HAWKINS when the prince appears,
Forgets to boast, and testifies he fears;
He fled to his bright ships, swift as the wind,
Screen'd by his wooden wall, and left the war behind.
MONDINGO rush'd amidst the thickest war,
Harrangues his men, dispels their local fear:
"Chieftains, to war, ourself will lead you on,
Nor dread the vaunts of WILLMORE's haughty son;
Deeds must decide our fate; ev'n those with words
Insult the brave, yet tremble at their swords;
Our hypocritic foes all heav'n defy,
But shrink and shudder when the thunders fly;
Nor from yon boaster shall your chief retire,
Not though his heart was steel, his hands were fire;
That fire, that steel, MONDINGO would withstand,
And brave that 'vengeful heart, that dreadful hand:
This moment I to meet bold LAMBERT go,
Nor shall bold LAMBERT want an equal foe;
Fierce as he is, ev'n he may learn to fear
The thirsty fury of our flying spear."

Thus breathing rage the fierce MONDINGO said,
A grove of spears gleam'd dreadful round his head;
Clamors on clamors tempest all the air,
They throng, they whoop, they thicken to the war;
The fierce MONDINGO shouting to the skies,
On all the Christians' force with fury flies;
First falls proud PICKET at his squadron's head,
The chief was cruel and the men he led;
The hero wields his sword, his head divides,
The visage parted, falls on equal sides;
He trampled out his soul, the body tore,
And stain'd the verdure with no vulgar gore.
High o'er the scene of death MONDINGO stood,
All grim with dust, and brains, and clotted blood;
He sees young LAMBERT with his flaming eyes,
And in an instant after LAMBERT flies;
LAMBERT beholds this terror of the plain,
Consents to fear and fly, nor heeds the voice of fame:
But first he paus'd amidst his full career,
Then first brave LAMBERT's manly breast knew fear.
So turns the lion from the nightly fold,
Tho' high in courage and with hunger bold,
Long gall'd by herdsmen, and long vex'd by hounds,
Stiff with fatigue, and fretted sore with wounds;
Tho' darts fly round him from an hundred hands,
And the red terrors of the blazing brands,
Till late reluctant at the dawn of day,
Sour he departs and quits th' untasted prey,
So mov'd fair LAMBERT from his dang'rous place,
With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace;
He looks around, and as he looks he stands,
And turning, thus address'd the Christian bands:
"No wonder men that we are forc'd to yield,
Thus vanquish'd, and thus forc'd to leave the field:

The Lord the mighty God averts our spears,
And in the Africans' behalf appears;
Let him by whose unhappy conduct led,
For whose curs'd cause so many chiefs have bled,
So many heroes of our land lay low,
Till all our army wears one face of woe;
Him who pretends to storm a host, but flies,
While the proud boasting coward braves the skies,
Let HAWKINS, for I must, I will pursue
The army's good, tho' death is in my view,
Go stand the test, if but one spark remains
Of courage in his soul, and warms his veins;
Go meet the foe and answer his demand,
Go fight the valiant hero hand to hand;
If slaves he'll have then let him, let him go,
Meet in the listed field the gen'rous foe;
The wrath of heav'n attends our enterprise
Our troops are vanquish'd and our army flies;
Trust not too much your unavailing might,
'Tis not with men, but with a God you fight;
Retire then soldiers, but sedate and slow,
Retire, but with your faces to the foe."
As the bold bird endow'd with sharpest eye,
Of all that wing the mid ærial sky,
The mighty eagle from his walks above,
Looks down and sees the distant thicket move,
Then stoops, and sousing on the quiv'ring hare,
Snatches his life amid the clouds of air;
Not with less quickness his exerted sight
Pass'd this and that way, thro' the ranks of fight;
When on his left his valiant sire he found,
Cheering his men, and spreading death around;
MONDINGO saw, and furious at the sight,
Rush'd terrible amidst the thickest fight;

LAMBERT recedes, but with a tardy pace,
Tho' fierce MONDINGO thunders in his face;
As when with tilted spears the clam'rous train
Invade the brindled monarch of the plain,
The lordly savage from the shouting foe,
Retires majestically stern and slow;
Tho' singly impotent the crowd to dare,
Repel or stand their whole collected war,
Grim he looks back, he rolls his glaring eye,
Despairs to conquer, and disdains to fly.
So LAMBERT paus'd and by degrees retir'd,
While shame, disdain and rage the hero fir'd:
Yet twice ev'n then he flew amid the train,
And twice repuls'd the sable foe again.
By words and deeds he animates the crowd,
And shouting, thus harrangues his men aloud,
As if he were endow'd with brazen lungs,
His voice surpass'd the force of twenty tongues:
"Inglorious soldiers, to your race a shame,
And only men in figure and in name,
Fly ye at length from yon degen'rate bands,
And must we fall by such inglorious hands?
Shall these, so late who trembled at your name,
Destroy your officers, your ships enflame?
A change so shameful, say, what cause has wrought,
The soldier's baseness, or the general's fault.
Fools! will ye perish for your leader's vice,
The purchase infamy, and life the price?
And for your chief will ye forego your fame,
Another's is the crime, but yours the shame;
Grant that our chief offend thro' fear or lust,
Must ye be cowards if your chief's unjust?
Prevent this evil and your vessels save,

Small thought retrieves the spirits of the brave;
Think and subdue; on dastards dead to fame
I waste no anger, for they feel no shame;
But you the pride, the flow'r of all our host,
My heart weeps blood to see your glory lost."
Both armies start, and starting gaze around,
While all the plain re-echoes to the sound;
Th' admiring soldiers and the Christian train,
With mighty shouts, return him loud acclaim.
The sable warriors learn'd his force to fear,
And trembling, met this thunderbolt of war,
His speech he seconds with his flying lance,
To meet whose point was brave REPONGO's chance;
MONDINGO's friend and in his native place,
Honour'd and lov'd, a friend to human race;
Long, long he fought the foremost on the plain,
And many tyrants by his hand were slain.
As the fierce whistling lance brave LAMBERT threw,
Swift to the mark the thirsty weapon flew;
Whose forky point above his elbow tore,
Deep pierc'd his arm, and drank the spouting gore;
And lo, the wounded chief his foe address'd,
The purple current wand'ring o'er his breast,
But first embrac'd his knees, and try'd with art
To move his tender sympathetic heart:
"By thy dear father's love thy suppliant spare,
By all the hopes of his intrepid heir,
Preserve, victorious chief this life alone,
To glad a living father and a son;
High in his hut are bars of silver roll'd,
With heaps of golden dust and labour'd gold;
These to procure my ransom he'll resign,
The war depends not on a life like mine;
One, one poor life can no such diff'rence yield,

Nor turn the mighty balance of the field."
His words the hero touch'd with gen'rous woe,
Mov'd his kind heart, while tears began to flow;
He instantly releas'd his panting foe.
Thus he, while LANGO on the distant plain,
Sent feather'd deaths among the Christian train;
Twelve poison'd arrows from his bow had fled,
And by their points twelve officers lay dead;
When lo! proud WILLMORE, LAMBERT'S haughty sire,
Beheld the youth, and his determin'd fire;
He saw, and rush'd to meet the youthful foe,
And sent his voice before him as he flew;
Thro' cleaving ranks he thunders void of fear,
With furious speed, and rushes to the war:
"Forbear, forbear, nor touch my due, (he cries)
For LANGO, LANGO is your gen'ral's prize;
To me, to me, belongs the dreadful fight,
Oh; that his sire could view the pleasing sight:
Thou LAMBERT, thou young LANGO'S arms shall bear,
A living trophy of my deeds in war."
He said, and at the word the Christian train
Retir'd at once, and left an open plain;
The youth with wonder saw the parting band,
Heard the proud challenge, and the stern command;
Then view'd his limbs, and his gigantic size,
And to his haughty foe in brief replies:
"Now by thy glitt'ring spoils I shall acquire
Immortal fame, or gloriously expire;
Then vaunt no more, for know almighty Jove
Beholds the fight, impartial from above;
The strength you boast from him alone is giv'n,
And know, proud chief, my fate depends on heav'n;
To thee presumptuous, as thou art unknown,
Or what must prove my fortune or thy own;

Boasting is but an art our foes to blind,
And with false terrors sink another's mind;
But know whatever fate I am to try,
By no dishonest wound shall LANGO die!
I shall not fall a fugitive at least,
My soul shall bravely issue at my breast;
But first try thou my arm and may it dart
Death, and my father's woes deep buried in thy heart."
He said, and saw the haughty chief appear
Within due distance of the flying spear.
Tho' far o'ermatch'd, LANGO his fortune tries,
But first invok'd the Sov'reign of the skies:
" Assist me Jove, and crown my bold design,
Let WILLMORE fall, and own the conquest mine;
Oh hear, immortal sire, my ardent pray'r,
Oh, thou whose thunder rends the clouded air,
Who in the heav'n of heav'ns has fix'd thy throne,
Supreme, divine, unbounded and alone;
Hear, and before the burning sun descends,
Before the night her gloomy vail extends,
Low in the dust prostrate my father's foes,
Protect my mother, and relieve her woes;
And if I fall, ah! pity her I pray,
Assuage her grief, and wipe the tears away!
Ah! comfort, comfort her when I'm no more,
Befriend her friendless, and relieve her poor."
The filial youth pray'd from his inmost soul,
While down his cheeks the tender sorrows stole;
And in an instant from his spangled sheath,
Drew forth a feather'd messenger of death.
Fierce he surveys the foe, the bow he bends
To the full stretch, and joins the double ends;
One hand approach'd the point, one drew the bow,
And to his breast strain'd the tough nerve below;

And as some heav'nly minstrel taught to sing
High notes responsive to the trembling string,
To some new strain when he adopts the lyre,
Or the dumb lute refits with vocal wire,
Thus LANGO from his hand the string let fly,
Twang'd short and sharp like the shrill swallow's cry;
At once the whizzing feather'd veng'ance flies,
Hiss'd fiercely on and sung along the skies.
Pierc'd thro' his hat and bore his wig away,
Then on the crimson ground it guiltless lay.
LANGO beheld his arrow fall in vain,
No spear he had, nor other hope remain;
He calls LOUVERTURE and demands a spear,
His friend and brother, but no prince was there;
All comfortless he stands, then with a sigh,
" 'Tis so heav'n wills it, and my hour is nigh;
I deem'd my valiant brother heard my call,
He's absent, nor can see his LANGO fall;
No prince no sire assists me in my need,
Death and black fate approach, 'tis I must bleed;
No refuge now, no succour from above,
My friends forsake me, and almighty Jove,
Propitious once and kind; then welcome fate,
'Tis true I perish, but I perish great;
Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,
Let future ages hear it, and admire."
He said, and at the word his sword he drew,
And all collected on the tyrant flew,
He graz'd the shoulder of the haughty foe,
Then WILLMORE shook his lance prepar'd to throw,
And as he shook it, " See, (he cries) if mine
Reach not the mark, a surer dart than thine."
He said, and threw the lance with forceful sway,
The hissing spear sung on its destin'd way;

Fierce and sonorous flew the fatal dart,
Pierc'd his young breast, and panted in his heart;
His lab'ring heart heaves with so strong a bound,
The long lance shakes and vibrates in the wound.
So a young mountain lion nurs'd with blood,
In deep recesses of the gloomy wood,
Who rushes to the plains and uncontroul'd
Depopulates the stalls, and wastes the fold,
'Till pierc'd at distance from his native den,
O'erpower'd he falls beneath the force of men.
Down sunk the sable youth with pain profound,
He spurns, he beats, he grinds the bloody ground;
The lovely youth lay grim with dust and blood,
The soul came rushing with the purple flood;
To long eternity it wings its way,
The beauteous body left a load of clay.
With blood his sable limbs are purpled o'er,
And grim in death, he welters in his gore.
As a gay rose with blooming beauty crown'd,
Cut by the scythe lies languid on the ground,
Or some tall flow'r that overcharg'd with rain,
Bends the faint head, and sinks upon the plain:
Thus sad, thus languishingly sweet he lies,
His head declin'd and drooping as he dies.
The thronging ruffians view with wond'ring eyes
His youth and beauty, and proportion'd size,
When lo! as the brave youth extended lay,
They lopp'd his head, and quivering limbs away.
Proud WILLMORE strode triumphant o'er the dead,
And to the sable Chieftains thus he said:
"Go, be this message to your monarch known,
Such as the sire deserves I send the son;
Unbrib'd, unsought his relics I bestow,
If funeral honours can relieve his woe."

Then he beheld his belt a glorious prey,
And from his body tore the prize away;
In this rich belt with golden dust inlaid,
Her utmost art his mother had display'd.
This spoil proud WILLMORE views with joyful eyes,
He wears, and glories in the glitt'ring prize,
Thus man too haughty in a prosp'rous state,
Grows blind, and heedless of his future fate.
The time will come, when WILLMORE in dismay
Shall mourn these spoils, and this triumphant day;
His eyes shall shed, for what he proudly bears,
And for young LANGO's blood, a sea of tears;
Shall wish, too late, the golden belt unsought,
And curse the trophies he so dearly bought.
Thus he, while brave LOUVERTURE on the plain,
Fought three fierce squadrons of the Christian train;
Their chiefs he slaughter'd, and their ranks he tore,
And dy'd his jav'lin red with Christians' gore:
Full fifty soldiers trembling with their fear,
Rush'd to the painted ships and panted there;
Some quiv'ring fight, some from the combat ran,
While others stood, a host against a man.
Here haughty COSGROVE dy'd; the dart was flung,
Where the knit nerves and pliant elbows strung;
He drop'd his arm an unassailing weight,
And stood oppress'd with fear, expecting fate;
Full on his neck the glittering faulchion sped,
And from his spangled shoulders lopp'd his head;
Forth from the bone the spinal marrow flies,
In dust and blood the corpse extended lies.
Now lo! his brother springs in arms, to dare
The brave LOUVERTURE in the horrid war:
Grief edg'd his sword, and drove him on the foe,
While down his cheeks, fraternal sorrows flow:

Young, bold and haughty, CORNISH was his name,
He lately left his own paternal plain
And weeping parents, in pursuit of fame.
On him LOUVERTURE rush'd; he void of fear,
Beheld the chieftain shake his glitt'ring spear.
Near as he drew the hero thus began,
" What art thou? boldest of the race of man,
Who, or from whence? unhappy is the sire,
Whose son encounters our resistless ire."
He spoke, and speaking sent his whizzing spear,
The tyrant's quiv'ring limbs confess'd his fear.
The thirsty weapon swift as lightning flies,
But miss'd the foe, and sung along the skies;
Deep in a distant hill was driv'n the spear,
Up to the middle, and stood quiv'ring there:
Then from his spangled belt LOUVERTURE drew
His sword, and firmly on the ruffian flew;
The foe oppress'd with agonizing fears,
Spreads forth his hands with eloquence of tears:
" A guilty foe, intrepid warrior, see,
Now supplicates, and trembles at thy knee,
Some pity to a penitent afford,
And sheath that all destroying, dreadful sword."
With gen'rous woe the gracious hero heard,
That instant sheathed his terrific sword,
Raises the prostrate foe, his fears controul,
While down his cheek a tear unbidden stole.
Now, by spectators, not the voice of fame,
To the mild prince the mournful tidings came,
That his own LANGO by WILLMORE was slain.
The valiant warrior heard with silent woe,
From his bright eyes the tears began to flow;
Big with his mighty grief he strove to say,
What anguish dictates, but no words found way.

And while the tears stood trembling in his eyes,
Towards the youth precipitate he flies;
With his huge trusty spear without delay,
Thro' bleeding ranks he clears an ample way.
As when a torrent swell'd with wintry rains,
Pours from the mountains o'er the delug'd plains,
And pines, and oaks, from their foundation torn,
A country's ruins! to the seas are borne.
LOUVERTURE thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng,
Soldiers and gen'rals roll in heaps along.
Loud clamors tell his progress thro' the plain,
While with quick pace he bounds o'er hills of slain.
So stalks the lordly savage of the plain,
In sullen majesty, and stern disdain;
In vain loud mastiffs bay him from afar,
And shepherd's gall him with an iron war;
Regardless, furious, he pursues his way,
He foams, he roars, he rends the trembling prey.
Thee, WILLMORE, thee he seeks thro' all the plain,
Proud of the spoils of hapless LANGO slain;
Thy eyes shall shed with agonizing fears,
For ev'ry drop of blood, a sea of tears.
His filial love, the sire, the son, combin'd
Past friendship, all, come rushing in his mind;
He rush'd impetuous where his brother lay,
That instant all the ruffians fled away.
As when some huntsman with a flying spear,
From the blind thicket wounds a stately deer,
Down his left side, while fresh the blood distils,
He bounds aloft, and scuds from hills, to hills,
Till life's warm vapor issuing thro' the wound,
Wild mountain wolves the fainting beast surround;
Just as their *jaws his* prostrate limbs invade,
The lion rushes thro' the woodland shade;

The wolves, tho' hungry, scour dispers'd away,
The lordly savage vindicates his prey.
Thus flee the ruffians when the prince appears,
Then his brave chiefs crowd round the corpse in tears;
But chief LOUVERTURE bending down his head,
Pours groans and sorrows o'er the hapless dead;
He saw his gaping wounds, receiv'd in fight,
He saw his wounds, and sicken'd at the sight;
Whom late he lively saw, now lifeless found,
Mangled and gash'd with many a dreadful wound.
How chang'd brave LANGO, who, alas! so late
Sent arrows at the foe, and scatter'd fate!
High o'er the slain the great LOUVERTURE stands,
Begirt with chieftains and surrounding bands;
He spoke aloud while all the host attends:
"Chieftains and leaders! countrymen and friends!
Veng'ance, (he cries, and lifts his sable hands,)
Veng'ance (he cries) on all the Christian bands;
But what is veng'ance, glory, joy, to me,
Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee?
My dear, dear LANGO, death has seal'd thy eyes,
Unwept, unhonor'd, uninterr'd, he lies;
Can his dear image from my soul depart,
Long as the vital spirit moves my heart?
If in the melancholy shades below
The flames of friends and brothers cease to glow,
Yet mine shall sacred last, mine undecay'd,
Burn on thro' death, and animate my shade.
Thus to thy father's arms, must thou retire,
Brave youth, the grief and glory of thy sire!
Oh! early lost, with strength and beauty grac'd,
This thy first morning's warfare, is thy last.
Yet didst thou scatter death thro' half an host,
And e'er thy own, twice fifty lives were lost.

Alas dear youth !" now tears descend anew,
Tears bathe the corpse, and tears the wounds bedew.
As a poor father, helpless and undone,
Mourns o'er the ashes of an only son ;
Takes a sad pleasure, the last bones to burn,
And pours in tears, e'er yet they shut the urn.
Thus he, while to the mother's ears had fled,
The fatal news that her dear child was dead ;
The vital warmth her trembling frame forsook,
She heard, and when she heard, with horror shook :
That instant from the town she screaming flies,
While floods of tears stream copious from her eyes,
Breaks thro' the foremost ranks in wild despair,
Nor heeds the spears, nor dangers of the war,
And as thro' cleaving ranks with shrieks she flies,
Thus with unutterable grief she cries :
" And is it thus the comfort of my years,
Thus, thus, my darling LANGO thus appears ?
Ah ! could'st thou fly, my child to certain harms;
To death, ah, cruel ! from thy mother's arms ?
So fond a mother, nor thy purpose tell,
Nor let me take my last, my sad farewel ?
A prey to beasts, thy head and body lies,
And ev'ry bird that wings the golden skies ;
Nor did thy mother close thy eyes in death,
Compose thy limbs, nor catch the parting breath,
Nor bathe thy wounds, nor cleanse away the gore,
Nor throw the rich, the beauteous mantle o'er
The work that charm'd the cares of age away,
My task all night, my labor all the day.
Where shall I find thee now thro' all the plains,
Thy mangled members and thy dear remains ?
How on thy face these longing eyes I fed,
How oft embrac'd ; but now my child is dead.

Ye bloody foes who slaughter'd my dear boy,
Come here, a poor abandon'd wretch destroy;
Here, here, direct in pity ev'ry dart,
Plant ev'ry jav'lin in this breaking heart;
Life has no joys for me, but I will go
This moment to my lovely boy below.
Immortal sov'reign of the starry skies,
Avenge my son, my dearest son (she cries)
Or with thy bolts, oh Jove, conclude my woe,
And plunge me flaming to the shades below,
That I may there behold my murder'd boy,
Far from the Christians' rage, with lasting joy;
Strike, and I'll bless the stroke that sets me free,
'Tis ease, 'tis mercy, to a wretch like me."
While thus she spoke, she saw her LANGO slain,
And lo! that moment fainted on the plain;
Her agonizing groans the warriors hear,
Sigh back her sighs, and answers tear for tear;
Their courage slackens, and the royal dame
With her dire anguish damps the martial flame.
Then good LOUVERTURE, while his sorrows flow,
And his black eyes indulge the gush of woe,
With all his chiefs command the weeping train,
To bear his mother to the town again.
And now the prince sustains a manlier part,
And mourns his brother with a warrior's heart;
With her he sends the corpse, a chieftain bears,
While round, his sad companions melt to tears.
As when some savage ranging o'er the plain,
Has kill'd the shepherd's dog or shepherd's swain,
While conscious of the deed he glares around,
And hears the gath'ring multitude resound,
In his grim jaws he bears th' untasted food,
And gains the friendly shelter of some wood;

Thus with deep sighs the chieftain bears the slain,
With all his members to the town again;
With solemn sadness thro' th' adjoining wood,
While flow'rs and lilies are bedrop'd with blood,
They now approach the town, the sable train
Rush'd forth to meet the mourners on the plain,
While plaintive clamors thicken in the winds,
Alarming youths, and maids, and gath'ring hinds;
The melancholy sound the forrest took,
The vallies echo'd and the mountains shook;
The distant matrons listen from afar,
Hear peals of groans, the fruits of horrid war.
As when some tempest o'er mid ocean roars,
And wing'd with whirlwinds, gathers to the shores.
With boding hearts the peasants hear from far,
The sullen murmurs of the distant war,
Foresee the harvest, levell'd to the ground,
And all the forest spread in ruins round;
Swift to the land the hollow grumbling wind,
Flies, and proclaims the furious storm behind.
Thus thro' the distant plain thick clangors rise,
And clouds of arrows blot the golden skies;
The children shriek, the infants trembling cry,
And to their weeping parent frighted fly;
Struck with astonishment the parents press'd
Their dear, dear prattling infants to the breast.
The natives now, then lo! the cruel foe,
Dye the green fields with crimson as they go,
Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong,
Deluge whole fields and sweep the trees along;
When, lo! the wild winds meet the raging flood
And carries to the skies the shatter'd wood;
The yellow harvest of the ripen'd year,

And flatten'd vineyards one sad waste appear.
Loud shriek the matrons when the corpse appears,
And the whole town is melted into tears;
The feeble monarch sees his people's fright,
He hears their groans, and wonders at the sight;
He hears the Christians' breathe revenge and war,
He hears his chieftains shouting from afar.
As torrents roll increas'd by num'rous rills,
With rage impetuous down their echoing hills
Rush to the vales, and pour along the plain,
Sweep herds, and hinds, and houses to the main;
The distant shepherd, trembling hears the sound;
The king thus hears his foes with grief profound.
And lo! he sees his son, the horrid sight,
He sees his chieftains bear him from the fight,
His youngest son, his dear his only joy,
His darling LANGO, his unhappy boy;
He sees, and seeing, sickens at the sight,
His murder'd child just slaughter'd in the fight;
In him the monarch saw with wild despair
The horrid image of gigantic war,
He views his son, his eyes forbid belief,
But wrapt the father in a cloud of grief,
He strives to speak, the pow'rs of life decay,
He trembles, falls, and falling faints away:
At length recover'd, to his child he flew,
And strain'd him close as to his breast he grew;
Round tears pour down amain, "And oh!" he cries,
Tears stopp'd his voice, and drown'd his languid eyes;
Again with shaking arms, h' embrac'd his son,
"Alas my darling child," he thus begun;
He strove to speak, but tears still swell'd his woe,
Ran down his beard, white as the winter snow.
The people rush to see the corpse, and stand

In ranks, all weeping on his either hand;
The infants, maidens, youths, a solemn show,
Each join the mourners in the public woe;
But nothing can the frantic sire restrain,
He sighs, he moans, but moans and sighs in vain:
Again he on the corpse his body throws,
Clasps his lov'd son, and to his bosom grows;
Sad groans burst from his heart while sorrows flow,
He lies transfix'd in agonies of woe.
Now all collected he attempts to say,
What anguish dictates; but few words found way:
"And is it thus, my dear, dear boy appears,
Joy of my life and comfort of my years;
Is this thy promise then, my son, with care
To shun the fight, nor mingle in the war?
Alas! too well I knew how honor's charms
Would fire thy youth to seek the rough alarms:
Oh! dire alarms, too fond was thy delight
To learn the dreadful lessons of the fight;
I in the dregs of age, oh! cruel doom,
Usurp on nature, and defraud the tomb,
Still live and drag a load of sorrows on,
Live, and more terrible, survive my son;
Me in the battle if the foes had slain,
While all my forces fought the Christian train;
Oh! would to heav'n I dy'd for thee my son,
Thus end my days, thus set my ev'ning sun;
'Twas not your fault, my chiefs, he fell so young,
No, 'tis the father's, who has liv'd too long;
With his slain son to blast his closing eye,
And wish in bitterness of soul to die.
With martial fury, and with glory fir'd,
My darling boy has gloriously expir'd;

Yet to the bloody fight his friends he led,
And e'er he dy'd, twice fifty chiefs lay dead.
Great Jove I'm satisfy'd, he perish'd well,
His father thanks you, for in fight he fell.
Ah! to thy years, proud WILLMORE, had he ran,
Till age confirm'd the hero in the man,
E'en thou hadst stood conspicuous to the sight,
The most distinguish'd trophy of the fight.
But why with tears have I so long withheld,
Wretch that I am, the chieftains from the field
Go tell LOUVERTURE that I breathe below,
And bear the world a spectacle of woe;
Robb'd of my age's pride, my only joy,
'Tis that I wait his veng'ance for my boy;
His veng'ance on proud WILLMORE's guilty head,
Due to the sad survivor, and the dead;
'Tis all he now can to his father give,
'Tis for that only I endure to live;
Life has no charms for me, but I should go
Pleas'd with these tidings to my boy below."
With these last words he swoon'd and sunk away,
And to his bed the chiefs their king convey.
Thus he, while shrieks and mournful clamors ring
Thro' the wide town, and round the fainting king;
Boys, mothers, wives, and sisters loud complain,
For fathers, children, and for husbands slain;
For their good king, surrounded by his foes,
Sunk in despair, o'erwhelm'd with mighty woes.
The Christians' rage the recent tombs that spread
The plains o'ercharg'd with carnage and the dead;
Their groans and pray'rs in curling volumes rise
To heav'n before the sov'reign of the skies:
They beat their breasts; tears gush from ev'ry eye,
The distant woods, to their loud plaints reply.

Such scenes of grief no human foe could hear,
Nor Satan's self relate without a tear.
LOUVERTURE hears his sire's commands and woe,
And while he hears, the filial sorrows flow,
Fierce rage succeeds, by mighty rage impel'd,
Turns from his chiefs majestic o'er the field:
Swift as the wind the great LOUVERTURE flew,
And led against the foe his warlike crew.
The chieftains all, and all the martial train,
All, all, rush'd furious to the deathful plain:
Beneath the heroes groans the trembling ground,
While clouds of dust arise, with shouts profound.
Now, lo! proud WILLMORE the fierce prince beheld,
From a high mound, approaching o'er the field;
He and his troops a gen'ral fear confounds,
They shud'ring hear the shrill advancing sounds.
The sable squadrons wedg'd in close array,
In one firm body cut their desp'rate way:
A peal of shouts that moment rend the sky,
The following moment the pale Christians fly;
But with disdain the fierce LOUVERTURE glows,
Nor wastes his fury on inferior foes;
He scorns to fight the men who stand their ground,
Or in their backs the flying troops to wound;
WILLMORE, and him alone, he calls aloud,
To fight, and hunts him in the bloody croud.
Now here, now there, the foe appears in sight,
Then, lo! he turns him from the fatal fight.
Thus at the panting dove the falcon flies,
The swiftest racer of the liquid skies;
Just when he holds, or thinks he holds his prey,
Obliquely wheeling thro' th' ærial way,
With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,
And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings.

Thus still the prince unravels all his ways,
And hunts the foe thro' ev'ry various maze;
Now rushes furious thro' the parting croud,
With dreadful speed, and calls the chief aloud:
LOUVERTURE still pursues the hated foe,
His heart with grief, his eyes with fury glow.
As thro' the forest o'er the vale and lawn,
The well breath beagle drives the flying fawn;
In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,
Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes;
Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews.
The certain hound his various paths pursues.
Thus trembling with his fear the dastard flies,
Swift thro' the parting ranks, with sad surprise:
As the proud boasting soldier, raw and young,
Who always is victorious....with his tongue.
Then when the prince his cowardice had view'd,
That still the tyrant fled as he pursu'd,
He first invok'd th' Almighty to redress
His father's wrongs, and pity his distress,
Assuage his grief, his fortitude display,
And wipe his tears, his gushing tears away.
No more he hunts the coward thro' the fight,
With grief he cries, "Wretch thou hast 'scap'd by flight
But long tho' shalt not thy just fate withstand,
If any pow'r assists LOUVERTURE's hand:
Fly then inglorious, but thy flight this day
Whole hecatombs of Christian ghosts shall pay."
Then rush'd amid the cruel train....no bound
His veng'ance knew, but spread the slaughter round:
The treach'rous foes he thinks it vain to spare,
Fir'd with his rage, he gives a loose to war.
Ye sacred Nine, assist me to display
The rage, the death, the terrors of this day;

What crouds of tyrants perish'd on the plain,
By sable chiefs and great LOUVERTURE slain:
First proud, imperious ALEXANDER falls,
And shrieks with fear, and loud for mercy calls;
First slightly wounded by the whizzing dart,
His sword he drops to mitigate the smart;
His hand the tyrant to the wound apply'd,
Fierce hiss'd an arrow, nail'd it to his side;
Swift thro' his side it cut an ample way,
In dust and blood the glitt'ring ruffian lay.
A chief that moment who from Britain came,
A first lieutenant, MASON was his name;
LOUVERTURE saw, and pierc'd the ruffian's ear,
Cold thro' his temples glides the thirsty spear;
A groan that moment issues with his breath,
Another follow'd, and he sunk in death;
His eye-balls start, he gasps upon the ground,
While all his soul rush'd shrieking thro' the wound.
Thy fate was next proud VINYARD, doom'd to feel
The 'vengeful fury of his flying steel:
As he to flight his trembling feet address'd,
The feather'd veng'ance drove from back to breast;
The feather stood behind, the point before,
He fell, and falling drench'd the sands with gore.
A ruffian stopp'd the raging chief to view,
The prince thus spoke, the wretch that moment flew:
"Unhappy thou, whose death our hands shall grace,
Fate calls thee hence, and finish'd is thy race;
No longer dream of slaves, nor tempt thy foe,
But pierc'd by this, to endless darkness go,
And add one spectre to the realms below."
Seiz'd with a trembling fear and sudden fright,
He shudder'd, wept, and turn'd his back for flight;
Between his shoulders pierc'd the following dart,

Held its strait passage thro' his panting heart,
Peep'd thro' his breast and cut a grisly wound,
He falls, it nails him to the purple ground.
Thus he goes conqu'ring thro' the crimson plains,
A single hero half an host sustains,
While feather'd deaths descend in iron show'rs,
And pikes and darts flung by the Christian pow'rs.
As when sharp Boreas blows abroad, and brings
The dreary winter on his frozen wings,
Beneath the low hung clouds the flakes of snow
Descend and whiten all the fields below.
So fast the darts from either army pour,
And poison'd arrows from the natives show'r.
MONDINGO from this scene of slaughter far,
Rag'd on the left, and rul'd the horrid war;
Hears the sad tidings by the voice of fame,
That his own brother young LANGO was slain.
The sable warrior heard with silent woe,
While down his cheeks the tears unbidden flow;
But rage succeeds, by mighty rage impel'd,
He tow'rs majestic o'er th' embattled field,
Bears in the public grief an ample part,
But mourns his brother with a warrior's heart:
His grief all furious drives him on the foe,
While from his eyes the silent sorrows flow.
Loud groans proclaim his progress thro' the plain,
O'er heaps of carnage, mountains of the slain.
Thus the fierce prince o'ertakes a flying foe,
And with his sword high rising to the blow,
He struck his head, and lopp'd his face away,
The crashing bones before its force gave way,
Forc'd from their ghastly orbs the brains and gore,
And bloody eye-balls tumble on the shore;
The soul all furious seeks the realms of night,

And flutters shrieking from the golden light;
But oft it rushes to the corpse again,
And shrieks for help, but shrieks, alas! in vain.
With grief and fury haughty ALBERT burns,
And fraught with veng'ance, to the hero turns:
"How proud MONDINGO glories in his fame,
And hopes this day to see our gen'rals slain;
Fierce as thou art, ev'n thou may'st stain with gore,
With all your chiefs, your own paternal shore;
Nor hope to see our valiant WILLMORE slain,
Vain is that hope, that expectation vain."
The chieftain views him with a dreadful look,
Prepares his weapon, nor a sentence spoke:
The ruffian sees the lance, and seeing fears,
Nor dar'd to fight, but begg'd his life with tears;
For loath he was to yield his youthful breath,
And shudder'd at the thought of instant death.
MONDINGO rais'd his spear prepar'd to wound,
The tyrant fell extended on the ground:
And while above the dart suspended stood,
Longing to dip its point in hostile blood,
One hand embrac'd his knees, one stopp'd the dart,
While thus these melting words attempt his heart;
"Two sons, alas! my hapless mother bore,
And must one spear then drench each brother's gore,
Must I now die, when he just dy'd before?
Some fiend urg'd me to stop, I'm doom'd to die;
How from that dreadful arm can slavers fly!
If ever yet soft pity touch'd thy mind,
Ah! think me not too much of WILLMORE's kind:
Not the same mother gave thy suppliant breath,
With him who wrought thy loving LANGO's death."
These words attended with a show'r of tears,

The foe address'd to unrelenting ears.
" Talk not of life, (the mournful prince replies,)
Poor LANGO dead, whoever meets me dies.
In vain a single tyrant seeks for grace,
Or any of the treach'rous Christian race:
In far, far diff'rent terms you spoke before,
Die then, proud wretch, what boots it to deplore,
Ev'n my brave brother LANGO is no more:
He far thy better was, foredoom'd to die,
And thou, dost thou bewail mortality?
Die then," he said, and as the word he spoke,
The fainting tyrant sunk beneath the stroke:
His hand forgot its grasp, nor held the spear,
While all his frame confess'd his ghastly fear.
When lo, MONDINGO his red sword display'd,
And lopp'd his head off with the smoaking blade;
Toss'd like a ball, it mutt'ring whirl'd away,
And at the victor's feet the body lay.
So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws,
While the grim savage grinds with foaming jaws
The trembling limbs, and sucks the spouting blood,
Deep groans and hollow roars rebellow thro' the wood.
The Christians now and sable squadrons wage
A horrid war, with undistinguish'd rage;
Here great MONDINGO swept the fields, and there
Storm'd beauteous LAMBERT, the renown'd in war.
As the fierce flames thro' the tall forests fly,
This way and that, and kindle half the sky:
Or rapid torrents from the mountains sweep,
Roar down the sides and thunder to the deep,
With might resistless, and destructive sway,
O'er half a ruin'd country break their way:
So thro' the field in diff'rent parts engag'd,
As swift and fierce the gallant heroes rag'd;

They burst with wrath, they rise to ev'ry blow,
And send their souls with ev'ry lance they throw;
Each fights, as on his arms, the dreadful day
With all the fate of his dear country lay;
No stop, no check, the mighty heroes knew,
Still with their toils their kindling ardor grew.
With words and deeds the beauteous chief alarms
His fainting troops, and ev'ry bosom warms.
As the bold hunter cheers his hounds to tear
The brindled lion, or the tusky bear,
With voice and hands provokes their doubting heart,
And springs the foremost with his lifted dart.
So gallant LAMBERT prompts his men to dare,
Nor prompts alone, but leads himself the war:
On the black body of the foes he pours,
As from the clouds deep bosom, swell'd with show'rs,
A sudden storm the purple ocean sweeps,
Drives the wild waves, and tosses all the deeps,
And twists the frothy billows till they rise,
And foaming mad, attack the low'ring skies.
And now LOUVERTURE saw his foe from far,
Safe midst the ranks, and glitt'ring thro' the war;
Array'd in scarlet fring'd with flow'rs of gold,
With epaulets all beauteous to behold:
He towr'd aloft, with more than mortal pride,
His son, the charming LAMBERT, by his side:
He like a sable cloud refulgent shone,
Pierc'd with the glancing glories of the sun;
The blooming son illustrious virtues grace,
By birth as gen'rous as the sire was base.
A silken string constrains his locks that deck
In glossy flaxen curls his beauteous neck.
So shines a gem illustrious to behold,
On some fair virgin's neck, encas'd in gold;

543178

So the surrounding ebon's darker hue,
Improves the polish'd ivory to view.
All bright his military scarlet flow'd,
His polish'd arms with golden splendors glow'd.
So from the ocean with a vivid ray,
Flames the refulgent star that leads the day;
Wide thro' the sky before the sacred light
Breaks and dispels the scatt'ring shades of night.
His sire he lov'd, and left his native plain,
Brav'd every danger of the land and main,
And left his mother comfortless alone,
Bereav'd of her dear, tender, loving son;
Such was his love he'd ne'er his purpose tell,
Nor take his melancholy last farewel;
Her melting tears were more than he could bear,
And filial love impel'd him to the war,
Not thirst for gold; he prov'd unto the end
A gallant hero, and a gen'rous friend;
All lov'd his person, all admir'd his parts,
Both brave in arms, and well approv'd in arts.
When WILLMORE's son harrangued the list'ning train,
Just was his sense, and his expression plain;
His word succinct, yet full without a fault,
He spoke no more than just the thing he thought;
Whene'er he rose in solemn thought profound,
His modest eyes he fix'd upon the ground;
As one unskill'd or dumb he seem'd to stand,
Nor rais'd his head, nor stretch'd his beauteous hand:
But when he speaks what elocution flows,
Soft as the fleeces of descending snows;
The copious accents fall with easy art,
Melting they fall, and sink into the heart;
Wond'ring we hear, and fix'd in deep surprise,
Our ears refute the sensure of our eyes.

His beauteous ANNA, youthful, fond and good,
He left in tears, to plow the briny flood;
Few words he spoke, tho' much he had to say,
And scarce these few for tears could force their way:
" Adieu, (he cries) my soul's far dearer part,
Joy of my life, and sov'reign of my heart;
Soon we shall meet, and meet to part no more,
Nor hear winds whistle, nor the billows roar."
While thus he speaks, the tender sorrows rise,
Rain down his cheeks, and trickle from his eyes.
" Soul of my soul, and princess of my heart,
This day, (he cries) this fatal day we part;
Yet if your love uninjur'd you retain,
Soon we shall meet in happiness again,
To part no more, but rolling years employ,
In circling bliss and never fading joy.
Alas! my boding soul is lost in woe,
And from my eyes the tears unbidden flow."
No word she spoke, tho' much she had to say,
But took a parting kiss, and swoon'd away.
Slow to the ship the pensive youth returns,
And sighs in secret, and in silence mourns.
She faints, she sinks, and when she rose again,
In part recovers strength, but to complain.
And lo, a gust of grief began to rise,
Fast streams a tide from charming ANNA's eyes;
Fast for her lover tender sorrows flow,
And boding fears enhance the mighty woe;
Then gently winding up the fair ascent,
With many a solemn step the maiden went;
And o'er the pavement glides with grace divine,
With polish'd stone the level pavements shine.
Her lovely head a veil transparent grac'd,

Her swelling loins a radiant zone embrac'd;
With purple fring'd, her under robe unbound,
In snowy waves flow'd glitt'ring on the ground.
Like heav'n's bright bow her native beauties shone,
That draws a thousand colours from the sun;
Back in a cambric cap her locks were ty'd,
Her little lap-dog scamper'd by her side.
As Sol moves glorious o'er the mountain's brows,
And scatters sacred splendors as he goes,
So mov'd sweet ANNA, such her charming grace,
So glow'd the purple bloom that flush'd her face.
The folding doors resplendent rooms display'd,
The hall with Turkey carpets overlaid.
The bolt obedient to the brazen string,
Forsakes the staple as she pulls the ring;
The wards respondent to the key turn round,
The bars fall back, the flying valves resound;
There in her chamber, as she sat apart,
Resolv'd his words, and plac'd them in her heart.
On her dear LAMBERT then she fix'd her soul,
Down her fair cheeks the tears abundant roll;
Till gentle sleep, as she thus piteous cries,
In slumber clos'd her silver streaming eyes.
Thus ANNA mourn'd, nor knew her lover's doom,
Wrap'd in the cold embraces of the tomb;
Adorn'd with honors on a foreign shore,
Silent he slept, and heard of wars no more.
LOUVERTURE views the sire with stern delight,
His soul enkindles at the pleasing sight.
So joys a lion, if the branching deer,
Or mountain goat, his bulky prize, appear:
In vain the youths oppose, the mastiffs bay,
The lordly savage rends the panting prey.
Thus fond t' obey his sire, with a fierce bound,

The prince flies furious o'er the slip'ry ground;
A thought that moment of his father's woe,
Rush'd in his mind, and drove him on the foe:
Proud WILLMORE saw him come, with fear and dread,
He saw him come, and when he saw, he fled.
As the fleet stag, by the staunch hound pursu'd,
Now bounds above the banks, now shoots along the flood.
He starts, he pants, he stares with wild amaze,
And flies his op'ning foe a thousand ways;
Close to his heels the deep mouth'd furious hound
Turns as he turns, and traces all the ground;
On his full stretch he makes his eager way,
And holds, or thinks he holds the trembling prey:
The hunters shout, the woods, the rocks reply,
And the loud peals run rattling round the sky.
Thus with preventive speed LOUVERTURE ran,
Turn'd short, and fairly fought him, man to man.
Now forc'd he stands, collected in his might,
Defies the gen'rous prince, and waits the fight.
Soon as he saw the sable chief advance
Within due distance of the flying lance,
"Now, now my spear, and conqu'ring hand, (he cry'd)
For WILLMORE owns no deity beside,
Assist my vows, succeed my martial toils,
And strip yon negro of his bloody spoils;
My dearest LAMBERT his bright sword shall bear,
His golden belt, his quiver, and his spear."
He said, and as he said, his jav'lin flies,
The spear glanc'd obliquely along the skies;
But held its dreadful course, and starting wide,
Drove deep its thirsty point in ZIMBOO's side;
The valiant ZIMBOO, an illustrious name,
LOUVERTURE's friend, from ancient EBO came;
Unhappy ZIMBOO by another's wound,

He bleeds, falls, groans, and panting, bites the ground.
As from some far seen mountain's airy crown,
Subdu'd by steel, the tall ash tumbles down,
And soils its verdant tresses on the ground,
So falls the chief, his arms the fall resound;
And big with grief, he views the fleeting skies,
And turns his thoughts on EBO as he dies;
He turns his thoughts, but turns his thoughts in vain,
In hopes to see his native fields again.
The prince invokes the sov'reign of the skies,
"Avenge my dear, dear father's wrongs," he cries,
And with the words the hissing jav'lin flies:
It pierc'd his thigh, and there its fury staid,
The spouting blood the prince with joy survey'd;
Then from the sheath his flaming sword he drew,
And all collected on the ruffian flew.
Brave LAMBERT sees his woes, th' illustrious son,
Fears for his danger, and forgets his own;
And while grief, rage and woe sets him on fire,
With sighs, tears, groans, runs to relieve his sire.
Incumber'd with the spear, the tyrant reel'd,
With tir'd slow steps, and pain, he quits the field;
With mournful groans he leaves the purple land,
Trail'd the long lance, that mark'd with blood the sand.
His friends all busy in their sev'ral care,
Thro' haste or danger, had not drawn the spear.
Fierce springs the son against the foe; no word
He spoke, but rush'd beneath the threat'ning sword;
Flies to prevent the meditated blow,
And guard his bleeding father from the foe.
His men th' intrepid prince at distance plies,
And with loud shouts of triumph rends the skies.
Then mov'd with pity, the brave gen'rous man
Exhorts, begs, threats, and prays the youth in vain:

"Whither to death, ah! whither would'st thou run,
And tempt an hand far mightier than thy own?
Ah! yet, poor LAMBERT, from the field remove,
You fly to ruin, urg'd by filial love;
This gen'rous love already I revere,
Ah, then depart, and listen to my pray'r:
Depart in peace, least all my dreadful ire
Rises, nor tempt, my friend, the furious fire."
He warn'd, but warn'd in vain; the youth defies
The prince, till all his wrath began to rise.
He spoke aloud, "Then die;" and at the word,
He wields, and whirls aloft, his thund'ring sword;
And rising to the blow, with force apply'd,
The blade he bury'd in his milk-white side.
Not with more ease the vulture from above,
Shoots, seizes, gripes, and rends the charming dove;
All stain'd with blood, the beauteous feathers fly,
And the loose plumes come flutt'ring down the sky.
The ruthless point, with mighty rage impress'd,
Pierc'd thro' his scarlet coat and satin vest,
Which his dear ANNA's hands embroider'd o'er,
And his fair breast was drench'd with purple gore.
The prince now views the languid youth with woe,
And from his eyes the gen'rous sorrows flow;
And as he wept, he reach'd his hand and said,
"To worth like thine, what honors can be paid?
If future times will any credit give,
Thy praise, heroic youth, shall ever live:
Poor, pity'd youth, too early lost, receive
The sole reward a gen'rous foe can give;
Lo! I restore thy arms, unhappy boy,
Thy sword all spangled, late thy only joy:
Yet LAMBERT, ev'n in death be this your pride,
That by the great LOUVERTURE's hand you dy'd."

Then round the corpse he calls the sable train,
And rais'd himself the body from the plain:
But ah, how chang'd, with blood disfigur'd o'er,
His snow white limbs all horrible with gore,
And shining circlets of his flaxen hair,
Which ev'n a princess might be proud to wear.
As the young olive in some sylvan scene,
Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal green,
Lifts the gay head, in snowy flow'rets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air;
When lo! a whirlwind from high heav'n invades
The tender plant, and withers all its shades;
It lies uprooted from its genial bed,
A lovely ruin, now defac'd and dead.
Thus young, thus beautiful, brave LAMBERT lay,
The prince, with honors, sent the corpse away.
Meantime the sire mov'd to the shore, and there
Bathes in the floods his wounds, in deep despair;
He groan'd and languish'd on the sandy shore,
There dry'd his sweat, and wash'd away the gore;
There paus'd and panted, while the gentle gale
Convey'd the freshness the cool seas exhale.
As when the rattling hail impetuous pours,
And the wide fields smoke with the rushing show'rs,
To the safe shelving banks the swains repair,
Or to some cavern'd rock, and shelter there;
Wait till the furious tempest break away,
And then renew the labors of the day:
The chief thus shuns, the tempest of the war,
But hears the dreadful clangors from afar.
The hapless father, father now no more,
Transfix'd with sorrow, languish'd on the shore,
Lean'd on an oak, with pain and anguish stung,
And from a bough his sword all shining hung;

Gold was the hilt, a silver sheath encas'd
The beamy blade, and golden hangers grac'd.
As on his hand the chief his head reclin'd,
He still enjoy'd the freshness of the wind;
Much of his LAMBERT asks the pensive sire,
And sends his men to warn him to retire:
But all in vain, nor will the hero yield
Till carry'd breathless from th' embattled field.
The soldiers bear him from th' ensanguin'd plain,
Pale, languid, drench'd in blood, and newly slain;
Deep in his side appears the grisly wound,
His weeping friends attend, and mourn around,
Now, lo! the father hears their groans from far,
Then saw his slaughter'd son borne from the war;
He views the gaping wound with mighty woe,
While down his cheeks parental sorrows flow:
In deep despair he beats his breast, and tears
His scarlet fring'd with gold, and silver hairs;
Tow'rds heav'n he then with mighty anguish spread
His hands, and hov'ring o'er, he kiss'd the dead;
H' embrac'd his murder'd son, and weeping said,
"And is he slain, the boy I lov'd so well,
And was it in his sire's defence he fell?
And oh! can life the smallest pleasure give,
Since LAMBERT dies, that his poor sire may live?
Have I then lost thy life, and sav'd my own,
Sav'd by the death of my dear murder'd son?
In my defence could such a son expire,
A son like him, for such a guilty sire?
Now, now I feel an exile's woe, the smart
Of this deep wound lies raging at my heart;
'Tis keen, 'tis sharp, 'tis terrible at last,
Nor half the bitterness of life is past;

On thy fair fame, my son, I left a stain,
My darling child, by fierce LOUVERTURE slain
'Twas me that brought thee to this hostile plain;
To him, to thee, my dear, dear child, I owe
All, all the deaths, such guilt should undergo;
And yet I live, and see the golden light,
But soon will leave it, for I loath the sight.
'Twas me, 'twas me, my murder'd child, 'twas me,
That brought this death, this dreadful death on thee;
'Twas me," he said, and still, he strove to say,
But groans and show'rs of tears stopp'd up the way.
Fierce rage succeeds, with valour boiling high,
The gen'ral rear'd him on his halting thigh;
With tearful eyes, and with his body bent,
Prop'd on his spear, and groaning as he went.
As when a ling'ring fate the serpent feels,
Obliquely crush'd beneath the coach's wheels,
Or bruis'd and mangled by the cruel swain,
With some huge stone, writhes with the shooting pain,
And rolls and twists her scaly folds in vain;
Above all fierce, her glitt'ring volumes rise,
Flame in her crest, and lightning in her eyes;
But maim'd below, and tardy with the wound,
Her train unfolded, drags along the ground:
So maim'd and slow the groaning tyrant past,
But aided by his spear, he reach'd the plain at last.
With conscious valor, and recoiling shame,
Grief, wrath and fury set his soul on flame.
Thrice on LOUVERTURE'S name he calls from far,
Who hears the challenge, and accepts the war;
And while the tyrant hung his pensive head,
Th' intrepid prince with pious ardor said,
" Oh, mighty Jove, th' impartial god of light,
Inspire his soul to stand the proffer'd fight:

May he, all glorious, just, as well as wise,
Avenge my sire, and wipe his weeping eyes."
The prince thus pray'd, and made his bold advance
Fierce o'er the plain, and shook his mighty lance.
" And why, (the chief reply'd,) this vaunting strain,
The father perish'd when the son was slain;
Strike then, and use your present fortune, strike,
Death and your fabled god I scorn alike;
No more....I come to die, but first bestow
This parting present on the murd'rous foe."
Swift as he spoke, the 'vengeful dart he sped,
But miss'd the mark, and on it singing, fled;
He heard it sing along the skies with woe,
And curs'd the lance that spar'd the dreadful foe.
Now peals of clamors thicken in the skies,
Then with his flaming sword LOUVERTURE flies:
" And where is now the lofty strain (he cry'd)
Of haughty WILLMORE, and his scornful pride?"
With complicated woe the chief replies,
And as he speaks, stares furious at the skies,
" Why, why, insulting foe, this waste of breath,
On souls determin'd, and resolv'd on death;
With that fond hope to battle did I fly,
And fought, far less to conquer, than to die.
My boy, when slaughter'd in the martial strife,
Made no such contract for his father's life;
A worthless gift, to live at thy command,
Nor would I take it from his murd'rer's hand;
But if a vanquish'd foe this grace may crave,
Oh! let me find the refuge of a grave.
Too well my guilt and folly have I known,
Then guard my corpse, and lay me by my son:
Ah! grant that pleasure e'er I yield my breath,

To share his sweet society in death."
He strove to hide the anguish of his soul,
But down his cheeks the tears resistless stole:
The prince that moment whirls aloft in air
His thund'ring sword, and lopp'd away his ear.
Now death, and guilt, and agonizing fear,
With dreadful furies, and with black despair,
In pomp terrific stand around, abhor'd
Th' atheist, sent by heav'n's almighty Lord;
To wreak his veng'ance they forever stand,
Watching his nod, and fly at his command;
Fierce as wild whirlwinds round each fury flies,
Proud WILLMORE's head, and chills him with surprise
And clang their pinions with terrific sound,
Beat with their wings, their iron wings profound.
Aghast he shook, and trembled with affright,
While all their native horrors blast his sight:
Such flaming fronts the sable demons spread,
So dreadful hiss'd red serpents at each head,
The startled chief turns pale, and lo, a stream
Of sweat ran copious down from ev'ry limb;
Stiff rose his hair.....
Fierce, and more fierce, the gnashing furies rise,
And hell, all hell, was open'd in their eyes:
He heard a scream, or seem'd to hear, around,
Shrieks, horrid shrieks, hell, hell, was in the sound.
"Earth, earth, (he cries) thy centre open throw,
And screen a mortal in thy shades below!"
Thus while the ruffian cry'd, and trembling shook,
Th' intrepid prince the gen'ral thus bespoke:
"What methods, WILLMORE, yet remain for flight,
'Tis strength not swiftness, must decide the fight;
Try all thy arts and vigor to escape
Thy instant doom, and vary ev'ry shape,

Wish for the morning's rapid wings to fly,
Shoot down to hell, or vault into the sky."
" Not these insulting, empty vaunts I dread,"
Reply'd the trembling chief, and shook his head;
" Nay, but a God with fears my bosom move,
And he, my greatest foe, almighty Jove;
My crimes, my unbelief, (the tyrant said)
Has forc'd reluctant veng'ance on my head."
He spoke, and speaking, cast his glaring eyes,
On the blue vault, and curs'd the golden skies;
All round his beating heart congeals the blood,
With chatt'ring teeth he quiver'd where he stood.
Now to his friends he turns his fi'ry eyes,
Again he curs'd the sov'reign of the skies.
The prince with indignation marks the part,
He wields his sword, and aims it at his heart:
It lopp'd his arm, and plow'd his ribs profound,
And stretch'd him languid on the purple ground.
So falls a poplar that in wat'ry ground,
Rais'd high the head, with stately branches crown'd,
Fell'd by some artist with his shining steel,
To shape the circle of the bending wheel;
Cut down it lies, tall, smooth, and largely spread,
With all its beauteous honours on its head;
There left a subject to the wind and rain,
And scorch'd by suns, it withers on the plain.
His hands and eyes the vanquish'd tyrant rear'd.
And to the chief this moving pray'r prefer'd:
" Prince I deserve, nor deprecate my death,
Then use thy fortune, take my forfeit breath,
Yet if a parent's woes move sympathy,
Think what thy father is, and pity me."
Tears pour amain; he strove again to say
What horror dictates, but no word found way.

The warrior heard with philanthropic woe,
Repress'd his sword, and gaz'd upon the foe ;
His words and tears to mercy now inclin'd,
Still more and more, the victor's noble mind :
When lo ! by chance the glitt'ring belt he spy'd,
His brother's belt, still shining at his side,
Which from the bleeding youth the ruffian tore,
And the bright spangled prize in triumph wore ;
His eyes fierce flaming o'er the trophy roll,
That wakes the slumb'ring veng'ance in his soul ;
Then with loud accents and a dreadful look,
Stern and severe, the raging hero spoke ;
" Thou wretch accurs'd, canst thou to grace pretend,
Clad in my brother's spoils, my murder'd friend ?
No, to th' unhappy, who unjustly bleed,
Jove gives posterity t' avenge the deed ;
Go then, appease my father's veng'ance, go,
Go then, a victim to his son below,
'Tis LANGO, LANGO, gives the fatal blow.
Thus is my sire atton'd ;" (the hero said)
And bury'd in his breast the reeking blade.
A groan that moment echo'd to the shore,
Another follow'd, and he groan'd no more ;
The soul rush'd furious through the gaping wound,
The body beat, the fingers grasp'd the ground.
That moment each tremendous fury springs
With rapid speed, and spreads their dusky wings ;
The serpents hissing all around they fly,
For hell's dark doors, impetuous from the sky ;
And as the spirit deprecates its woe,
They plunge down headlong, to the realms below,
The soul, the spirit, or th' immortal mind,
Unwilling leaves the spangled corpse behind ;
Drag'd furious by the gnashing fiends away,

Thro' sable clouds, far from the solar ray;
Dark as black spots in midnight clouds they fly,
Swift, and more swift, till they relieve the sky;
Precipitate the fiends rush from the day,
Point out the long uncomfortable way;
The shudd'ring ghost and demons plaintive vent,
Thin hollow screams, along the deep descent.
As in the caverns of some rifted den,
Where flock nocturnal bats, and birds obscene,
Cluster'd they hang, till at some sudden shock,
They move, and murmurs run thro' all the rock:
So wailing fled the sad tormented ghost,
And such a scream fill'd all the dismal coast,
As they glide panting thro' the horrid plains,
Where night in everlasting silence reigns,
They now approach hell's gates where flames expire,
That unconsum'd, are wrapt in smoke and fire.
Scar'd at the sight, the spirit backward drew,
As the tremendous portals rose to view.
A lash each fury in a moment shakes,
The ghost they scourge, with fi'ry hissing snakes,
At hell's dread mouth ten thousand monsters wait,
Grief weeps, and veng'ance bellows in the gate;
Loud howl the damn'd in everlasting pains,
And loud as thunder shake their pond'rous chains;
The sound re-echoes thro' the dismal plains,
Strikes the scar'd spirit with the frightful sound,
The melancholy den that thunders round;
Loud and more loud the dreadful shrieks they hear,
As to th' infernal regions they draw near;
The jarring portals on their hinges flew,
Then lo! the direful scene appear'd in view.
A furnace, formidable, deep and wide,

O'er-boiling with a blue sulphureous tide,
Expands its jaws most dreadful to survey,
And roars incessant for the destin'd prey;
The first born sons of light appall'd look down,
And nearer press God's everlasting throne.
Hell's gates spontaneous open'd to the chief,
Hell's blazing gates, kept by dire unbelief;
With dread recoil, and with a jarring sound,
That shook the deep abyss and dark profound,
The dreadful doors thus on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, as spontaneous op'd each gate.
The gates were full ten thousand miles in height,
And thrice ten thousand thousand miles in breadth;
And floods of sable smoke and ruddy flame,
Burst out in volumes o'er the dismal plain.
On mighty columns rais'd sublime, were hung
The flaming gates, impenetrably strong;
And thrice three fold they were, three fold were rock,
Their brass their iron, adamant the lock;
In vain would all the sons of light essay
To force the lock of adamant away.
Ten thousand thousand thousand devils wait,
Tremendous forms! to guard each gloomy gate;
A robe of living flame each fury wore,
With all the pomp of horror, dy'd in gore.
Here weeping, wailing, howling, dreadful pain,
And groans re-echo with the rattling chain;
Here while proud WILLMORE deprecates his woe.
They plunge him flaming in the realms below;
As far beneath th' infernal centre hurl'd
As from that centre to the ætherial world;
And there he groans, with pains that ne'er expire,
Chain'd down forever in a chain of fire;
Th' atheist now feels everlasting woe,
And roars incessant thro' the shades below.

In these, or words like these, those soul complains,
With all the eloquence of hellish pains:
" Ah! mercy, mercy, art thou dead above,
Is love extinguish'd in the source of love?
Has heav'n, and earth, and hell, then join'd the foe,
Sense reason, memory, increas'd my woe?
Down, down, I still am falling, horrid pain,
And yet ten thousand thousand miles remain!
Wretch that I am, did heav'n stoop down to hell,
Th' expiring Lord of life my ransom seal?
Have I not been industrious to provoke,
From my Redeemer's kind embraces broke,
Blasphem'd and panted for his mortal hate,
Earn'd my damnation, labour'd out my fate,
Annull'd his groans, as far as in me lay,
And flung his agonies and death away?
My voice, which was ordain'd on hymns to dwell,
Once curs'd my God, now blows the flames of hell.
Just is my lot; but, oh! must it transcend
The reach of time, despair a distant end?
With dreadful growth shoot forward and arise,
Where thought can't follow, and bold fancy dies?
And must my punishment be ever strong,
My constitution too, forever young?
Curs'd with returns of vigor still the same,
Pow'rful to bear and satisfy the flame;
Still to be caught, and still to be pursu'd,
To perish still and still to be renew'd?
Wretch that I was to doubt heav'ns word divine,
Nor think if truth depicted ev'ry line,
What woe and endless miseries were mine!
Stop the descending showers of thy rage,
Oh, God! nor with a grain of dust engage;
In pity send some holy saint along,
With one cold drop to cool my parching tongue,

Or grant, oh, grant, immortal God at least,
This one, this slender, almost no request,
When I have wept ten thousand lives away,
When devils are grown weary of their prey,
When I have rav'd ten million years in fire,
Ten million million, let me then expire."
Unhappy soul, just judge, hard sentence too,
What infidel would vaunt that thinks on you?
Enclos'd with horrors and transfix'd with pain,
Rolling in veng'ance, struggling with his chain:
Tho' loth, he ever loud blaspheming owns,
He's justly doom'd to pour eternal groans.
Here crowds of wretches, prodigal of breath,
Themselves anticipate the doom of death;
Oppress'd with guilt, they cast their lives away,
And sad and sullen, hate the golden day.
Oh! with what joy the wretches now would bear
Pain, toil, and woe, to breathe the vital air!
In vain by fate for ever are they bound,
Midst fire and brimstone, in the dark profound,
Forever damn'd, they now with hideous yell,
And long loud bellowing, shake the realms of hell.
Here tyrants who had base pursuits in view,
Enslav'd their brethren, and their neighbours slew;
But still more num'rous they who swell'd their store,
But ne'er reliev'd the fatherless and poor;
Here proud professors and the devotee,
Who never felt their neighbour's misery,
Thick as the leaves come flutt'ring from above,
When cooler autumn strips the blasted grove;
Thick as the feather'd flock in close array,
O'er the wide fields of ocean wing their way;
When from the rage of winter they repair,
To warmer suns, and more indulgent air:

These wretches who profess'd to love the Lord,
Yet to his poor no succour would afford,
Who sent the hungry orphan from their door,
And never thought to bless the housless poor;
The helpless stranger sent with tears away,
Yet spent their wealth t' indulge their vanity.
And still forsooth, could sing and preach and pray.
These wretches now eternally implore
Relief, but get such as they gave before.
The Levite and the Priest here horrors know,
No mercy find, as they'd no mercy show;
And those who in a cause unrighteous bled,
Or perish'd in the foul adult'rous bed,
Or ruin'd female virtue thro' deceit,
Now here their everlasting torments wait.
In swarms these spectres plunge in deepest hell,
With bloodless visage, and with hideous yell.
With scorpions arm'd, and curls of hissing snakes.
Their slaves now lash them, thro' the burning lake.
These who were led astray by subtle foes,
Scourge their seducers, and enhance their woes;
They scream, they howl, their groans, and dismal sounds
Echo shrill thunder thro' hell's utmost bounds.
His lash Apollyon ev'ry moment shakes,
Each ghost he scourges with a thousand snakes.
The fool that sold his heav'n for gilded clay,
Now howls, no spirit feels more dire dismay,
More fierce, more damn'd, and more a fiend than he,
When from afar to aggravate his doom,
He sees a wretched prodigal consume.
Transfix'd with living flames, involv'd in fire,
They curse with spite heav'n's everlasting Sire:
Here Robespierre who his own country sold,
And barter'd glorious liberty for gold;

Laws for a bribe he pass'd, but pass'd in vain,
For the same laws a bribe repeal'd again ;
With fetters bound, and adamantine chains,
The despot howls in everlasting pains,
Amidst th' infernal gulf refreshment craves,
And pants with thirst amidst a sea of waves.
Stretch'd on the lake he views with longing eyes,
In regal pomp successive banquets rise,
There selfish hypocrites behold the sky,
And all the happy, happy souls on high ;
Celestial paradise above their heads,
They see where trees' delicious fruitage spreads ;
The glorious bow'rs ambrosial scents unfold,
And yellow apples ripen into gold ;
The heav'nly fruits a purple hue disclose,
Green looks each grove, each living flower glows ;
Here lucid columns, glitt'ring to behold,
Support empyrean canopies of gold.
These glorious sights augment their pangs profound,
They groan, all hell re-bellows with the sound :
To some enormous crime they all aspir'd,
All feel the torments that these crimes requir'd.
Had I ten thousand mouths, ten thousand tongues,
A throat of brass, and adamantine lungs,
Not half the dreadful scene could I disclose,
Repeat their crimes, or count their mighty woes.
Meanwhile the Christians see their gen'ral die,
And as they see, they scamper, fear and fly.
As when a lion ranging o'er the lawns,
Finds in some sylvan grove the couching fawns,
Their bones he cracks, their reeking vitals draws,
And grinds the quiv'ring flesh with bloody jaws.
The frighted hind beholds, and dares not stay,
But swift thro' rustling thickets bursts her way ;

All drown'd in sweat the panting mother flies,
And the big tears roll trickling from her eyes.
The bulwark of the fight, brave LAMBERT, slain,
They fly like lightning from the hostile plain.
The fierce LOUVERTURE rushing stern before,
His chieftains follow, thund'ring to the shore;
Shouts as he flies the distant forests rend,
And waves of moving troops his march attend.
Not half so loud the bellowing deeps resound,
When stormy winds disclose the dark profound;
Less loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour,
Catch the dry mountain and its shades devour.
Full twenty ruffians stumbled as they fled,
Their souls were trampled out, their bodies bled.
As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind springs,
That bears grim death upon its dreadful wings;
Wide o'er the blasted fields the tempest sweeps,
Then gather'd, settles on the hoary deeps;
Th' affected deeps tumultuous mix and roar,
The wave behind bursts on the wave before,
Wide rolling, foaming high and tumbling to the shore.
Ten in the tumult wedg'd, with terror rush'd
On their own swords, by their own soldiers crush'd;
Some drove head foremost in the sands, and there
Their heads stood fix'd, their quiv'ring legs in air,
Till trampled flat beneath the soldiers' feet,
As they rush'd panting to the painted fleet.
LOUVERTURE's fierce approach they think they hear,
In ev'ry wind, and ev'ry moment fear:
He like a fury toss'd the scatt'ring throng,
Drove waves on waves of trembling foes along.
So flees a herd of cows that hear dismay'd
The lion's roaring through the midnight shade;
On heaps they tumble with successless haste,

The savage seizes, draws and rends the last.
Nor with less force the stern LOUVERTURE flew,
Still press'd the rout, and still the hindmost slew.
His chiefs pursue their leader with delight,
Rush furious on, and claim their native right;
None stood behind, and none to plunder stood,
All fight heroic, prodigal of blood.
Now, lo! the prince beheld far on the sea,
Full twenty ships all plow the watry way;
Strait for the shore the tilting vessels stand,
Then furl their sails and anchor near the land;
Each held full forty troops, a cruel train,
And each prepares to march the hostile plain.
The victors see, and sicken'd at the sight,
The victors see, and stop the flying fight,
And while the sight the sable host appals,
The robbers trembling, gain their wooden walls;
All pale and panting, gain their ships, tho' late,
The ruffians breathe, deliver'd from their fate
Now whirling down the skies the purple day,
Shot thro' the western clouds a dewy ray;
Imperial Sol shrouds his refulgent light,
Then rose majestic, Cynthia, queen of night.
To melancholy rest the hosts retire,
And no sweet note sounds from the feather'd quire;
Still with his lustre and his golden light,
Bright Phœbus decks the glorious queen of night;
Wide o'er our mighty globe with pomp she drew
Her silver chariot, hung with pearly dew.
Now man and beast lie hush'd; sleep steals away
The hero's woe and labours of the day,
All night in arms each valiant warrior lay;
All but the prince with anxious thoughts oppress'd,
His father's cares lay rolling in his breast.

As when the louring clouds at midnight hours
Foretell the patt'ring hail, or weighty show'rs,
And now the lightnings flash and now expire,
And heav'n flames thick with momentary fire.
So bursting frequent from LOUVERTURE's breast,
Sighs following sighs, his inward grief confess'd.
Now o'er the fields dejected he surveys,
From fifty ships, full fifty fires blaze;
He hears, or thinks he hears their music blow,
And seems to hear the voices of the foe;
And looking forward to the fleet and coast,
Anxious he sorrows for his father's host.
Only he groans, while duty and despair
Divide his heart, and wage a doubtful war:
A thousand cares his lab'ring breast revolves,
To seek sage QUACO now the chief resolves;
With him in wholesome council to debate,
What yet remains to save th' afflicted state.
He rose, and rising cast his mantle round,
Next on his feet in haste his sandals bound;
A lion's yellow skin his back conceal'd,
His warlike hand a painted jav'lin held.
Mean while MONDINGO press'd with equal woes,
Alike deny'd the gift of soft repose;
Weeps for his sire, who for his son before,
So much had suffer'd, and must suffer more.
A panther's spoils he round his shoulders spread,
The sharp white teeth grin'd horrid at his head.
He grasp'd a jav'lin in his hand, and ran
To meet his brother, the intrepid man:
Already wak'd, LOUVERTURE he descry'd,
All melancholy, leaning on his side;
Joyful they met; MONDINGO thus began:

" Why puts my brother his rich mantle on?
Sends he some spy amidst these silent hours,
To spy yon fleet and watch the Christian pow'rs?
But say, what warrior shall sustain that task?
Such bold exploits uncommon courage ask.
Guideless, alone, thro' nights dark shades to go,
And midst the hostile shore explore the foe."
To whom the prince, " In such distress we stand,
I fear not decades but an host will land
Of foes. This moment all our cares demand;
Our all to save is now no easy part,
But asks high wisdom, policy and art;
I fear that Africans unborn will tell
Our woes, and curse the battle where we fell:
Then speed thy hasty course along the plain,
Convene our chiefs, our chiefs of mighty fame;
Ourselves to hoary QUACO shall repair;
To keep the guard on duty, be thy care."
To whom MONDINGO, " These thy orders borne,
Say, shall I stay, or with dispatch return?"
" There shalt thou stay, (the mournful prince reply'd)
Else we may miss to meet, without a guide;
Still with your voice the slothful warriors raise,
Urge by their fathers' fame, their future praise;
Forget this night your state and lofty birth,
Now works, and works alone, must prove your worth;
To labour is the lot of man below,
Few are our days, and full of care and woe."
This said, each parted to his sev'ral cares,
The prince to QUACO instantly repairs.
Soon as he mov'd across the purple plain,
Where hills of agonizing foes were slain;
He hears a groan, and as he hears, he stands,
And grasps his sword and jav'lin in his hands.

Lo! as he stood amongst the heaps of dead,
He saw a fainting ruffian where he bled.
There sad he met the cruel HAWKINS' son,
Large, painful drops from all his members run;
An arrow's head still rooted in his wound,
The crimson blood in circles mark'd the ground;
His fainting groans confess'd his mighty smart,
Weak were his cries, and panting was his heart:
The day before, all wounded as he fled,
He fell, and falling, mingled with the dead.
Mov'd with kind pity and pathetic woe,
He in the wretched man forgets the foe;
Divine compassion touch'd LOUVERTURE's, breast,
Who sighing, thus his bleeding foe address'd;
" Ah hapless leader of the Christian host,
Thus must you perish on a foreign coast;
Is this your fate, to glut the beasts with gore,
Far from your friends and from your native shore?
Unhappy man, doom'd thus to die with shame,
End thus the period of your life and fame."
The foe looks wishfully, no word he said,
With tears, 'twas all he could, the robber pray'd;
He lifts his hands, the tears pour down amain,
As he lay languid on the crimson plain:
Thrice, full of pain, he strove in vain to say,
Thrice op'd his lips, but not a word found way.
The prince still view'd the fainting chief with woe,
While down his cheeks *celestial* sorrows flow,
And thus he spoke: " Then what remains to do?
Th' events of things kind Jove alone can view;
Charg'd with my father's care, with speed I fly,
To hear my father's friend, QUACO's reply;
But thy distress this instant claims relief,"
He said and in his arms upheld the chief;

His guards the prince's slow approach survey'd,
A lion's hide they on the ground display'd;
There stretch'd at length the wounded ruffian lay,
LOUVERTURE cut the poison'd steel away:
Then in his hand a bitter root he bruis'd,
The wound he suck'd, the styptic juice infus'd;
The closing flesh that instant ceas'd to glow,
The wound to torture, and the blood to flow.
Then to the guards the godlike hero said,
"Lo! now I go beyond yon heaps of dead,
To meet our chieftains near the silent wood,
You nourish the poor man with wine and food;
What for yourselves you'd want, provide for him,
To Jove we owe this, and our fellow-men;
By Jove the wretched and the poor are sent,
To try our hearts, relent then, guards relent,
For know what you now give to Jove is lent.
What for ourselves we can is always ours,
This night let due repast refresh his pow'rs;
For strength consists in spirits and in blood,
And those are ow'd to gen'rous wine and food.
With lukewarm water wash his gore away,
With healing balms his raging smart allay:
And thou, poor Christian, thus consum'd with woe,
The anxious cares that nourish grief, forego;
Steep'd in thy blood, and in the dust outspread,
Thou ly'st neglected on the piles of dead;
None by to weep thee, to relieve thee none,
Were we like Christians turn'd to flinty stone!
My poor, unhappy, tho' my guilty foe,
We feel your grief, sad monument of woe;
We feel your grief, while tears unbidden flow,
Since Jove impels us thus our grace to give.
Then share our bounty and consent to live,

Relieve him guards, I charge you, and relent,
We'll want perhaps, the succour we have lent;
Relieve him till the messenger of day
Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray."
The hero said, and strode in haste away.
Precipitate he goes, the sage he found,
Stretch'd on a lion's spoils, his men around,
And leaning on his hand his watchful head,
The hoary warrior rub'd his eyes, and said.
" Who art thou, speak, that on designs unknown,
(While others sleep, thus range the field alone;
Seek'st thou some friend or nightly centinel?
Stand off, approach not, but thy purpose tell."
" Ah! rev'rend QUACO, (thus the prince rejoin'd,)
Pride of my sire, and glory of thy kind,
Lo! here thy wretched prince LOUVERTURE stands,
Th' unhappy leader of my father's bands:
My sire whom heav'n decrees with woes to bend,
And grief that only with his life can end;
Scarce can his knees his trembling frame sustain,
Scarce can his heart support its load of pain;
No taste of sleep my heavy eyes have known,
For him, all sad, I wander thus alone,
By day I fight, by night I make my moan;
With fears distracted, with no fix'd design,
And all his people's miseries are mine."
He spake; tears pour amain and stop'd the chief,
With solemn sadness and majestic grief;
Prop'd on his spear he feels his father's woe,
Down his black cheeks the briny torrents flow.
So silent fountains from a rock's tall head,
In sable streams soft trickling waters, shed,
With more than vulgar grief he stood oppress'd,

Words mix'd with sighs again break from his breast.
" If aught of use thy waking thoughts suggest,
Since care like mine deprive my soul of rest,
Impart thy council and assist thy friend,
And let us jointly to our chiefs descend ;
At ev'ry post the fainting guards excite,
Tir'd with the toils of day, and watch of night:
Else may the sudden foe our town invade,
So near, and favour'd by the midnight shade."
To him thus QUACO, " Trust the pow'rs above,
Nor think proud HAWKINS' hopes confirm'd by Jove,
All gracious, just, beneficent and kind,
To all, but most to suff'ring human kind ;
He sees our sov'reign's wrongs, your misery,
He sees, but not without kind sympathy :
How ill agree the views of vain mankind,
And the wise councils of th' eternal mind.
Lo! faithful QUACO thy command obeys,
Thy care is next, our other chiefs to raise ;
To rouse MONDINGO I myself decree,
Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee ;
Yet must I tax his sloth, that claims no share,
With his great brother in his mortal care ;
Him it behov'd to ev'ry chief to sue,
Preventing ev'ry part perform'd by you."
To whom the prince, " With rev'rence we allow
Thy just reproofs, yet learn to spare them now ;
My gen'rous brother is of gentler kind,
He seems remiss, but bears a valiant mind ;
Thro' too much def'rence to his brother's sway,
Content to follow when we lead the way :
Early he sought me thro' the purple plain,
And now convenes our chiefs of ancient fame."
The lion's skin the sage then round him spread,

The teeth grin'd dreadful at his hoary head,
And march'd with caution thro' the sleeping crowd,
They stop'd where KIMBO slept, and call'd aloud.
Fierce KIMBO sudden as the voice was sent,
Awakes, starts up, and to the heroes went:
" What new distress, what sudden cause of fright,
Thus leads you wand'ring thro' the shades of night."
" Oh! valiant chief, (the prudent sage reply'd,)
Brave as thou art, be now thy valour try'd;
Whatever means of safety can be sought,
Whatever councils can inspire our thought,
Whatever methods, or to fly, or fight,
All, all depend on this important night."
He heard, return'd, and took his thirsty spear,
Then join'd the chiefs, and follow'd void of fear.
They now approach a chief of glorious fame,
MONDINGO'S uncle, SAMBO was his name;
A grove of spears stood round him fix'd upright.
Shot from their deathful points a quiv'ring light.
A bear's black hide compos'd the chieftain's bed,
A wolf's gray spoils was roll'd beneath his head.
Now with his foot, old QUACO gently shakes
The slumb'ring chief, and in these words, awakes:
" Rise, valiant SAMBO, to the bold and strong
Rest seems inglorious, and the night too long;
But sleep'st thou now, when from yon ships the foe
Threatens our nation with impending woe?"
The hero heard, and hearing, rais'd his head,
That moment slumber from his eyelids fled,
The warrior saw the hoary chief and said,
" Wond'rous old man, whose soul no respite knows,
Tho' years and honours bid thee seek repose;
Let younger chiefs our sleeping warriors wake,
Ill fits thy age these toils to undertake."

" My friend, (he answer'd) gen'rous is thy care,
These toils, young heroes and my sons should bear;
Their tender thoughts and pious loves conspire
To ease a chieftain and relieve a sire;
But now the last despair surrounds our host,
No hour must pass, no moment must be lost;
Each single chief in this conclusive strife
Stands on the sharpest edge of death or life:
Yet if my years thy kind regard engage,
Employ thy youth as I employ my age.
Succeed to these my cares, and rouse the rest,
He serves me most, who serves his country best."
He spoke; the chieftain o'er his shoulders flung
A leopard's spoils, that to his ancles hung;
Then grasp'd his sword and lance and strode along.
And now they all approach the distant guard,
Brave, wakeful heroes, each in arms prepar'd
They watch unweari'd, and all list'ning, keep
A sharp look out, nor heed invading sleep.
As faithful dogs their fleecy charge maintain,
With toil protected, from the prowling train,
When the gaunt lioness with hunger bold,
Springs from the mountains tow'rd the guarded fold;
Thro' breaking woods her rustling course they hear,
Loud and more loud the clamors strike their ear
Of hounds and men; they start, they gaze around,
Watch ev'ry side, and turn to ev'ry sound.
Thus watch the guards still cautious of surprize,
The smallest motion draws their ears and eyes.
The prince with joy the watchful band survey'd,
And thus address'd them thro' the gloomy shade:
" 'Tis well brave men, your nightly cares employ,
Neglect must prove our fall, the town destroy,
Watch thus and we shall live;" the hero said,

Then o'er the plain the following chieftains led.
The piles of dead now pass'd the chiefs around,
In solemn state the mournful council crown'd;
A field there was not stain'd with human gore,
Where fierce LOUVERTURE stop'd his rage before,
When night descending, from his veng'ful hand
Repriev'd the relics of the Christian band.
The plain beside with hills of carnage spread,
And mangled corpses and mountains of the dead.
There stood the mournful chiefs, when ZANGA'S son
The counsel op'ning, in these words begun:
"Is there (said he) a chief so greatly brave,
His life to hazard and his country save?
Lives there a man who singly dares to go
To yonder shore, or seize some straggling foe?
Or favor'd by the night approach so near,
Their speech, their council, and designs to hear,
Spy yonder fleet, a bold discov'ry make,
What watch they keep, and what resolves they take,
If now subdu'd they meditate their flight,
And spent with toil, neglect the watch of night;
If to destroy our town they now prepare,
Our fields once more must be the seat of war;
This could he learn, and to our chiefs recite,
And pass unharm'd, the dangers of the night.
What fame were his thro' all succeeding days,
While Phœbus shines or men have tongues to praise;
What gifts his grateful country would bestow,
What must not we to our deliv'rer owe.
He who is boldest speak, nor be afraid,
To birth or office no respect be paid;
Let worth determine here." The hero spake,
And inly shudder'd for his brother's sake.
As when a gen'ral darkness vails the main,

The mild winds curling the wide watry plain,
The waves scarce heave, the face of ocean sleeps,
And a still horror saddens all the deeps :
The chiefs thus heard and shudder'd at the sound,
Prop'd on their spears, and standing wide around.
Fear held them mute ; alone, untaught to fear,
MONDINGO spoke ; " The man you seek is here ;
Tow'rd yon black fleet to bend my dang'rous way,
'Tis Jove commands, and Jove I will obey ;
But let some other chosen warrior join
To raise my hopes and second my design ;
By mutual confidence and mutual aid,
Great deeds are done, and great discov'ries made,
The wise, new wisdom from the wise acquire,
And one brave hero fans another's fire."
Contending chieftains at the word arose,
Each hero's breast with emulation glows ;
So brave a task each warrior wish'd to gain,
But most brave SAMBO wish'd nor wish'd in vain.
Then thus the prince in brief the contest ends ;
" Thou, first of brothers, and thou best of friends.
Undaunted MONDINGO, what chief to join,
In this great enterprize, is only thine."
The prince invincible in brief rejoin'd,
" My choice declares the impulse of my mind ;
Here can I doubt when mighty SAMBO stands
To lend his counsel and assist our hands ?
A chief whose safety is the Spirit's care,
So fam'd, so dreadful in the works of war ;
Bless'd in his conduct I no aid require,
Wisdom like his might pass thro' flames of fire."
" It fits thee not, before these chiefs of fame,
(Reply'd the sage) to praise me, or to blame ;
Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,

Are lost on hearers that our merits know;
But let us haste; night rolls the hours away,
The red'ning orient speaks the coming day;
The stars shine fainter in the ætherial plains,
And of night's empire but a third remains."
Thus having spoke, with noble ardour press'd,
T'-explore the distant shore, the heroes haste.
A two edg'd faulch'on, LOUVERTURE the brave,
With poison'd arrows, to his brother gave.
The furious SAMBO took a dreadful sword,
A bow, and quiver with sharp arrows stor'd.
And lo! thus arm'd the council they forsake,
And dark, thro' paths oblique, their course they take.
So two grim lions from their nightly den
O'erleap the fences, and invade the pen,
Regardless of the hounds or voice of men:
On sheep or goats, tho' guarded in their way,
They fall, and growling rend the quiv'ring prey.
As thus they slowly mov'd, MONDINGO pray'd
To heav'n, and thus the filial hero said:
"Thou Spirit, ever present in my ways,
Who all my motions all my toils surveys,
Safe may we pass beneath the gloomy shade,
Safe by thy succour to the shores convey'd;
And let some deed this signal night adorn,
To claim the tears of Christains yet unborn;
Avenge my country's wrongs," the hero said,
And march'd all fearless o'er the heaps of dead;
Thro' the red horrors of th' ensanguin'd plain,
Thro' dust, brains, blood, o'er arms and hills of slain.
Like two fell tygers panting for their prey,
With deathful thoughts they trace the bloody way,
Fix'd and resolv'd, the tyrants they explore,
And seek the winding of the distant shore.

Th' approach the ships, and as th' approach, they see
Full fifty boats, landing the enemy ;
Thousands already marching on the shore,
And still the boats employ'd in landing more.
They saw their foes, and sicken'd at the sight,
Then left the shore before th' approaching light ;
Rush'd tow'rds the council swifter than the wind,
And left the ships and enemy behind.
Meantime an army from the distant plain
Of natives, allies for the thirst of gain,
Approach the shore: the Christains' arts succeed,
Now first the natives by the natives bleed.
Now tow'rd the ships they bend their shameful way,
And on the left the panting chiefs survey.
" 'Tis not for nought these troops appear ; declare,
(Cries the commander) who and whence you are,
And whither bound, and wherefore arm'd for war ;
What moves you, say, when sleep has clos'd the sight,
To roam the silent fields in dead of night ;
Perhaps some foes by hopes of plunder led,
'Thro' heaps of carnage to despoil the dead."
Nought they reply, but took their instant flight,
To the thick forests, and the shades of night ;
Swift as the wind they press o'er heaps of slain,
And rush'd to meet the warriors on the plain,
To join the council and respire again.
LOUVERTURE saw them first ; forth from his breast
He sigh'd and sighing, thus the chiefs address'd
" Ah ! hapless leaders of our warlike host,
Then must we perish on our native coast !
Is this our fate, to glut the dogs with gore,
And must we press our own paternal shore ?
Say, great MONDINGO, shall we, shall we stand,
Resist the Christians and proud HAWKINS' hand ?

Or are our heroes doom'd to die with shame,
And this the period of our wars and fame!"
A groan that moment from MONDINGO broke,
Another follow'd, and the hero spoke:
"No more, my dearest brother, and my friend,
We are no more, this day our glories end;
Not decades, but an host of foes they land,
Nay, hosts already march the yellow sand.
A sable army, from the distant plain,
Our neighbors, join them for the thirst of gain."
A sudden horror, far beyond belief,
Wrapt all the council in a cloud of grief.
MONDINGO ceas'd, when with a murm'ring groan,
And long loud sighs, each warrior makes his moan.
So when by rocks the torrents are withstood,
In deep hoarse murmurs rolls th' imprison'd flood,
Beats on the banks, and with a sullen sound,
Works, foams and runs in circling eddies round.
With new born courage brave LOUVERTURE broke
The gen'ral murmurs, and undaunted spoke:
"Brave chiefs, (he cries), oh, trust the pow'rs above,
Jove is our friend, then let us trust in Jove;
Chieftains be bold, be dauntless, still the same,
Your noble valor we but urge in vain;
But when Aurora spreads the orient day,
And gilds the mountains with a purple ray,
Let each brave chief his fainting troops inspire,
With new born ardor, with reproaches fire;
So shall our arms with just success be crown'd,
And our proud foes lie panting on the ground:
We'll charge our foes, nor will we charge in vain,
But fight or fall, a firm embodied train,
He whom the fortune of the field shall cast,
Dead on the plain, the next move on in haste;

Our great forefathers held this prudent course,
This rul'd their ardor, this preserv'd their force;
By laws like these immortal conquests made,
And Christian tyrants low in ashes laid.
Remember chieftains, on this signal day
The fates of all our sires, and infants lay:
And we must fight the foe or hence retire,
Till CONGO blazes with their hostile fire."
Thus spoke the prince; loud shout the sable train,
And with one voice return him loud acclaim.

AVENIA.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

LOUVERTURE's congugal and parental affection displayed ....Encourages his army to trust in the protection of heaven....The slavers land their men....The battle commences with fury....LOUVERTURE proves victorious, but is slain by stratagem... His death and ascension to heaven described....The lamentations of the army, and his wife and parents for him....The slavers army begin to conquer....MONDINGO rallies his troops....The conquest changes in his favor....He is also slain by stratagem.... His army all slaughtered to a man....The slavers burn the town....A thunder storm.

AVENIA.

BOOK III.

THE morning star now with a golden ray
Flam'd in the front of heav'n and promis'd day;
Then new born day shoots forth a glorious light
Gilds the green hills, and gladens mortals' sight:
When lo! LOUVERTURE's spouse, SILVAN by name,
At the first dawn left all her female train;
Close to her breast she held her charming boy,
The mother's comfort, and the father's joy;
Pensive she climb'd a mountain's tow'ry height,
Beheld the ships, and sicken'd at the sight.
Thro' all the plain she strives her prince t' explore,
And mourns the wounds her bleeding country bore.
When she beheld not whom her soul desir'd,
Whose virtue charm'd her, as his valor fir'd,
Along the plain, her trembling steps she bent,
And thro' the sable myrmidons she went,
Where late the mournful council made resort,
And where MONDINGO made his sad report:
She heard the tidings with an aching heart,
And trembled for her soul's far dearer part.
Distracted with surprise she screaming flies,
Fear on her cheeks, tears gushing from her eyes;

He views his babe with momentary joy,
Stretch'd his fond arms, and clasp'd the smiling boy.
As to the ship-wreck'd mariner, the shores
Delightful rise, when angry Neptune roars;
Then when the surge in thunder mounts the sky,
And gulf'd, in crowds at once the sailors die;
If one more happy while the tempest raves
Outlives the tumult of conflicting waves,
All pale, with ooze deform'd, he views the strand,
And plunging forth, with transport grasps the land.
The loving prince with equal rapture glows,
Clasps his lov'd child, and to his bosom grows;
And lo! the chief now lifting high in air
Perform'd to heav'n his fond paternal pray'r:
"Almighty Jove, thou ruler of the skies,
Protect my child, my helpless child, (he cries)
And if I fall, oh! Jove when I'm no more
Preserve him fatherless, relieve him poor;
My helpless sire defend;" he prays with woe,
While down his cheeks the filial sorrows flow.
"Immortal sire, who fill's th' ætherial throne,
From lawless ruffians save my wife and son;
Pity the orphan's and the widow's woe.
And save them from the savage Christian foe;
My bleeding country save, our warriors lead,
To certain victory;" the hero said.
Then fondly gazing on his consort's charms,
Restor'd the smiling infant to her arms:
Soft on her heaving breast the babe she laid,
Kiss'd his sweet lips, and with a smile survey'd,
The transitory joy; chastis'd by fear,
She mingled with the smile a silent tear.
The tender prince with kind compassion mov'd,
First dry'd the falling tear, and thus pursu'd;

" Then SILVAN, oh! thy mighty griefs I dread,
I see, or think I see thee captive led,
To bear the Christians' hard commands, and forc'd
To plow their lands, serve their promiscuous lust;
May I be cold before that fatal day,
Press'd with a load of our paternal clay:
But why SILVAN my soul's far dearer part,
Why, why for me thus heaves thy panting heart?
No hostile hand can antidote my doom,
Till Jove condemns me to the silent tomb;
Depend on him, to him for succour run,
His will is just, and let his will be done;
He sees your grief, my father's misery,
He sees, and with parental sympathy:
No more, but hasten to my sire at home,
And comfort him, all mournful and alone;
Tell him this moment to the fight I fly,
Resolv'd to conquer, or resolv'd to die;
Me glory summons to the martial scene,
The field of combat is the sphere for men:
Where heroes fight the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger, as the first in fame."
Then lo! the prince while tears in torrents fell
Kiss'd wife and child, and took his last farewell.
His consort parts with a prophetic sigh,
Unwillingly, and oft reverts her eye;
Tears gush at ev'ry look, then moving slow,
She join'd the matrons, and indulg'd her woe;
And while her tears deplor'd th' intrepid man,
Thro' all the sable train th' infection ran;
The mournful dames their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn their prince as tho' their prince was dead.
The valiant chief now wipes the tears away.
Invincible he treads his former way,

Bold and majestic with a dauntless air,
The mighty chief anticipates the war;
In his fond hopes already has he won
The field, before the battle is begun;
He views the ships, and raging at the view,
Swift to his chiefs th' intrepid hero flew.
As the gay pamper'd steed with loosen'd reins,
Breaks from the stall, and prances o'er the plains,
With large smooth strokes he rushes to the flood,
Bathes his bright sides and cools his fi'ry blood,
Neighs as he flies, and tossing high his head,
Snuffs the fair females in the distant mead;
At ev'ry motion, o'er his neck reclin'd,
His golden mane all dances in the wind.
Thus flew the prince, and midst the fainting crowd,
High on a hill, he rais'd his voice aloud;
The atmosphere re-echoes to the sound,
The warriors start, the distant woods rebound.
As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far,
With shrilling clangor sounds th' alarm of war;
Struck from the walls the echoes float on high,
And the round bulwarks and high tow'rs reply;
So high his thund'ring voice LOUVERTURE rear'd,
Th' astonish'd chieftains trembled as they heard;
And as they see their valiant chief appear,
They feel fresh courage, and refuse to fear,
They view their prince with glory and delight,
Each beating bosom claims the rising fight.
Thro' all his martial myrmidons he moves,
Some he encourages, and some reproves.
"Brave men (he cries) your gen'rous hearts inflame
With mutual honour, and with mutual shame;
Think of your hopes, your persons, all the care
Your wives, your infants, and your parents share;

Think of each living father's rev'rend head,
Think of each ancestor with glory dead;
Absent, by me they speak, by me they sue,
They ask their freedom and their fame from you;
Your fates and their's, on this one action lay,
We all are lost, if you desert the day;
Our daughters ravish'd, and our sires in chains,
Our slaughter'd chieftains strew the mournful plains.
Dread not your num'rous foes; to Jove belongs
Our right'ous cause, and the revenge of wrongs:
Your trembling wives with tears this instant call,
T' repulse the robbers by their wooden wall."
Then lo! a warrior spoke unknown to fame,
A cautious youth, and MINGO was his name;
He view'd the ships with a dejected look,
And as he view'd them, to the hero spoke:
"How oft, my leader, thy reproach I bear,
For words well meant, and sentiments sincere;
True to the councils which I judge the best,
I tell the faithful dictates of my breast;
To speak his thoughts is ev'ry freeman's right,
In peace, in war, in council, or in fight:
And all I move, deferring to thy sway,
But tends to raise that pow'r which I obey:
Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain,
Seek not this day the Christains' boats to gain,
For hosts oppose us and we must be slain.
Tho' we may threaten yon grand painted fleet,
Tho' tyrants fall on tyrants at our feet,
Toils unforeseen and fiercer, are decreed,
This day, I fear, will see our heroes bleed."
To him LOUVERTURE with disdain return'd,
Fierce as he spoke his eyes with fury burn'd:
"Are these the faithful councils of your tongue;

Your will is partial, not your reason wrong ;
Or if the purpose of your heart you vent,
Sure heav'n resumes the little sense it lent.
What coward councils would your madness move ?
Jove can defend....May we not trust in Jove ?
Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,
And asks no omen, but his country's cause ;
But why should'st thou suspect the war's success,
None fears it more, as none promotes it less ;
Tho' all our chiefs amid yon boats expire,
Trust thy own cowardice t' escape their fire ;
Me and my chiefs may find a gen'ral grave,
But thou can'st live, for thou can'st be a slave :
Yet should the fears that wary mind suggests,
Spread their cold poison thro' our heroes' breasts,
My jav'lin can revenge so base a part,
And free the soul that quivers in thy heart."
The sable chief with fix'd resentment ey'd
The martial leader, and sedate reply'd :
Say, is it just my prince, that MINGO's ear
From such a hero such a speech should hear ?
I deem'd thee once the wisest of thy kind,
But ill this insult suits a pious mind :
I shun the Christians, *I* desert my train ?
'Tis mine to prove the rash assertion vain !
I joy to mingle with the warriors' train,
And die or conquer on th' embattled plain.
March to yon vessels, let us hew the way,
And thou be witness if I fear to day."
" Debate no more (the prince replies) but fight,
Urge those who stand, and those who faint excite ;
Safety not conquest fills the thoughts of all,
And let us sally on each wooden wall ;
So Jove once more may drive their routed train ;

To tremble in their wooden walls again ;
For Jove's high will is ever uncontrol'd,
The strong he withers, and confounds the bold ;
Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and now
Strikes the fresh garland from the victor's brow."
Furious he spoke, and rushing to the wall,
Calls on his chiefs, his chiefs obey the call ;
With ardor follow where their leader flies,
Redoubling clamor thunders in the skies.
Meantime the foe still land their lawless train,
Some watch impatient the retreating main,
Then vault and seize the half recover'd shores,
Some slide, more vent'rous, down the bending oars,
From boat to boat in haste the ruffians fly,
But with less speed, the breaking waves too nigh.
So when a horseman from the watry mead,
Skill'd in the manage of the bounding steed,
Drives four fair coursers practis'd to obey,
To some great city thro' the public way,
Safe in his art as side by side they run,
He shifts his seat, and vaults from one to one ;
And now to this and now to that he flies,
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.
From boat to boat thus swift the ruffians flew,
In haste to land the whole assassin crew :
A place at length their proud commander spy'd,
Where in smooth swellings roll'd an easy tide,
There as no waters break, no surges roar,
He fears no shoals, but hopes an easy shore ;
Thither his boats all from the deep he drew,
And eager thus exhorts the naval crew :
" Now, now brave boys, exert your utmost force,
Ply, ply your oars, urge your furious course ;

Pull, heave your desp'rate long-boats to the strand,
Plow with your stems and keels the hostile land ;
My sole ambition is to gain the coast,
And then no matter if the boats are lost."
So spoke the chief, and LECLERC was his name,
A subtle foe, of celebrated fame ;
So spoke th' impatient chief, and as he spoke
They ply their oars, and rise to ev'ry stroke ;
Full on the land the rushing long-boats bore,
Till with their keels they cleave the sandy shore ;
Safe to the shelving beach the long-boats run,
All 'scap'd the rocks, bold LECLERC, but thy own :
Thy own amidst the shallows rush'd, and there
Dash'd on a rock, and sloping hung in air ;
Press'd by a war of waves her shatter'd sides
Burst, and the troops plung'd headlong in the tides ;
They swim, assisted by their wooden oars,
The long, long surges, bare them to the shores.
The troops all landed on the yellow sand,
The ships at distance from the battle stand,
In lines advanc'd along the shelving strand,
Whose bay the fleet unable to contain,
At length beside the margin of the main ;
Close to the shore beneath the waving scene
Of groves that paint the checquer'd floods with green,
Rank above rank the painted ships they moor,
Who landed first lay nearest to the shore.
His eager troops the furious LECLERC warms,
His bloody myrmidons to blood and arms ;
All breathing death, around their chief they stand,
In rank and file, a grim terrific band.
Grim as voracious wolves that seek the springs,
When scalding thirst their burning bowels stings,
When some tall stag fresh slaughter'd in the wood,

Has drench'd their wide insatiate throats with blood,
To the black fount they rush, a hideous throng,
With paunch distended, and with lolling tongue;
Fire fills their eyes, their black jaws belch the gore,
And gorg'd with slaughter still they thirst for more.
Thus furious stand the cruel murd'rous crew,
Such was their strength, and such their dreadful view.
High in the midst the artful LECLERC stands,
Directs his orders, and the war commands;
His stern command his officers obey,
Himself supreme in valor as in sway:
His raging troops he views with joyful eyes,
With port majestic and gigantic size;
His pond'rous sword with studs of jewels crown'd,
Full four feet long he grimly wields around,
He calls aloud on all the Christian bands,
And thus in brief his myrmidons harrangues;
Nor speaks like others fix'd to certain stands,
But looks a moving tow'r above the bands:
"Friends, officers and soldiers, ever dear,
Brave, bold and valiant thunderbolts of war,
Now, now be mindful of your old renown,
Your father's long try'd courage and your own;
Be bold, brave lads, this day your fortune's made,
March on invincible, be not afraid;
Each lift his cutlass for a noble blow,
Nor heed the vaunting of the savage foe;
What aids expect you in this utmost strait,
What bulwarks rising between you and fate;
Our countrymen behold on yonder plain,
All horrible with gore, and newly slain:
This day avenge them on the savage train,
Or meet their doom, and press the purple plain;
No troops, no bulwarks, your retreat attend,

No friends to help, no city to defend ;
'Tis hostile ground you tread, your native lands
Far, far from hence ; your fates are in your hands ;
This spot is all you have to lose or keep,
There stand the negroes, and here rolls the deep."
He spoke, and speaking, gave the dread command,
To march his forces o'er the hostile land ;
He struts before, all beauteous to behold,
Array'd in scarlet fring'd with spangled gold ;
Dreadful the sight, and glitt'ring from afar,
Of mighty LECLERC rushing to the war.
As when the winds ascending by degrees
First move the whit'ning surface of the seas,
The billows float in order to the shore,
The wave behind rolls on the wave before,
Till with the growing storm the deeps arise,
Foam o'er the rocks, and thunder to the skies.
Thus to the fight the red battalions throng,
Chief urg'd on chief, and man drove man along ;
Sedate and silent move the Christian bands,
No whisper, but their officer's commands ;
These only heard with awe, the rest obey,
As if a god had snatch'd their voice away.
Not so LOUVERTURE ; from his host ascends
A mighty shout that all the regions rends,
Shrill clangor rose from all their squadrons round,
Mix'd was the clamors, and confus'd the sound ;
Thus breathing death in terrible array,
The close compacted legions urg'd their way.
Soon as the prince the spangled chief beheld,
He rush'd terrific o'er th' embattled field ;
Each host now joins, and each dread rage inspires,
These liberty incites, those Mammon fires ;
Their force embody'd in a tide they pour,

The horrid combat sounds along the shore;
By filial love and lust together driv'n,
Met the fierce hosts, and meeting, darken heav'n;
All dreadful glar'd the iron face of war,
And woods of upright spears that flash'd afar.
The prince begins the fight, his bosom warms,
The field rings awful with the clash of arms;
The glitt'ring sabres flash, the arrows fly,
Blows echo blows, and all or kill or die.
Thrice fierce LOUVERTURE midst the ruffians flew,
And thrice five robbers at each onset slew:
Th' impatient Africans, a gloomy throng,
Embattled roll'd, as their prince rush'd along:
They vow destruction to the Christian name,
And in their hopes, the boats already flame:
Fierce they drove on, all anxious to be free
From savage Christians and hypocrisy.
As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn,
A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne,
Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends,
Precipitate the pond'rous mass descends;
From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds,
At ev'ry shock the crackling wood resounds;
Still gath'ring force, it smokes, and urg'd amain,
Whirls, leaps and thunders down, impetuous to the plain.
Thus rush'd LOUVERTURE, their whole force he prov'd
Resistless when he rag'd, when stop'd unmov'd:
On him the war is bent, the darts are shed,
And all their swords wave horrid round his head;
He standing fights, nor from his stand retires,
But with repeated shouts his army fires:
'Heroes be bold....this arm shall hew your way
Thro' yon square body, and that red array;

Stand, and my sword shall rout their scatt'ring pow'r,
Strong as they seem embattled as a tow'r."
He said, and rais'd the soul in ev'ry breast,
Urg'd by desire to strike before the rest.
Whole squadrons the intrepid hero fought,
Fac'd ev'ry foe, and ev'ry danger sought:
His thirsty lance, resistless as the wind,
Obeys each motion of the master's mind;
Restless it flies, impatient to be free,
And meditates the treach'rous enemy.
The ruffians bleed where'er LOUVERTURE turns,
Their groans still deepen as his fury burns.
Now man to man, with squadron squadron clos'd,
Chief against chief, and sword to sword oppos'd;
Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
Victorious shouts with dying groans arise;
With smoking blood and brains the fields are dy'd,
And murder'd chieftains swell the mighty tide.
Now saw the chief who led the Christian band,
What numbers fell by great LOUVERTURE's hand;
Fierce he advances in the front of fight,
Harrangues his troops, and stops their shameful flight.
" And where, (he cries, and rais'd his voice on high,)
Where, to what ramparts will you panting fly?
Shall one, and he a negro, make us fall,
One rash, intrepid warrior vanquish all?
With rage resistless, half an host destroy,
Blast all our hopes, destroy our local joy?
Calm you look on, and see the savage foe
Plunge crouds of soldiers to the realms below.
Still shall your chief, you base abandon'd train,
And your past toils, demand your aid in vain?"
Rous'd by his words, they rally from afar,
Breathing revenge, they thicken to the war:

This LECLERC saw, and kindling at the view,
Pours on the foe....the Christian troops pursue;
He fires his host with animating cries,
And darts along like lightning thro' the skies;
And like a mighty giant leads the van,
The fierce battalion follows to a man.
Full fifty chieftains by his sword lay dead,
As he fights furious at his army's head;
Twice on the sable host he dauntless flew,
And twice a chieftain at each onset slew:
RAMBO first met him in his furious way,
The tyrant's sabre lop'd his ear away;
The fallen chief in suppliant posture press'd
The ruffian's knees, and thus his pray'r address'd:
"Oh! spare my youth, and for the life I owe,
Large gift of price my father shall bestow,
When fame shall tell that not in battle slain,
Thy painted ships his captive son detain."
He su'd, the victor wav'd his sabre round,
And gash'd his belly with a ghastly wound;
That moment when the fatal blow was sent,
The soul rush'd plaintive thro' the gaping vent.
This saw ORNOKO, and with grief enrag'd,
Strode where the foremost of the foes engag'd;
Arm'd with his spear, he meditates the wound,
In act to throw, but cautious look'd around;
Struck at the sight, LECLERC now backward drew,
And heard the whizzing jav'lin as it flew:
A youth stood nigh, who from Hibernia came,
Brave, bold and fierce, and BENNET was his name;
The weapon enter'd just below his ear,
Fierce thro' his temples hiss'd the flying spear;
He shriek'd that moment and resign'd his breath,
His eye-balls darken with the shades of death,

His mouth and nose eject a flood of gore,
That floats around him on the slip'ry shore.
Next hapless AMBO felt proud LECLERC's steel,
It plow'd his side, the shrieking warrior fell;
Supine he tumbles on the crimson sands,
And cries for mercy to the Christian bands:
LECLERC rush'd furious as he pants for breath,
And thro' his navel drove the flaming death.
Nor less unpity'd young BUNANNO bleeds,
In vain his youth, in vain his valor pleads,
In vain he begs him with a suppliant's moan,
To spare a form all dauntless like his own:
Unhappy boy! no pray'rs, no moving art,
E'er bent to mercy his tyrannic heart.
While yet he trembled at his feet, and cry'd.
The ruthless sabre op'd his tender side;
He lop'd his head, and kick'd it midst the throng,
It rolling drew a bloody trail along.
At DINGO next his flying spear he cast,
But o'er his head the singing weapon pass'd;
The youth fell on his knees, and try'd with art
To bend his stern, inexorable heart:
"Preserve, victorious chief, my life alone,
To glad a hoary father and a son!"
And while he spoke, the tears began to flow,
Nor mov'd the chief, he aim'd a fatal blow
Full on his neck, and fell'd him to the shore,
Where he lay gasping till he gasp'd no more.
His brother saw him fall, and shed a tear,
Full in the ruffian's front he dar'd appear,
And in a moment felt the flying spear:
He also pray'd, and beg'd his life in vain,
He lopp'd his head that roll'd along the plain;
The trunk still beating on the ground below,

Thus in proud triumph spoke the haughty foe :
" Lie there, black savage, now no neighbor's hand
Shall e'er inter thee in thy native land ;
But hungry wolves thy wretched corpse shall tear,
The fishes of the flood, or fowls of air."
That moment flew poor GAZOO o'er the field,
The spear o'ertook him as his course he held ;
Down sinks the warrior with a horrid sound,
And grim with blood, lies panting on the ground ;
And while the hero pants upon the plain,
He lifts his hands, implores relief in vain :
" Now by thyself thy mercy I implore,
By those who such a valiant hero bore ;
This forfeit life, intrepid LECLERC, spare,
And with soft pity listen to my pray'r."
He speaks with tears, with tears he bathes the shore ;
" Die, savage negro, die, and plead no more ;
We come for slaves, but now, our soldiers slain,
We'll show no mercy to the savage train."
He rais'd his sword aloft, as thus he said,
And buried in his breast the smoking blade.
The princes from this cruel slaughter far,
Rag'd on the right, and rul'd the dreadful war ;
Deep groans proclaim their progress through the plain,
O'er hills of carnage, mountains of the slain ;
Fight as they fly, and bathe with blood the ground,
And slay the trembling Christian foes around,
LOUVERTURE issues out the stern commands,
Nor trusts the war to less important hands ;
The ruffians see him come with wild despair,
And haughty LECLERC now consents to fear.
Now crowds of ruffians by the prince were slain,
The cruel foes lay gasping on the plain ;
The furious prince the van of battle led,

And by his sword twice fifty tyrants bled;
The ruffians fly, as from a lion's ire,
The village curs and trembling swains retire,
When o'er the slaughter'd bull they hear him roar,
And see his jaws distil with smoking gore,
All pale with fear at distance scatter'd round,
They shout incessant and the vales resound.
The foe dispers'd, their bravest soldiers kill'd,
Fierce as a torrent now he sweeps the field;
Still like a fury the brave prince proceeds,
Both armies wonder at his dreadful deeds;
Before his rage still flies the panting foe,
And many haughty powder'd heads lay low.
So the huge dolphin tempesting the main,
In shoals before him drives the scaly train;
Confus'dly heap'd, they seek their inmost caves,
Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves:
Thus in black waves each sable squadron rolls,
Cutting their foes and crushing out their souls,
As when a western whirlwind charg'd with storms,
Dispels the gather'd clouds, terrific forms,
The gust continu'd violent and strong,
Rolls sable clouds in heaps on heaps along;
Now to the skies the foaming billows rears,
Now breaks the surge and wide the bottom bares.
Thus fierce the princes fight, for on this day
The fate of fathers, wives, and infants lay;
The flying tyrants shake the trembling ground,
The tumult thickens and the woods resound,
The sweat descends like dew, while shrieks arise
In peals profound, and thunder in the skies.
Long as imperial Sol increasing bright
O'er heav'n's clear azure spreads the golden light,
Commutual death the fate of war confounds,

Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds:
But when he to the height of heav'n ascends,
The ruffians to their ships their footsteps bends;
They rush like lightning o'er the slip'ry plain,
All pale and panting seek their ships again;
When lo! fierce LECLERC thunders his commands,
Thus strove to rally his pale flying bands;
With this reproach his flying host he warms:
"Oh! stain to honor, oh! disgrace to arms!
Forsake inglorious the contended plain,
This hand unaided shall the war sustain;
The task be mine, this negro's strength to try,
Who slays our soldiers, makes our squadrons fly."
He calls aloud his flying troops from far,
Then turns and sternly waits the coming war.
A thousand thoughts confound the cruel chief,
He hop'd, he fear'd, his bosom swell'd with grief,
Pride, conscious valour, av'rice, rage and shame,
At once set all the tyrant in a flame.
He panting views, oppress'd with mighty woe,
An iron tempest passing from the foe;
He in wedg'd ranks his panting troops enclose,
They stop and round an iron harvest grows:
"I soldiers now, I will no more delay,
(He cries) but go where fortune leads the way,
Prepar'd the bitterness of death to bear,
I'll meet this negro hand to hand in war,
No more these eyes shall view my army's shame,
Pursu'd and flying o'er the field of fame.
Oh! may I, may I, feel a martial fire,
To conquer, or triumphantly expire;
Yet watch the time when I defy the foe,
Move swift behind, and give the fatal blow:
This hand shall wipe our late disgrace away,

Our troops may sit spectators of the day."
He said, and saying, with an eager bound,
Rush'd from his men, and measur'd back the ground;
Leaves his lamenting soldiers in despair,
Springs thro' the storm of darts the prince to dare:
But the pale tyrants griev'd by fears oppress'd,
And sad forbodings work'd in every breast;
They saw with pain their chief o'er match'd in might,
And curs'd the terms and the unequal fight;
Their dread increases as the prince drew near,
And LECLERC's looks augment the gen'ral fear.
Shudd'ring aghast he moves with silent pace,
A guilty paleness spreads o'er all his face;
With new born rage he now beholds the fray,
And forc'd by pride, the leader breaks his way;
Then from afar he beckons with his hand,
And loudly thus bespake the trembling band:
"To me, ye soldiers, the whole war resign,
All, all the fortune of the field be mine;
I claim, I claim the right in single fray,
To meet yon negro, and decide the day."
Back at the word the armies are compell'd,
And for the champions form an open field.
Now the great martial prince at LECLERC's name,
Fierce from the ranks, in all his terrors came;
Leaves ev'ry second work of war behind,
Joy, filial love, and courage fill his mind;
He strides majestic, furious to engage
His father's foe: such the grim lion's rage,
Who viewing first his foes with scornful eyes,
Tho' all in arms the peopled city rise,
Stalks careless on, with unregarding pride,
Till, at the length, by some proud youth defy'd;
To his bold spear the savage turns alone,

He murmurs fury with a hollow groan;
He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around,
Lash'd by his tail his heaving sides resound;
He calls up all his rage, he grinds his teeth,
Resolv'd on veng'ance, or resolv'd on death.
Thus flush'd with hope, and glorying in his might,
The gracious prince moves forward to the fight;
With vast gigantic strides he tow'rs on high,
And looks a second ATHOS in the sky,
Or ERYX that in heav'n his forehead shrouds,
Or father APPENINE, involv'd in clouds,
When with a depth of snow his brows are crown'd,
And all his nodding groves majestic wave around.
The spangled ruffian now prepares for fight,
In gilded arms magnificently bright;
In military purple, fring'd with gold,
With epaulets all beauteous to behold,
A radiant belt around his shoulders ty'd,
Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side,
His sattin vest, white as the winter snow,
Instar'd with beamy buttons in a row,
Meantime the soldiers studious of their might,
Grounded their arms, and all survey the fight;
Ev'n death stands still, and o'er the slip'ry plains,
Thro' all the ranks, a solemn silence reigns.
Soon as the squadrons from the fight withdrew,
Forth rush th' intrepid combatants to view.
Proud LECLERC aim'd a meditated blow,
The hero shun'd the disappointed foe;
Then lo! the ruffian's agonizing eye
Beholds his troops, and longs for wings to fly;
No force, no firmness, the pale tyrant shows,
He pants with dread, his color comes and goes;
Against his bosom beats his trembling heart,

Terror and death in his wild eye-balls start;
With chatt'ring teeth he stands, and stiff'ning hair,
And looks a bloodless image of despair.
Not so LOUVERTURE; dauntless, still the same,
Unchang'd his valor, and unmov'd his frame,
Compos'd his thoughts, determin'd is his eye,
And fix'd his soul to conquer or to die;
If ought disturbs the tenor of his breast,
'Tis filial love that robs his soul of rest.
LOUVERTURE now his dreadful sword prepares,
In act to strike, but first prefers his pray'rs:
"Give me, kind Jove, to punish lawless lust,
And lay this tyrant gasping in the dust;
Destroy th' aggressor, aid my righteous cause,
Avenge the breach of hospitable laws;
Let this example future times reclaim,
And guard from wrong fair virtue's holy name;
Avenge my sire, thou ruler of the skies:"
As thus he spoke, tears trinkled from his eyes.
Then with his eager sword he strikes the foe,
On his full stretch, and rises to the blow;
A peal of groans succeeds; each army bent
Their eager eyes, and wait the great event.
The wary Christian bending from the blow,
Wards off the death, and disappoints the foe.
He wav'd again his thund'ring sword, and struck
Full on the ruffian's sword....his body shook.
LOUVERTURE's steel unfaithful to his hand,
Broke short; the fragments glitter'd on the sand.
The raging warrior to the starry skies,
Rais'd his upbraiding voice, and languid eyes:
"Then is it vain in Jove himself to trust,
And is it thus that heav'n assists the just?
When wrongs provoke us, Jove success denies,

The dart falls harmless, and the falchion flies!
Pardon my grief, ah! parent of the skies,
Above the thought of man supremely wise;
If from thy hands the fates of mortals flow,
From whence this favor to an impious foe?
A bloody crew, abandon'd and unjust,
Still breathing rapine, violence and lust?
The best of things above their measure, cloy,
Sleep's balmy blessing, love's endearing joy,
The feast, the dance, whate'er mankind desire,
Ev'n the sweet warblers in our vallies, tire:
But Christians ever reap a dire delight
In thirst for money, and in lust of fight.
Curs'd gold! how high will daring Christians rise
In ev'ry guilt, to gain the fleeting prize."
Weeping he said, and tow'rds the sable crew,
Seiz'd by his belt, the panting ruffian drew;
Struggling he follow'd, while th' embroider'd thong
That ty'd his sword, drag'd the pale chief along.
As when the sov'reign eagle soars on high,
And bears some speckled serpent thro' the sky,
While his sharp talons gripe the bleeding prey,
In many a fold her curling volumes play,
Her starting brazen scales with horror rise,
The sanguine flames flash dreadful from her eyes;
She writhes, she hisses at her foe in vain,
Who wings at ease the wide ærial plain,
With her strong hooky beak the captive plies,
And bears the struggling prey triumphant thro' the skies.
Thus had his ruin crown'd LOUVERTURE'S joy,
But lo! the foes their old resource employ.
Proud LECLERC previous to the single fight,
And while the panting tyrants were in flight,
Employ'd a man, for villainy prepar'd,

Who dar'd to venture life for a reward;
To kill the prince while he dar'd him to fight
In single fray....thus stop the shameful flight.
THOMAS was the proud cruel dastard's name,
Dead to humanity, and dead to fame;
He watches the fierce foe with wily art,
The fav'ring moment to discharge his dart;
Where'er the filial chief his steps inclin'd,
The wretch in silence follows close behind;
Oft shifts his place, runs anxious to and fro,
Flies round the raging prince in act to throw,
And aims his lance at the fraternal foe.
The prince drag'd on his foe all pale with fear,
When from his covert THOMAS launch'd his spear;
And as the jav'lin sings along the skies,
All to the champion turn their eager eyes:
The prince drag'd on, regardless of the sound,
Till in his pap he felt the treach'rous wound;
Deep, deep infix'd the ruthless weapon stood,
Transfix'd his heart, and drank the vital blood.
Swift to his succour fly the sable train,
And in their arms their sinking chief sustain;
But far more swift the dastard THOMAS fled,
All pale with fear, nor turn'd his guilty head;
Back he retires, oppress'd with guilty grief,
Nor could he bear in death to view the godlike chief.
As when a prowling wolf whose rage has slain
Some stately heifer, or the guardian swain,
Flies to the mountains with impetuous speed,
Confus'd, and conscious of the daring deed,
Claps close his quiv'ring tail between his thighs,
Ere yet the peopled country round him rise.
Not less confus'd pale THOMAS took his flight,
Shun'd ev'ry eye, and mingled in the fight.

The dying prince, with agonizing pain,
Tugs at the fatal steel, but tugs in vain.
As pierc'd at distance by the hunter's dart,
The brindled lion rouses at the smart,
And loudly roaring, traverses the plain,
Scourges his sides, and rears his horrid mane,
Tugs furious at the spear, the foe defies,
And grinds his teeth, and to the combat flies.
The prince thus tugs the dart, and tho' in pain,
His courage and his love remain the same;
While LECLERC fled, resistless as the wind,
He fled, but thought he left his life behind:
Panting and pale he rush'd towards the main,
And trembled in his wooden walls again.
So when the vulture wings her way above,
To the cleft cavern speeds the gentle dove;
Precipitate she flies, there safe retreats,
Yet still her heart against the marble beats.
Thus beats the ruffian's heart....he dreads the plain,
But more the injur'd, tho' brave sable train.
Deep rivetted within, the rankling dart
Heav'd in the prince, and panted in his heart:
He sinks, he swoons, he scarcely draws his breath,
And all around him swim the shades of death.
As full blown lilies, overcharg'd with rain,
Decline their heads, and drooping kiss the plain,
So sinks the prince....his beauteous head depress'd,
Serene, tho' languid, drops upon his breast:
The vernal splendors languish in his eyes,
The golden sun, and all the spangled skies:
Tho' faint, he calls the partner of his care,
His friend in peace, his brother in the war.
With agonizing woe MONDINGO flies,

While big round tears stream copious from his eyes:
Not faster trickling to the plains below,
From lofty rocks the silver waters flow.
Divine LOUVERTURE with compassion mov'd,
Thus spoke indulgent to his best belov'd:
"MONDINGO, say what griefs thy bosom bears,
That flow so fast in these pathetic tears?
No girl, no infant whom the mother keeps,
From her lov'd breast with fonder passion weeps;
Not more the mother's soul that infant warms,
Clung to her knees, or reaching out her arms,
Than thou hast mine. Oh! tell me to what end
Thy sorrows can assist thy dying friend?
To suffer is the lot of man below;
Shall Jove give blessings and dispense no woe?
His will be done; he will my cause defend,
As he has been, he'll ever be my friend.
Brother, I charge you with my latest breath,
That unreveng'd you bear LOUVERTURE's death;
Jove will avenge my wrongs; do thou forego
A thirst for veng'ance on the murd'rous foe;
But as a friend and as a warrior fight,
Defend my sire, and conquer in my right:
That taught by great examples all may try,
Like thee to vanquish, or like me to die.
Brother be bold; thy task be first to dare
The glorious dangers of defensive war;
To lead my troops to combat at their head,
Incite the living, and supply the dead.
Brother, no more, for mortal is my wound,
A dizzy mist of darkness swims around;
The victory was mine, but ah! 'tis past,
This hour, this fatal moment, is my last.
Go, and my dying words to ZANÇA bear,

To my poor mother, babe and wife, repair;
When I am gone, ah! comfort them," he said,
And then to heav'n, ('twas all he could) he pray'd:
" My poor, dear sire defend, (he pray'd with woe,
And as he pray'd the tears spontaneous flow,)
Oh! be his guard thy providential care,
Protect his son and string his arm to war;
Press'd by his single force let LECLERC see
His fame in arms; not owing all to me.
Preserve my wife and babe, the social train,
And safe return him to their arms again;
Preserve them from the foe, and peace restore,
Preserve them, and LOUVERTURE asks no more."
Then in his own his brother's hand he took,
And dying, thus the filial hero spoke:
" This instant from the town the foe repel,
Dear brother, now a long, a last farewel;
My sire defend"....he said, and strove to say,
But death with heav'nly smiles stop'd up the way:
And lo! the prince expires with mighty pain,
And sunk all languid on the purple plain.
So sinks a tow'r that long assaults had stood
Of force and fire, its walls besmear'd with blood.
In thick short sobs the vital spirit flies,
His head declin'd, and drooping as he dies.
He whose all conscious eyes the worlds behold,
The Sire of cherubims, sat thron'd in gold,
High in the third heav'ns, while a rolling cloud
Involv'd his mount, the thunders roar'd aloud;
And earth the footstool of his throne he makes,
While wide beneath him, lo! all æther shakes:
He views the prince with his all-seeing eye,
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victor die;
And lo! th' Eternal, he whose nod controls

The universe, and shakes the steady poles,
Vail'd in a mist of fragrancies profound,
With clouds of gold and purple circled round,
His GABRIEL call'd; heav'n trembled at the sound;
Th' affrighted orbs from their foundations nod,
And blaze beneath the lightnings of the God;
The sons of light with mute attention stand,
And hear their gracious Maker's kind command.
Thus his harmonious voice Jehovah rais'd,
Thus at his glory angels are amaz'd;
Duteous and big with love, with awe they look,
All heav'n attentive, listen'd as he spoke
Thus sweet to GABRIEL: "Thou, whose constant cares
Still succour mortals, and attend their pray'rs,
Behold an object to thy charge consign'd,
If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind,
Go guard yon chief, the tempting foe prevent,
And safe conduct him thro' each element,
With guardian angels up to our abode,
To see, to love, to praise, t' enjoy his God;
For him let sympathetic pity flow,
For him who ever felt another's woe!
Thus guard the spirit to your charge consign'd,
And bear the virtues of the dead in mind;
How skill'd he was in each obliging art,
The mildest manners, and the kindest heart;
He was a gen'rous mortal to the end,
In life a patriot, as in death a friend.
Haste, bid him come, be this our will, and bear
With speed, our mandate thro' the fields of air."
He added not, and GABRIEL from the skies,
Swift as a whirlwind, on his message flies;
Swift as the words were spoke, thro' heav'n descends,
And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds;

Fledg'd with majestic wings, thro' dazzling light
And fragrance sweet, precipitates his flight;
Flies thro' the midst of heav'n; th' angelic lay
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way.
He pass'd bright cherubs utt'ring joy; heav'n rung
With jubilee, and saints hosannahs sung:
Then lowly reverend, with awe profound,
Tow'rds heav'n's bright throne they bow, and to the ground;
With raptures cast, refulgent to behold,
Their crowns, inwove with amarynth and gold;
The ground that like a sea of jasper shone,
Bright as the glancing glories of the sun,
Impurpled with ambrosia, dazzling bright,
Sprinkled with gold, intolerable light.
Now crown'd again, again their harps they take,
Harps ever tun'd, and heav'nly fruit partake,
Pluck'd from the tree of life, that ever glows
With fruit divine, and still for ever grows,
Shading the fount of life, where nectar flows.
The sea of glass darts forth a golden gleam,
Rolls o'er elysian fields her amber stream.
The sacred song and thrilling symphony,
Now re-assum'd, fills heav'n with harmony;
No harp, no voice exempt, for all can join
Melodious sonnets, and sweet songs divine.
Thus they, while GABRIEL swift as lightning flies,
Precipitate thro' heav'n, and down the skies;
Round his bright brows, all glorious to behold,
Of beaming sunny rays, a tier of gold
Circled his head; his glossy locks behind,
Lay waving on his shoulders, in the wind;
His loins girt with a starry zone, and round
His garments flow'd, in golden waves profound,

Whiter than new fall'n snow, by rude winds driv'n,
And fring'd around with colors dip'd in heav'n,
Majestically grand; and lo! behind,
His robes magnificent, flap in the wind.
Two wings he wore, more white than winter snow,
All tip'd with colors like Jehovah's bow;
He shook his plumes that heav'nly fragrance fill'd,
The circuit wide, and the ætherial field;
A palm of vict'ry in one hand he bore,
Celestial sandals on his feet he wore;
One knee was bare. Thus clad, august he flies,
And rends his glitt'ring passage thro' the skies;
The chequer'd darkness pierc'd by heav'nly rays,
At once reflects a shadow and a blaze;
Gilds the ærial fields with glancing beams,
Darts thro' the op'ning clouds with golden gleams;
Thro' sable clouds all fring'd with gold he flies,
Pass'd suns, pass'd stars in billions, thro' the skies.
When near the solar system he arrives,
He darts around his all consid'ring eyes;
Then in a moment to th' embattled plain
He flew, and saw the prince just newly slain.
Swift as he pass'd, the lofty mountains nod,
The forests shook, earth trembled as he trod,
And rev'renc'd the grand messenger of God.
And lo! his guardian angels on the shore,
Stood round the prince, all welt'ring in his gore.
Then GABRIEL spoke in brief: "Oh chief, receive
The great reward your gracious God can give;
With these bright angels come to our abode,
To see, to love, to praise, t' enjoy your God;
Haste, come, for this Jehovah's will; I bear
With speed, his mandate thro' the fields of air."
He ceas'd; his voice melodious fill'd the plain,

While angels sung the sweet ambrosial strain.
The prince dissolv'd in love, no word he spoke,
But told his raptures with a heav'nly look.
" Haste, sister spirit, come, (the angels say)
Haste, sister spirit, haste, and come away,"
When lo! the soul broke from its house of clay.
With GABRIEL now he royally ascends,
And mounts upon the wings of mighty winds;
Swift from the earth they all instinctive fly,
Flame thro' the vast of air, and reach the sky;
From orb to orb all gloriously they flew,
And left ten thousand thousand worlds below;
Thus to the heav'n of heav'ns LOUVERTURE flies,
Between the spacious earth and starry skies:
As swift as light, resistless as the wind,
He flew, and flying, left his foes behind.
Swift as the comet's momentary flight,
Swift as a fleeting vision of the night,
Swift and more swift the heav'nly convoy go,
As swift as lightning, and as white as snow.
Around the prince a radiant mantle flow'd,
That, rich with living colors, dazzling glow'd,
More white than snow, transparent to behold,
Tip'd with bright stars, and sprinkled o'er with gold.
Of heav'n's undrossy gold, the chief's array
Refulgent flash'd intolerable day;
His robe in waves floats in the wind, and round
A starry girdle to his bosom bound;
His beauteous heavenly bosom, now more white
Than new fall'n snow, and dazzling as the light;
And now his hair in shining ringlets roll'd,
O'er his bright shoulders wav'd like melted gold.
He passes stars....his eyes are fix'd above,
And blazing suns....his eyes disdain to move;

Black rising clouds the thick'ning æther choak,
The golden gleams dart thro' the rolling smoke.
With whizzing speed they cut the sullen night,
And strike the darken'd sky with heav'nly light;
From earth to heav'n, with fierce immortal force,
GABRIEL drives on the wind's impetuous course;
He darts thro' op'ning clouds, they soar on high,
Thro' mighty storms, that bellow thro' the sky.
The soul's inflam'd still more as near the goal,
And as she leaves behind the starry pole;
Bright suns grow less as she pursues her flight,
And constellations darken to her sight;
Now hears seraphic songs and shouts around,
While echoing æther lengthens out the sound;
Now sees with joy divine heav'n's portals rise,
Peep thro' the clouds, and dance before her eyes;
All heav'n in view, its sacred pomp displays,
And from the gates bursts forth a golden blaze:
Heav'n's gates spontaneous open'd to the prince,
Heav'n's em'rald gates, kept by omnipotence;
Involv'd in sable clouds, the God of day
Commands, and lo! the barriers roll away;
Th' harmonious hinges sound on either side,
The dazzling volumes, pierc'd by light, divide;
The angels mount where deep in ambient skies,
Ten thousand thousand glorious saints arise,
Congratulate the prince with joyful eyes.
He moves majestic, glitt'ring to behold,
Self-clos'd behind him shut the valves of gold,
Around him cherubs sacred hymns begin,
And all the first born sons of glory sing;
Th' admire the prince; the prince with eager eyes,
Ascends to view the Maker of the skies:
The soul a more exalted pitch would fly,

And view him in the heights of majesty.
The Sov'reign of the starry hosts that stand
In shining order on his either hand;
Such bright magnificence adorns his throne,
That hence th' enraptur'd soul must feign be gone,
To see him in his palace, which a mound
Of shining jasper closely does surround,
Where the blue sapphire and clear chrysolite,
At once astonish, and affect the sight;
By doors of dazzling adamant let in,
Where golden roofs on em'rald pillars shine,
Where fragrant airs, fan'd in by angels' wings,
Breathe all the odours of ten thousand springs.
Thus issuing he beholds, but oh! his sight
Sustains not such a rushing sea of light;
Sees on a high empyreal starry throne,
Sublimely rais'd, heav'n's everlasting Son,
Crown'd with that majesty that form'd the world,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd:
Virtue, dominion, truth, omnipotence,
Support the throne of their triumphant prince:
On one hand mercy shines with purest light,
On one the sword of justice fiercely bright.
Thus high enthron'd, the glorious Son is plac'd
By his mild Sire, and with his godhead grac'd;
Suns on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And comets burn beneath his lovely feet;
A zone of stars intolerably bright,
Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light;
Insufferable light beams from his brow,
His eyes like suns with golden splendors glow;
Forth from the midst of fragrancies profound,
He spoke aloud, with sweet melodious sound,
All heav'n was mute, and angels listen'd round:

" Come, faithful soul, receive thy great reward,
And enter the bright glories of thy Lord;
Here reign forever in our bless'd abode,
To see, to love, to praise, t' enjoy your God."
He heard the sound descending from above,
He heard the sound, and was dissolv'd in love;
Enraptur'd thus he spoke, with lifted eyes:
" Immortal Saviour, oh! how shall I raise
My soul to due returns of grateful praise;
For bounty so profuse to human kind,
Thy wondrous gift of an eternal mind;
Shall I, who some few hours ago was less
Than worm, or mite or shadow can express;
Was nothing; shall I live when ev'ry fire
And ev'ry star shall languish and expire?
When earth's no more, shall I survive above,
And thro' the radiant files of angels move?
Thou whom beneath the frown of fate hast stood,
And in thy dreadful agonies sweat blood;
Thou who for me in ev'ry throbbing vein
Hast felt the keenest edge of mortal pain;
Who dy'd; led captive in the realms below,
And taught those horrid mysteries of woe;
Who dy'd to save me from eternal death,
Who languish'd on the cross thy latest breath.
Thy love it flies the reach of thought, thy pow'r
Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremendous hour;
Thy love the saint repeats, and strives to say,
But lost in grateful joy, dissolves away."
All heav'n resounds his love, hosannahs ring,
And saints repeat the mercies of their King;
And in a solemn chorus laud the Lamb,
Who made them kings and priests; the great I am
Th' extol and praise....

" Worthy the Lamb, (they cry) of pow'r divine,
Eternal praise and majesty be thine ;
And hail, oh ! hail, Messiah, take the praise
Of saints and angels, while we've songs to raise.
On beds of flow'rs sweet smiling seraphs lie,
And with loud hallelujahs fill the sky ;
While feasting souls perpetual revels keep,
And never are concern'd for food or sleep ;
With indefatigable zeal they move,
Borne on the wings of duty and of love.
Now bright archangels sacred hymns begin,
And little cherubs loud responses sing.
Here new come saints with wreaths of light are crown'd,
While iv'ry harps and golden trumpets sound ;
Here little BENJAMIN* with rapture sings
Melodious anthems to the King of kings,
Dress'd in grand robes, transparent to behold,
As white as snow, and sprinkled o'er with gold.
The prince now with distinguish'd honors crown'd,
And with a starry diadem profound,
And with a palm, refulgent to behold,
And with a harp, a harp of lucid gold.
Here greatness prostrate falls, there strength gives place
Here Lazors smile, there beauty hides her face ;
Christians, and Jews, and Turks, and Pagans stand,
From ev'ry nation, and from ev'ry land,
In vast, vast concourse ; not in number more
The waves that break on the resounding shore,
The leaves that tremble in the sylvan grove,
The stars that grace the purple skies above :
But none are flush'd with brighter joys and love

* The author's infant son, who departed this life, the 22d of September, 1802, aged 21 months.

Of all th' enraptur'd glorious saints above,
Than those whose tenderness was unconfin'd,
And were both friends and fathers of mankind;
Who fed the poor and pity'd the oppress'd,
And for the helpless spread the couch of rest.
In that illustrious rank what shining light,
With such distinguish'd glory fills my sight.
Bend down my grateful muse! that praise bestow
Which to such worthies thou art proud to show.
Here Wesley, Washington, and Whitfield sing
Superior praises to their heav'nly King;
These favor'd of the skies in triumph move,
To take possession of their thrones above,
To crop the roses of immortal youth,
To drink the fountain head of sacred truth,
To swim in seas of bliss, to strike the string,
To lift the voice to their benignant King,
To lose eternity in grateful lays,
And fill heav'n's wide circumference with praise,
With praise ecstatic. Bless'd with such a strain,
Could Satan hear, he were a god again.
Here no rude winds presume to shake the skies,
No rains descend, no snowy vapours rise:
But on immortal thrones the bless'd repose,
And heav'n, all heav'n, with living splendor glows,
Magnificent beyond the thoughts of men;
Then cease, my muse, the sweet Columbian strain.
Thus they, while lo! the hapless sable train
Lament their prince, their good LOUVERTURE slain.
His brother drew the jav'lin from his heart,
The reeking fibres clinging to the dart.
With him his country fell....that moment all
Her yet surviving heroes seem'd to fall.
A gen'ral peal of groans that instant broke

From all the warriors, but MONDINGO spoke.
Transfix'd with sad regret, they view o'erthrown,
His sire's, his country's pillar, and their own;
A chief who led ev'n to each wooden wall,
A host of victors, and outshin'd them all:
And while each chieftain and the sable train
With tears bemoan the gracious hero slain,
The Christians stood aloof with guilt and woe,
Nor could they view in death their virtuous foe.
Then lo, MONDINGO rais'd his drooping head,
Tears pour amain while thus the hero said:
"Lamented prince, could fortune then intend
To rob me of my brother and my friend?
I hop'd, I hop'd, but ah! that hope was vain,
That victors, we should glad our sire again.
Ah! what a son my sire, a chief our host,
And what a brother has MONDINGO lost.
No more, alas! will wretched SILVAN come,
With tears of joy welcome her warrior home;
No more officious with enchanting charms,
Hail thee triumphant from the dire alarms,
Pant on thy breast, and languish in thy arms:
No more thy little babe will smile to see
His tender father crown'd with victory,
Nor stretch his infant arms, nor prattle on thy knee.
Oh! worthy better fate, oh! early slain,
Thy country's friend and virtuous, tho' in vain,
Victor, no more from wars wilt thou retire,
And fly with joy to see thy loving sire;
No more with presents his embraces meet,
And lay the spoils of conquest at his feet:
We feel thy loss, thy fatal loss deplore,
The good, the great, the gen'rous, now no more."

He spoke, while big round tears pour down amain,
He bids them raise the body of the slain.
Full twenty warriors from the host he chose,
To guard the corpse, and share the father's woes;
The due funeral honors to complete,
A slender solace for a loss so great:
Soft bending twigs they weave, with care they spread
Sweet blooming flowers o'er the verdant bed,
And decent on the bier dispos'd the dead.
There like a rose he lay with beauty crown'd,
Pluck'd by some lovely virgin from the ground;
The root no more the mother earth supplies,
Yet still th' unfading colors charm the eyes.
Then with a groan the great MONDINGO said,
And bending o'er, embrac'd and kiss'd the dead.
"Hail mighty spirit, hail! with dire alarms,
The foes recal us to the rage of arms,
And to new scenes of woe, thy friends compel,
Farewel, good prince, a long and last farewel."
He spoke, supported by his friends oppress'd,
With mighty grief he smites his sable breast;
This moment pauses, then in sorrow drown'd,
Breaks from their arms, and grovels on the ground.
All horrible with blood, the mourning train
Now moves with solemn sadness o'er the plain,
Towards the town, and bears the hero slain;
Moves with a solemn, slow, majestic pace,
While silent tears run trickling down each face;
August, tho' in distress, with heads declin'd,
The warriors march and leave the war behind;
And all the following chiefs and weeping train,
Trail their inverted jav'lins on the plain.
Meanwhile the prince beholds the ships with woe,
Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe;

And with a voice that anguish made more strong,
He animates and cheers the weeping throng :
" Brave chieftains, heroes, countrymen and friends,
(The plain re-echoes with the voice he sends)
The scale of conquest ever wav'ring lies,
Great Jove but turns it, and the victor dies ;
The great and good by thousands daily fall,
And endless were the grief to weep for all ;
Enough when death demands the brave to pay
The tribute of a melancholy day ;
One chief with patience to the grave resign'd,
Our care devolves on others left behind ;
To lose a friend, a brother, or a son,
Heav'n dooms each mortal, and its will be done ;
And while they sorrow, then dismiss their care
Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear."
Now fierce MONDINGO rush'd upon the foe,
And sent his voice before him big with woe ;
Loud as they shout encount'ring armies yield,
When twice ten thousand shake th' embattled field.
Such was the voice and such the dreadful sound,
Of fierce MONDINGO thund'ring o'er the ground.
Each warrior's bosom beats to meet the fight,
With eager eyes they view the dreadful sight.
The prince, by rage, grief, woe and love impell'd,
Rush'd furious and majestic o'er the field,
Shook a huge jav'lin in his vig'rous hand,
And with their chief pour forth the sable band ;
Swift as rude winds flew the embattled train,
All, all rush'd furious to the dreadful plain,
Beneath the warriors groans the trembling ground,
And clouds of dust involve the regions round :
Fierce with their leader march the sable train,
And the black squadrons cover all the plain.
As when Jehovah his artill'ry forms,

And opes his cloudy magazine of storms,
In winter's bleak uncomfortable reign,
A snowy inundation hides the plain ;
He stills the winds, he bids the skies to sleep,
Then pours the silent tempest thick and deep :
And first the mountain tops are cover'd o'er,
Then the green fields, and then the sandy shore ;
Bent with the weight the nodding woods are seen,
And one white waste hides all the works of men ;
The circling seas alone absorbing all,
Drink the dissolving fleeces as they fall.
Stern LECLERC with imperious HAWKINS stood,
And all their soldiers bathe in hostile blood ;
Embody'd close, the lab'ring Christian train,
The fiercest shock of charging hosts sustain ;
Unmov'd and silent, the whole war they wait,
Serenely dreadful, and as fix'd as fate ;
Enquiries none they made ; the horrid day
No pause of words admits no dull delay.
So when th' embattled clouds in dark array
Along the skies their gloomy lines display,
When now the north his boist'rous rage has spent,
And peaceful sleeps the liquid element,
The low hung vapours motionless and still,
Rest on the summits of the shaded hill,
Till the mass scatters, as the winds arise,
Dispers'd and broken, thro' the ruffled skies,
Nor was MONDINGO wanting to his train,
He animates his troops thro' all the plain ;
All furious with his rage he led the van,
And fac'd the foe, an army on a man.
Dark show'rs of jav'lins fly from foes to foes,
Now here, now there, the tide of combat flows ;
The Christians first to conquest led the way,

Broke the black ranks, and turn'd the doubtful day.
First bold ZALANGA stain'd the sands with blood,
ZALANGA, hospitable, kind and good;
On EBO's sultry plains, his native place,
He held his land, a friend to human race:
Fast by the road, his ever open door
Receiv'd the stranger, and reliev'd the poor;
No friend to guard him on the fatal day,
To haughty LECLERC, lo! he fell a prey;
Breathless the good man fell, and by his side,
His faithful servant old BONOKO dy'd;
The cruel ruffian lopp'd the old man's head,
And thus, with vengeful spite, the leader said:
"Die wretch! none of thy race, nor sex, nor age,
Shall save a negro from our boundless rage;
All, all shall perish; I will butcher all,
Their babes, their infants at the breast shall fall!"
And lo! the soldiers charg'd the foe again,
That moment fifty warriors press'd the plain;
Dire was the heaps of darts by heroes flung,
And arrows leaping from the bow-string sung.
Thick as from western clouds, all charg'd with rain,
Pours the black storm and smokes along the plain,
Thick as the gather'd hail tempestuous flies,
O'er the wide main, and rattles down the skies,
When all the frowning heav'ns are darken'd o'er,
And God discharges all his wrathful store,
And deep from ev'ry cloud the thunders roar.
Each army now in fierce contention vy'd.
And crowds of heroes in their anger dy'd:
The sweat and blood descends, while clouds arise
Of dust, and fields are lifted to the skies.
Fierce LECLERC wields his sword that cast a light,
And swells the tumult and the rage of fight.

Still void of fear, the great MONDINGO stands,
And turning, thus in brief address'd his bands;
" No wonder, warriors, that we're forc'd to yield,
Jove favors them, and lo! we quit the field;
Their strokes he seconds, and averts our spears,
And hell, all hell, in their behalf appears."
But thrice, ev'n then, he flew amidst the train,
And thrice repuls'd the vaunting foe again.
But now the troops and sable allies ran,
Full on the prince, an army on a man.
As the bold hound that gives the lion chase,
With beating bosom, and with eager pace,
Hangs on his haunch or fastens on his heels,
Guards as he turns, and circles as he wheels,
Thus oft MONDINGO turns, but still he flew,
Thus swift, the tyrants eagerly pursue.
Ev'n then the prince recedes with tardy pace,
Tho' hosts, not decades, thunder in his face;
None turn their backs to mean ignoble flight,
Slow they retreat, and ev'n retreating, fight.
As the fierce boar whom all the troop surrounds
Of shouting huntsmen, and of yelping hounds,
He grinds his iv'ry tusks, he foams with ire,
His sanguine eye-balls glare with living fire;
By those, by these, on ev'ry part is ply'd,
And the red slaughter spreads on ev'ry side.
Thus the bold prince; lance after lance he threw,
And glaring round, by tardy steps withdrew.
So from the fold th' unwilling lion parts,
Forc'd by loud clamors, and a storm of darts;
He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,
With heart indignant, and retorted eyes.
MONDINGO thus retreats, and now he stands,
Now turns, and backward views the yielding bands;

Now stiff recedes, yet hardly seems to fly,
And treats his followers with retorting eye.
The chief unnerv'd in LECLERC's presence grown,
Amaz'd he stood, with terrors not his own;
Yet still collected in himself and whole,
He questions thus his own unconquer'd soul:
"What farther subterfuge, what hopes remain,
What shame inglorious, if I quit the plain?
What danger singly if I stand the ground,
My men all scatter'd, all the foes around?
Yet wherefore doubtful? let this truth suffice,
The brave meets danger, and the coward flies;
To die or conquer proves a hero's heart,
And knowing this, I know a warrior's part."
Then swift as light, resistless as the wind,
He flew, and left his mournful friends behind;
And big with fury, on the press he flew,
And twenty ruffians at the onset slew:
He like a whirlwind toss'd the scatt'ring throng,
Mingled the troops, and drove the field along.
So midst the dogs and hunter's daring bands,
Fierce of his might, a yellow lion stands;
Arm'd foes around, a dreadful circle form,
And hissing bullets rain a leaden storm;
His pow'rs untam'd, their bold assault defy,
And where he turns, the rout disperse or die;
He foams, he glares, he bounds against them all,
And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.
Back to the lines a wounded chief retir'd,
And thus retreating his associates fir'd:
Fix'd in his face a quiv'ring weapon stood,
Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood.
So sends the heedless hunter's twanging bow,
The shaft that quivers in the bleeding doe;

Stung with the stroke, and mad'ning with the pain,
She wildly flies from wood to wood in vain;
Shoots o'er the verdant lawns with many a bound,
The cleaving dart still rankling in the wound.
He cries, "Oh chiefs, who has your hearts dismay'd?
O turn to arms, MONDINGO claims your aid;
This hour he stands the mark of hostile rage,
And this the last brave battle he shall wage.
Haste join your forces; from the gloomy grave
The hero rescue and your country save."
Thus urg'd the chief....A gen'rous troop appears,
Prepar'd to meet the foe, advanc'd their spears;
To guard their valiant prince, while thus they stand,
With pious care MONDINGO join'd his band;
Each takes new courage at their prince's sight;
He rallies them and yet renews the fight.
That moment LECLERC pale with guilt retir'd,
While th' intrepid prince his warriors fir'd;
Loud groans proclaim him conqu'ror thro' the plain,
As he rush'd grimly o'er the heaps of slain,
Heaps pil'd on heaps the bravest foes are kill'd,
And rage and death and carnage load the field;
The ruffians fly, and flying pant for breath,
And thick and heavy grows the work of death;
The prince is stiff with dust and sweat and gore,
His knees and feet and legs are cover'd o'er;
Drop follows drop, and clouds of dust arise,
Blood clogs their hands, and darkness fills their eyes:
Ev'n treach'rous THOMAS fell, whose ruthless spear
Slew good LOUVERTURE and renew'd the war.
Meanwhile the plaintive melancholy train,
With awful grief move slowly o'er the plain;
With solemn sadness to the town they bring
LOUVERTURE's corpse, and thus their sorrows sing;

With grief profound still moving from the shore,
"*Our prince is slain, and* CONGO *is no more.*"
And lo! a messenger, swift as the wind,
Flew to the town, and left the corpse behind;
Panting, before his sov'reign he appears,
And tells the tale, the mournful tale with tears,
"Sad tidings, gracious monarch, you must hear,
And wretched I th' unwilling messenger;
Dead is LOUVERTURE, slaughter'd in the fight,
Thro' treach'ry, while the Christians were in flight."
A sudden horror dreadful and profound,
Shot thro' the sire, he fainted on the ground;
Scarce from the gates of death recall'd, again
He faints, and but recovers to complain.
Th' infectious tidings thro' the people ran,
One universal solemn show'r began.
As snows collected on the mountains, freeze,
When milder regions breathe a vernal breeze;
The fleecy pile obeys the whisp'ring gales,
Ends in a stream, and murmurs thro' the vales.
So melted with the dreadful tale he told,
Down their black cheeks the tender sorrows roll'd;
A peal of groans from the sad matrons broke,
And from the king, when thus the mourner spoke:
"And is my dearest, bravest hero gone,
My loving, and my best beloved son?
Alas! my people, and my trusty friends,
LOUVERTURE dead, this day your glory ends."
He lifts his wither'd arms towards the skies,
While tides of tears flow trickling from his eyes;
He cries for veng'ance to the pow'rs above,
The sire of men, the god of truth and love:
Oh Christians, barb'rous Christians, might you be
To gracious Jove no dearer than to me;

Thee vultures wild should scatter round the shore,
And bloody dogs grow fiercer from your gore ;
My valiant sons I late in peace enjoy'd,
Valiant in vain, by treachery destroy'd :
Must I with scenes of blood then close my eyes,
And number all my days with miseries ?
And must my dogs, late guardians of my door,
Lick their old master's mingled spatter'd gore ?
My sons have dy'd in youth, and dy'd the best,
Struck thro' with wounds, all honest on the breast ;
But when the cruel Christians in their rage,
Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,
This, this is misery, the last, the worst,
That man can feel, man fated to be curs'd."
He said, and acting what no words could say,
Tore from his head the silver hairs away ;
Thrice beat his breast with agonizing woe,
And thrice parental tears began to flow :
With him the screaming mother bears a part,
And mourns her offspring with a mother's heart ;
She rent her garments, venerably gray,
Thrice beat her breast, and tore her locks away,
With piercing shrieks and agonizing moans,
While the old monarch answers groans for groans ;
Tears after tears their languid cheeks o'erflow ;
And the whole city wears one face of woe ;
No less than if the rage and base desires
Of Christians, wrapp'd their town in curling fires,
And if the hissing dreadful flames should rise,
And the last blaze send CONGO to the skies.
Then, lo ! the monarch lifts his hoary head,
And thus with intermitting groans he said :
" Help me my people, help me to the plain,
To meet my loving son, my hero slain."

He rises, slowly moves, his body bent,
Propp'd on two staffs, and shaking as he went ;
Scarce all his people stop his desp'rate course,
While strong affliction gives the feeble force ;
Grief tears his heart and drives him to and fro,
In all the raging agonies of woe :
" Help me to go, my friends, where sorrow calls ;
And die triumphant by yon wooden walls ;
Guide or companion, lo ! I ask you none,
Nay, but I'll die by my beloved son ;
I'll go and meet the murd'rer of my boy,
I'll kill the treach'rous villain, or I'll die.
Ah ! would almighty Jove once more renew
The vig'rous strength of youth which once I knew,
When by this hand, beneath our verdant wall,
King MINGO saw his vanquish'd army fall,
When victor of the field and crown'd with fame,
With piles of hostile bodies fed the flame,
And tho' thrice wounded on the dreadful plain,
Yet thrice reviv'd, and arm'd, and fought again.
Such were I now, not all the dire alarms
Of barb'rous foes should tear him from my arms ;
But hear, oh heav'n ! and thou great ruler hear,
With kind regard, a king's and father's pray'r :
Avenge my son, and at thy dread command,
May sharks devour them ere they reach their land ;
Transfix'd with thunder, may they fall a prey
To ev'ry monster in the watry way ;
Oh let thy bolts be launch'd against the train,
And haughty LECLERC press th' ensanguin'd plain :
My valiant sons and warriors in their bloom,
By them where hurl'd into an early tomb.
LOUVERTURE last, thy loss, divinely brave,
Sinks my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave :

My son, my loving son, would I had dy'd
In thy defence, and languish'd by thy side ;
Thus shar'd thy sweet society in death,
Pant on thy breast, and gasp my latest breath !
For thee, my son, for thee, my sorrows flow,
Born to thy own, and to thy parents woe.
But could LOUVERTURE merit thus, whose breath
Expir'd not meanly in inactive death ?
He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight,
And fell a hero in his country's right :
Seek not to stay me, nor my soul affright,
I'll die, or slaughter LECLERC in the fight.
Content, by the same hand, let me expire,
Add to the murder'd son the wretched sire :
One cold embrace at least may be allow'd,
And my last tears be mingled with his blood."
And now his consort with pathetic cries,
Renews her plaints, and thus in brief replies :
" Ah ! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind,
And where the prudence now that aw'd mankind ?
Thro' CONGO once, and all our regions known,
Now all confus'd, distracted, overthrown :
Singly to pass thro' hosts of foes and face,
Oh ! heart of steel, the murd'rer of thy race ;
To view those deathful eyes, and wonder o'er
These hands yet reeking with LOUVERTURE's gore ;
Alas ? my dear, they know not how to spare,
And what their mercy, thy slain sons declare :
To calm their barb'rous and their direful rage,
Vain were your dignity, and vain your age.
No, pent up in some forrest let us give
To grief, the wretched days we have to live.
Oh ! in the Christians' blood might I allay
My grief, and these barbarities repay :

But thou, oh Jove ! avenge our wrongs." She cries,
While tears of rage stood burning in her eyes.
Now, lo ! the pensive train approaching near,
The breathless body stretch'd upon a bier ;
All beautiful in death the hero lay,
As some sweet flow'r scorch'd by the solar ray.
The monarch saw the corpse with eager eyes,
" And oh ! my son, my darling son," he cries,
In haste, and moving with his body bent,
Propp'd on his staffs, and weeping as he went,
With thronging crowds towards the fatal plains,
Nor maid, nor matron, in the town remains.
In ev'ry face a weight of grief was shown,
The dames send forth one universal groan.
Close to the town they meet the weeping train,
Hang on the bier, and grovel round the slain ;
The wretched mother frantic with despair,
Kiss'd his wan cheeks, and tore her sable hair :
But nothing can the loving sire restrain,
He wrings his hands, the tears pour down amain ;
He beats his breast as to his son he flew,
And grovel'd there, as to the corpse he grew,
With kisses wanders o'er his face, and rears
The body up, and bathes the wound with tears ;
He falls, he faints, and on the corpse he lay,
And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day ;
But now the wretched mother first arose,
" Forbear (she cry'd,) this violence of woes ;
First to the town let all the train proceed,
Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead."
The waves of people at her word divide,
Slow mov'd the mourners thro' the following tide ;
Ev'n to the prince's house the pomp they wait,
And groaning place him on a bed of state ;

A melancholy company around,
With plaintive sighs, and music's mournful sound:
Alternately they sing, alternate flow
Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe,
While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,
And nature speaks at ev'ry pause of art.
But not as yet the fatal news had spread
To charming SYLVAN, of her hero dead.
Far in the close recesses of a grove,
She went to weep his wrongs, her hapless love.
Now from the town the clamors reach her ear,
And all her members shake with sudden fear;
She stops the pearly sorrows as the fall,
And calls her maid....her maid obeys the call.
" Ah! follow me, (she cry'd) what plaintive noise
Invades my ear; 'tis sure my mother's voice;
My falt'ring knees their trembling frame desert,
A pulse unusual flutters at my heart;
Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate,
(Oh! Jove, avert it,) threats our native state;
Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest,
But much I fear LOUVERTURE's dauntless breast
Pursues the Christians o'er the purple plain,
By force or fraud, I fear, I fear him slain;
Safe in the croud he ever scorn'd to wait,
And sought for glory in the jaws of death;
Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath,
Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death."
She spoke, and speaking, with distracted pace,
Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face;
Flies from the grove, the maids her steps pursue,
She approach'd her house, and sends around her view:
Too soon her eyes the killing object found,
The corpse, her father fainted on the ground.

A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes,
She faints, she falls, she sends forth piercing cries:
Around a train of weeping matrons stand,
To raise her sinking with assistant hand;
Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again
She faints, while rushing to her hero slain;
And when reviv'd, straight to the corpse she flew,
Around his neck her sable arms she threw:
"And oh! my prince, my dearest prince, (she cries)
Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes;
Thou to the unknown realms forever gone,
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone.
Our helpless babes, once comfort of our pain,
Sad product now of hapless love remain;
To manly age ne'er shall our children rise,
Or with increasing graces glad my eyes:
For CONGO now, her great defender slain,
Shall sink a smoking ruin on the plain.
Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
Who saves her infants from the rage of war?
Now hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er,
Those wives must wait then to a foreign shore;
And ye, my children, will be forc'd to go,
The sad companions of your mother's woe;
Driv'n hence, poor slaves, before the Christians' sword,
Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman lord.
Alas, my prince!" she cries, tears pour amain,
And drown the words of the unhappy dame.
And lo! she on the corpse her body threw,
And press'd him close, as to his breast she grew;
Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes
Fall the round chrystal drops, while thus she cries;
"Ah, dearest prince, in whom high heav'n hath join'd
The mildest manners with the bravest mind!

Oh, virtuous husband of a wretched wife,
Born to endure a melancholy life!
Would I had never been, oh, thou, the ghost
Of my dear hero, treacherously lost.
My children you have lost your sire; no friend
To help you now, no father to defend:
For should you 'scape the sword, the common doom,
What wrongs attend you, and what griefs to come;
Ev'n from your own paternal roof expel'd,
Some stranger reaps your patrimonial field;
The day that to the shades the father sends,
Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends;
He, wretched outcast of mankind appears,
For ever sad, for ever bath'd in tears;
Amongst the happy, unregarded he
Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,
While those his father's former bounty fed,
Nor reach the bottle, nor divide the bread;
The kindest but his present wants allay,
To leave him wretched the succeeding day.
Frugal compassion! Heedless they who boast
Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost;
Shall cry, Begone, thy father feasts not here;
The boy obeys, retiring with a tear.
Thus wretched, thus retiring, all in tears,
To my sad soul my children thus appears,
Forc'd by repeated insults to return,
And to their widow'd mother vainly mourn."
So spoke the dame with sorrow streaming eye,
Distressful beauty melts each stander-by;
Her lamentations all the people hear,
Sighs back her sighs and answer tear for tear.
While the sad father frantic with his pain,
Still grovels round, and hovers o'er the slain.

" Oh! had thy gentle spirit pass'd in peace,
(He cries) and languish'd in the sire's embrace,
While both thy parents wept thy fatal hour,
And bending o'er thee mix'd the tender show'r,
Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,
To melt in full satiety of grief."
Thus wail'd the father, grov'ling on the ground,
And all the eyes of CONGO stream'd around.
Amidst her matrons MILBOA appears,
The mourning mother, and her train in tears:
" Oh! why has heav'n prolong'd this hated breath;
Patient of horrors to behold thy death?
Alas! my son, to thee our peace we ow'd,
Our chief, our hero, and almost our God.
Oh, fatal change! become in one sad day,
A senseless corpse, inanimated clay:
Of all my race, thou most by heav'n approv'd,
And by ev'n Jove himself in death belov'd,
Thou oft for others felt pathetic woe,
And felt ev'n pity for the guilty foe."
The wife and mother, thus in deep despair,
Kiss his cold lips, and tear their sable hair:
But grief superior loads the tender sage,
He strikes his rev'rend head, now white with age;
He lifts his wither'd arms and languid eyes,
And calls his much lov'd son with feeble cries.
" Oh Jove, (he cries) is then LECLERC thy care?
That flinty heart, inflexible, severe;
A lion, not a man, who slaughters wide,
In strength of rage, and impotence of pride,
Who hastes to murder with a savage joy,
Invades around, and breathes but to destroy;
Shame is not of his soul, nor understood
The greatest evil and the greatest good;

A treach'rous coward, by no reason aw'd,
He violates the laws of man and God."
The monarch, now delirious with his pain,
Around him furious drives the menial train;
In vain each slave with duteous care attends,
Each office hurts him, and each face offends:
"What makes you here, officious croud? (he cries)
Hence, nor obtrude your anguish on my eyes;
Have ye no griefs at home to fix you there?
Am I the only object of despair?
Am I become my people's common show,
Set up by heav'n your spectacle of woe?
No, you must feel them too, yourselves must fall,
The treach'rous savage Christians threaten all:
Nor is LOUVERTURE lost by me alone,
Your sole defence your guardian pow'r is gone.
I see your blood the fields of CONGO drown,
I see the ruins of your burning town:
Oh! grant me, Jove, ere that sad day shall come,
All I can ask of heav'n, my instant doom.
Alas! my hero, more than man, divine,
For sure he seem'd not of terrestrial line,
Thee, thee I long to see, to thee I'll go,
And meet one common grave, one common woe."
He said, and feebly drives his friends away,
His sorrowing friends his frantic rage obey.
Thus he, while the imperious tyrants run
In haste tumultuous from the mournful town;
The chace with shouts the fierce battallion led,
With great MONDINGO thund'ring at their head;
Raging he spreads the dreadful slaughter round,
Some foes expire, some pant upon the ground.
He led the van with unresisting sway,
And desolation mark'd the hero's way.

And to their boats rush'd on the panting train,
Hoary with dust, and thund'ring o'er the plain;
And gasping, sweating, fainting, labor more,
With heavier strides that lengthen to the shore.
When flying they had reach'd the shore profound,
And hundreds of their allies press'd the ground,
Then had the prince eternal fame acquir'd,
And trembling ruffians to their ships retir'd,
But lo! their old resource the Christians try,
Their still successful fraud and sophistry.
Before the boats a desp'rate stand they made,
Harrangu'd their troops, and sum'd up all their aid;
When pale and panting proud LECLERC began,
And stop'd his trembling soldiers as they ran:
"Oh! soldiers, soldiers, stop your flight, (he cries)
Oh, shame! what horrors strike my wond'ring eyes!
And have we brav'd the dangers of the main,
And are our labors and our wars in vain?
And shall we not revenge our soldiers slain
On yon proud chief, the terror of the plain?
Now, lo! an ambush I myself prepare,
And try to foil him in the wiles of war:
You watch while I dare him to single fight,
And if he moves, he rushes on his fate."
The leader stop'd, and look'd with eager eyes,
To see the prince, while sad sensations rise;
Thick beats his heart, fears in succession roll,
He turns, and turning, questions thus his soul:
"What, shall I fly this terror of the plain,
Like others fly, and be like others slain?
Vain hope, to shun him by the self-same road
Yon line of slaughter'd soldiers lately trod.
I'll challenge him in yon champain that leads
Down to our boats, and near yon verdant shades;

Then if my stratagem succeed, 'tis good,
If not, I'll reach conceal'd the verdant wood;
And when the night her dusky vail extends,
Return in safety to my joyful friends.
What if....but wherefore all this vain debate,
Stand I to doubt within the reach of fate?
Ev'n now I hear, or think I hear his call,
His thund'ring voice, a prelude to my fall;
Such is his swiftness, 'tis in vain to fly,
And such his valor, that who stands must die:
Yet sure he too is mortal, he may feel
Like all the sons of men, the force of steel;
One only soul now animates that frame,
And God's sole favor gives him all his fame;
That God who's ever deaf to human cries,
The tyrant, not the father of the skies;
Unpiteous of the race his will began,
The fool of fate, his manufacture, man;
With courage he has crown'd the savage foe,
And lo! we Christians sink with mighty woe."
Thus the proud chief, the haughty tyrant, cries,
And curs'd the golden stars and purple skies:
Then said, " Suppose these measures I forego,
Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe;
Agree to leave the shore, and launch to sea,
And there respire, and plow the watry way.
But why this thought; unarm'd if I should go,
What hope of mercy from a vengeful foe,
But woman like to fall without a blow.
We greet not here as man conversing man,
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er the plain;
No season now for calm familiar talk,
Like youths and maidens in an ev'ning walk;
War is our bus'ness, but to whom is giv'n

To die or triumph, that determine heav'n."
So roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake,
Beholds the traveller approach the brake;
When fed with noxious herbs his turgid veins,
Have gather'd half the poison of the plains,
He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,
And his red eye-balls glare with living fire:
Thus he, while the tremendous prince drew nigh,
His shouts reverberated to the sky;
Tall and majestic in his better hand
He wields a sword that glitter'd o'er the land;
As LECLERC sees, unusual terrors rise,
Struck with dismay, he fears, recedes, and flies.
As the black swallow that in quest of prey,
Round the proud palace wings her wanton way,
When for her children she provides the feast,
To still the clamors of the craving nest;
Now wild excursions round the cloister takes,
Now sportive wings, or skims along the lakes.
He leaves his soldiers, pale with dread, behind,
MONDINGO follow'd like the winged wind,
Fast step by step, where'er the tyrant wheel'd,
There fierce MONDINGO compass'd round the field.
A thousand thoughts the tyrant's soul divide,
That turn each way and point to ev'ry side:
So from a brazen vase the trembling stream,
Reflects the lunar, or the solar beam;
Swift and elusive of the dazzled eyes,
From wall to wall the dancing glory flies;
Thence to the cieling shoot the glancing rays,
And o'er the roof the quiv'ring splendor plays:
Oft as to reach the painted boats he bends,
And hopes th' assistance of his trembling friends;
So oft MONDINGO turn'd him to the plain;

He ey'd his vessels; but he ey'd in vain.
As men in slumbers seem with steady pace,
One to pursue, and one to lead the chace;
Their sinking limbs the fancied course forsake,
Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake:
No less the lab'ring heroes pant and strain,
While that but flees, and this pursues in vain.
The foe then rush'd towards his troops, and then
Sign'd to his officers and chosen men,
To strike, whene'er he stopp'd, the fatal blow,
And thus destroy the fierce intrepid foe.
Fraudful the thought, then swiftly march'd before,
The Christian tyrant shun'd his foe no more:
Sternly they met; LECLERC the silence broke,
Thick beat his troubled heart, as thus he spoke:
"Enough, MONDINGO, all our troops have view'd,
Thrice round the field, their bravest chief pursu'd;
But now, some new-born courage bids me try,
Thine, or my fate; I kill thee, or I die.
Yet, on the verge of battle, let us stay,
And for a moment's space suspend the day,
Let heav'n's high pow'rs be call'd to arbitrate
The just conditions of this stern debate;
Impartial witnesses of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treasur'd vow!
To them I swear; just, holy, good, and wise,
Witness, oh earth, and hear ye sacred skies!
Ye silver stars that in your orbits fly,
And gild the spangled vault, the purple sky;
Ye woods, ye vales, ye jess'mine groves, and thou
Imperial Sol, be witness to my vow!
Thou, Son of God, on yon immortal height,
Lord of the field and gen'ral of the fight,
By him I swear, if victor in the strife,
Heav'n, by these hands, shall shed thy noble life,

No vile dishonour shall thy corpse pursue,
Stripp'd of its arms alone, the conqu'ror's due,
The rest, to thy brave warriors I'll restore;
Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more;
And, oh! may earth her dreadful gulph display,
And gaping snatch me from the golden day;
May I be hurl'd by heav'n's almighty Sire,
Transfix'd with thunder and involv'd in fire,
Down to the shades of hell from realms of light,
To the deep horrors of eternal night;
Ere, sacred honour, I betray thy cause,
In word or thought, or violate thy laws."
" Talk not of oaths," (the raging prince replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes;)
Detested as thou art, and ought to be,
And all ye Christians learn'd in sophistry,
Nor oath nor pact MONDINGO plights with thee.
Such pacts as lambs and rapid wolves combine;
Such leagues as men and furious lions join;
What in my sacred soul is understood,
My tongue shall utter and my deeds make good;
Know treach'rous foe my purpose I retain,
Nor with new treaties vex my soul in vain.
Who dares think one thing and another tell,
My soul detests him as the gates of hell;
Once wrong'd, all treach'rous Christains I disdain,
Deceiv'd for once, I trust them not again;
My brothers slain, all terms I now decline,
For once deceiv'd was his, but twice was mine.
Ye Christians, hypocritic, base, unkind,
Stand but as fiends before a virtuous mind,
Your base attempts to Christianize forego,
Your actions prove you man's relentless foe!
Tho' bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number more

Than dust in fields, or sand along the shore;
Tho' in angelic forms with angels' tongues,
They spoke with more than adamantine lungs,
And tho' they proferr'd all themselves possess'd,
And all their rapine could from others wrest,
Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown
Each Christian sov'reign and imperial town,
Should all these offers for my friendship call,
'Tis they that offer, and I doubt them all;
Jove sees their pride, hypocrisy, deceit,
Their deadly av'rice and their deadly hate;
Their thoughts are rage, and lust, and pride, and strife,
'Till death extinguish rage, lust, pride, and life.
Rouse then thy forces, this important hour,
Collect thy soul and call forth all thy pow'r;
No further subterfuge, no further chance,
'Tis Justice, Justice gives thee to my lance:
LOUVERTURE's ghost, thro' thee depriv'd of breath,
Now hovers round and calls thee to thy death."

A youth there was, and FONTANES was nam'd,
Nor much for sense, but less for courage fam'd;
The youngest of the band, a vulgar soul,
Born but to plunder and to drain the bowl;
He watch'd the champion as the warrior spoke,
With stiffen'd hair and with an eager look,
And while MONDINGO spoke; in act to throw,
He approach'd behind and dealt a stagg'ring blow;
First cautious view'd the sable warrior train,
Then snatch'd a rocky fragment from the plain;
He then look'd round, still in the act to throw,
With eager eyes, and then beheld the foe;
Then, lo! he pois'd the stone, and toss'd on high,
It hiss'd with force and labour'd up the sky,
And on the shoulders, where the neck unites,

Full on the bone the rocky fragment lights;
Lights as a wave that from the clouds impends,
And swell'd with tempests on the ship descends;
White are the decks with foam, the winds aloud,
Howl o'er the masts and sing thro' ev'ry shroud,
Pale, trembling, tir'd, the sailors freeze with fears
And instant death on ev'ry wave appears;
Thus on his neck, descends the pond'rous stone,
It plow'd the skin and crack'd the shoulder-bone;
The horrid shock his head and shoulders feel;
His eyes flash sparkles; his stunn'd senses reel;
In giddy darkness, far to distance flung,
His bounding jav'lin on the champain rung.
The prince now drags his trembling steps along,
His loose head tott'ring o'er his shoulders hung.
An officer there was, well known to fame,
From LIVERPOOL, and SIMPSON was his name;
His ven'trous spear first drew the prince's gore,
He struck, he wounded, but he durst no more,
But rush'd all trembling to the distant shore:
For tho' disarm'd, MONDINGO'S fury stood,
He turn'd him short and herded in the crowd.
Thus by a dastard's arm, a dastard's spear,
Wounded at last, the prince consents to fear;
Returns for succour to his sable train,
And seeks for help, but seeks, alas! in vain.
Proud HAWKINS as the bleeding prince he views,
Breaks thro' the ranks and his retreat pursues,
The wretch arrests him with a ghastly wound,
Deep thro' his back the sword an entrance found,
Bending he fell, and doubled to the ground.
And as a fish, when winds and waters roar,
By some high billow dash'd against the shore,
Lays panting; not less jaded by his wound

The bleeding hero pants upon the ground;
On him, and him alone, the ruffians ran,
With all their force, an army on a man,
With him CONGO was sunk; that moment all
Her heroes, youths, and maidens seem'd to fall.
Prone on the field, the bleeding hero lies,
While thus imperious HAWKINS proudly cries;
"At length MONDINGO's stretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no veng'ance for our soldiers slain:
Then prince you should have fear'd what now you feel,
Brave Hawkins absent, was brave Hawkins still!"
Supine, and wildly gazing at the skies,
With faint expiring breath, the prince replies;
"Vain boaster cease, and know the pow'rs above
Abhor your deed, with everlasting Jove;
To fraud is ow'd, whate'er your own you call,
And fraudful foes disarm'd me, ere my fall.
Had twenty tyrants, each thy match in might,
Oppos'd me fairly, they had sunk in fight;
But, thou, imperious, hear my latest breath,
Great Jove inspires it, and it sounds your death;
Inhuman man, thou shalt be soon as I,
Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour is nigh;
Transfix'd by thunder, thou shalt fall a prey
To greedy sharks, that plow the wat'ry way;
Ev'n now, on life's last verge I see thee stand,
While veng'ance hovers o'er thy guilty land!"
Then HAWKINS pausing, as his eyes he fed
On the bold prince, before the spirit fled:
"From whence this boding speech, this stern decree
Of death denounc'd, and why denounc'd on me?
I shall be honour'd when I meet my doom,
With solemn fun'ral, and a lasting tomb;
While cast to all the rage of hostile pow'r,

Thee birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour ;
Fierce hungry beasts shall tear thy eyes away,
And hov'ring vultures scream around their prey."
MONDINGO fainting at th' approach of death,
" By thy own soul, by those who gave thee breath,
By all the sacred prevalence of pray'r,
Ah ! leave me not for greedy dogs to tear ;
The common rites of sepulture bestow,
To soothe a father, and a mother's woe ;
Let their large gifts procure a grave at least,
And let my ashes in my country rest."
He strives to move the wretch, as waves in vain
Besiege some rock, amidst the rolling main,
That hears, unmov'd, the sounding tempests blow,
That sees the furious surges foam below,
And o'er the deeps, majestic to the sight,
Stands fix'd and glorious in its matchless height ;
Proud of its bulk, while storms and working tides,
Fly, dash and break against the tow'ring sides.
Thus hard and thus relentless he replies,
Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes :
" Not those who gave me breath should bid me spare,
Nor all the sacred prevalence of pray'r ;
Could I myself the bloody banquet join,
Nor to the dogs would I thy corpse resign ;
Should heav'n to bribe me bring forth all its store,
And giving millions, offer millions more,
Should thy black father, and his weeping dame,
Drain their whole realm, and sacrifice their fame,
To purchase for their son a peaceful grave,
From hungry beasts their son they should not save ;
Their hero in the grave they should not see,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee."
Then thus the prince, his dying accents drew,

" Thy spite implacable too well I knew ;
The furies thy relentless breast have steel'd,
And curs'd thee with a heart that cannot yield ;
Yes, men unborn, and ages yet behind,
Shall curse that fierce, that unforgiving mind :
A man unpitying, if of man thy race,
But sure thou spring'st not from a soft embrace ;
Nor ever am'rous hero caus'd thy birth,
Nor ever tender woman brought thee forth ;
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
And raging seas produc'd thee in a storm :
Yet think a day will come when heav'n's decree;
And angry Jove, shall wreak this wrong on thee ;
The heav'nly sire shall soon avenge our fates,
On Christian nations, kingdoms, towns and states."
And lo ! as the great prince thus speaking lay,
He lopp'd his head and quiv'ring limbs away ;
He ripp'd his belly with a dreadful wound,
The blood and entrails smok'd upon the ground ;
He kick'd the mutt'ring head amidst the throng,
That rolling drew a bloody trail along.
As when the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, fit most for some grand admiral,
Groans to the oft heav'd axe, with many a wound,
Then spread a length of ruin o'er the ground,
So sunk MONDINGO in that dreadful day,
And spread around, his mangled members lay.
The thronging troops behold with wond'ring eyes
His manly beauty, and superior size,
While others cowardly the trunk deface,
With ghastly wounds, and thus with taunts disgrace :
How chang'd MONDINGO, who like heav'n of late,
Vanquish'd our valiant troops and scatter'd fate."
Then on the slain the haughty HAWKINS stands,

Begirt with tyrants and surrounding bands,
And thus aloud, while all his host attends ;
" Victorious soldiers, countrymen and friends,
Since now at length the pow'rful will of heav'n,
This dire destroyer to our arm has giv'n,
Lo ! there the negroes bathe your swords in gore,
The great, the furious princes fight no more ;
This day shall give you all your soul demands,
Glut all your hearts, and weary all your hands ;
Revenge is all my soul, no meaner care,
Interest or thought has room to harbour there ;
Destruction be my feast, and mortal wounds
With scenes of blood, and agonizing sounds :
By negroes slain, their faces to the sky,
All grim with gaping wounds our soldiers lie ;
These call to war, and might my soul incite,
Now, now, this instant, should conclude the fight :
Then all our foes destroy'd, let gen'rous bowls,
And copious bumpers, glad our weary souls.
Let not our palates know the taste of food
Till our insatiate rage be cloy'd with blood :
God fights for us he'll be our great defender :
He is your king, and I your gen'ral under.
Brave heroes, valiant soldiers, fight for fame,
God bids us fight, and 'twas with God we came ;
Have you forgot what was your dread before,
The fierce the mighty princes fight no more."
The sable warriors saw their bulwark fall,
A peal of groans that moment broke from all ;
One universal solemn show'r began,
They bear like heroes, but they felt like men ;
Each look'd on other, stupid with surprise,
All mute, but seem'd to question with their eyes,
They sigh'd, they mourn'd, their great defender slain,

They sigh'd and mourn'd, but mourn'd and sigh'd in vain
All wrapp'd in grief, they see their victor die,
Their courage flags, and they prepare to fly :
When mighty SAMBO first the silence broke,
And inly groaning, thus opprobrious spoke :
" Warriors, for shame, Oh ! scandal of your race,
Whose coward souls your manly form disgrace,
How great the shame when ev'ry age shall know,
That not a hero met the murd'rous foe !
Go then, moulder to earth from whence ye grew,
A heartless, spiritless, inglorious crew ;
Be what you seem, inanimated clay,
Myself will dare the danger of the day ;
T' avenge MONDINGO, I myself will try,
For in the hands of Jove is victory.
Whither, oh ! warriors, whither, would you run,
And shun the foe which 'tis in vain to shun ?
Griev'd tho' you be, will you the fight forego,
Leave sires, wives, babes, to th' avenging foe ?
And will you not avenge your princes slain ?
Defend your infants and the female train ?
How shall, alas ! our hoary heroes mourn,
Their sons degen'rate, and their race a scorn,
What tears shall down thy silver beard be roll'd,
Oh, ZANGA ! old in arms, in wisdom old !
Once with what joy the gen'rous king would hear
Of ev'ry chief who fought this fatal war ;
Participate their fame, and pleas'd enquire,
Each name, each action, and each hero's sire !
Oh, should he see our warriors trembling stand,
And trembling all before the Christian band,
How would he lift his aged arms on high,
Lament his coward chiefs and beg to die !
Oh ! would to all th' immortal pow'rs above,

To all, but most to the immortal Jove,
Years might again roll back, his youth renew,
Yon tyrants then would find an equal foe."
Stung to the heart each gen'rous hero nears,
But just reproof with decent silence bears.
Th' intrepid chief thus thunders his commands,
His speech arouses all the mournful bands,
Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight;
They turn, they stand, the foe their fury dare,
Condense their pow'rs, and wait the coming war,
The weeping wretches, melancholy train,
Turn round, and face the fraudful foe again;
New force, new spirit to each breast returns,
The fight renew'd, with fiercer fury burns;
All prodigal of life, to fight they fly,
All nobly fix'd to conquer or to die;
And lo! the hosts with furious spite engage,
And burns the fight with undistinguish'd rage.
All, man to man, and breast to breast oppos'd,
In one tremendous shock the armies clos'd.
As when the winds from diff'rent quarters rise,
Pour to the charge and combat in the skies,
In dire suspence the struggling tempests keep,
The balanc'd clouds, and pois'd the rolling deep;
The winds and waves oppos'd with equal might,
Still undecided hangs the ærial fight.
So join'd both armies in the dreadful fray,
These scorn to yield, nor those can win the day;
All, man to man, exert the martial fire,
All, foot to foot, or conquer or expire.
Then bled the battle, and large hills of slain,
And sable warriors cover'd wide the plain;
In one red deluge all the fields are drown'd,

And cries and agonizing groans resound
Of sable heroes lab'ring out their breath,
And chieftains gasping in the pangs of death;
Resolv'd to die, the sable champions stood,
And bathe their gen'rous breasts in mutual blood:
No room to poise the lance, or bend the bow,
But hand to hand, and man to man they grow;
As when two scales are charg'd with doubtful loads,
From side to side the trembling balance nods,
While some laborious widow, just and poor,
With nice exactness weighs her wooly store;
'Till pois'd aloft the resting beam suspends,
Each, equal weight, nor this nor that descends.
So stood the war, they seek each others hearts,
With boat-hooks, axes, pikes, and shorten'd darts;
The falchions ring, on sculls the axes sound,
Swords flash in air, or glitter on the ground.
As on the confines of adjoining grounds,
Two stubborn swains with blows dispute their bounds;
They tug, they sweat, but neither gain nor yield,
One foot, one inch, of the contended field.
With smoking blood and brains the fields are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide;
Their bulwark fall'n the warriors pant for breath,
And thick and heavy grows the work of death.
And tho' o'erpow'rd by numbers, still the crew,
Join, thicken, and the bloody fight renew;
Their manly breasts are pierc'd with many a wound,
Loud strokes are heard, and tinkling arms resound.
So thro' the shrilling vale, or mountain ground,
The labours of the woodman's axe resound;
Blows following blows are heard, re-echoing wide,
While crackling forests fall on ev'ry side.
Still the intrepid heroes scorn to fly;

Before they lose their liberties, they die.
As the slow ass, with stubborn strength endu'd,
In some wide field by troops of boys pursu'd,
Tho' round his sides a wooden tempest rain,
Crops the tall harvest, and lays waste the plain.
Thick on his sides the hollow blows resound,
The stubborn animal maintains his ground.
Thus firm the warriors their ground maintain,
'Midst dismal groans, and shrieking of the slain.
The hoary sage o'erwhelm'd with black despair,
With mighty grief prefers to heav'n his pray'r,
Exhorts his men with praises, threats, commands,
And urges all with voice, with eyes, and hands:
"Ye sons of Africa, the bold and brave,
This day your wives and weeping infants save;
Haste warriors! haste! preserve the sinking state,
Or one vast burst of all involving fate
Full o'er your town will fall, and sweep away
Sons, sires and wives, an undistinguish'd prey;
Rouse all your pow'rs, ye Africans, to fight,
And die or conquer ere th' approaching night."
The rev'rend QUACO, thus obtests the skies,
And weeps his country with a father's eyes.
Around the sable chief an harvest grows,
Of swords and pikes while blood in torrents flows;
Now flaming from the zenith Sol had driv'n
His glitt'ring orb thro' half the vault of heav'n:
Commutual death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds;
But when his ev'ning wheels o'erhung the main,
Dire conquest rested on the Christian train.
Thus, artful LECLERC's hypocritic might,
With fraud prevailing, turn'd the scale of fight;
Tho' vanquish'd, yet the warriors scorn to fly,

All firm, unanimous, triumphant die;
No toils their fiery ardour can restrain,
Tho' vanquish'd, still they fly to arms again.
No sable hero liv'd the news to tell;
None scap'd by flight, but all in battle fell.
From realms of light, th' immortal pow'rs inclin'd
Their eyes, and mourn'd the havoc of mankind.
Here ruddy cherubs, blushing seraphs there,
Lean forward from the sky and view the war;
Shaded in clouds, in robes transparent clad,
They view the fight, majestically sad.
And lo! a sudden blush inflames the sky,
And all the purple curtains open fly;
And as the angels view the scene from far,
The God whose thunder rends the troubled air,
Beheld with anger, as apart he sat,
And conscious look'd thro' all the scenes of fate;
He turn'd to earth, his all consid'ring eyes,
And mark'd the spot where clouds of dust arise,
And storms of jav'lins, intercept the skies.
The sea with ships, the plain with squadrons spread,
The Christians' rage, the dying and the dead,
The town where sons, sires, wives, his aid implore,
And the green meadows float with crimson gore.
On his white throne all beauteous to behold,
Shaded with clouds, and circumfus'd in gold,
He shook the sacred honours of his head,
The third heav'ns trembled, and the godhead said;
Earth to her centre shook, while heav'n was aw'd,
Th' immortal thrones stood trembling at the God:
"Ah! wretched man, unmindful of thy end,
A moment's folly, and what woes attend;
In scarlet fring'd with gold, all glitt'ring bright,
Thou stand'st, and soldiers tremble at thy sight;
And now lies slain beneath thy treach'rous dart,

The good, the gen'rous SILVAN'S dearer part,
Yet live, I give thee this propitious day
Time to repent, before thou fad'st away;
But ah! no more thy tender sire will come,
With tears of joy to welcome LECLERC home;
Transfix'd with thunder thou shalt press the plain,
And ne'er behold thy native town again.
What man but enters yon forbidden field,
Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield,
To realms of woe with shame he shall be driv'n,
As light'ning swift, the scorn of earth and heav'n;
Far, far beyond the fields of æther thrown,
Low in th' infernal pit, he there shall groan,
As far beneath the flaming centre hurl'd,
As from that centre to th' ætherial world;
With adamantine chains fix'd to the floors
Of hell, and lock'd by hell's terrific doors.
Let him who tempts me dread this dire abode,
And know Jehovah is a jealous God."
He spoke, and with his brow he gave the nod.
That seals his word, the sanction of the God;
The heav'n of heav'ns from its foundation shakes,
All æther trembles, and all nature quakes;
East, west, north, south, at once with tempests roar,
And roll vast billows to th' affrighted shore;
Night hovers o'er the deeps, the sun retires,
The heav'ns flash thick with momentary fires;
Loud thunders shake the poles; from place to place,
Grim death appears, and glares in ev'ry face.
High o'er the scene of death proud HAWKINS stood,
All grim with dust, and horrible with blood;
Yet still insatiate, still with rage on flame,
Such is the honour of the Christian name.
Around their chief the red battalions stand,

A fierce blood-thirsty, hypocritic band.
" Brave officers, (he cries) let each contend,
Nor seek no respite till the shades descend;
Till darkness, or till death shall cover all,
Let the war bleed, and let the negroes fall:
Who dares inglorious in his ships to stay,
Who dares to linger on this signal day,
That wretch, too mean to fall by mortal pow'r,
The birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour:
Then seize the occasion, now your foes survey,
And lead to war, since heav'n directs the way;
His sep'rate troops let ev'ry captain call,
Each strengthen each, and all encourage all.
Forget brave boys what seem'd your dread before,
The fierce, the raging princes fight no more."
Rous'd at his words, all wedg'd in firm array,
Straight to the town th' assassins urge their way:
Not fiercer rush along the gloomy wood,
With rage insatiate, and with thirst of blood,
Voracious hounds, that many a length before
Urg'd by fierce hunters drove the wounded boar.
Their polish'd falchions glitter in the air,
As round the rampart rose the furious war.
Less fierce the winds with rising flames conspire,
To whelm some city under waves of fire;
Now sink in gloomy clouds each bright abode,
Of princes, with the churches of their God;
The rumbling torrent thro' the ruin rolls,
And sheets of smoke rise heavy to the poles.
The ruffians thus rush to the town, and slay
The sable citizens that cross their way;
Some hurl the hissing dart, the jav'lins fly,
In iron clouds, that blot the golden sky;
But to complete and aggravate their fears,

A new mischance involv'd the town in tears:
For when the wretched queen beheld on high
The clouds of jav'lins intercept the sky;
Her sons destroy'd, the shouting tyrants near,
Nor brave MONDINGO in the fight appear,
Many a look she cast, but cast in vain,
And lo! the dame concludes MONDINGO slain;
She raves against the heav'ns in wild despair,
And curses all the authors of the war;
A thousand plaints she vented o'er and o'er,
And in her rage her royal garment tore;
In agonies of dreadful grief she tears
Her languid, tearful cheeks, and sable hairs;
She hates in madness of extreme despair,
To view the light, or breathe the vital air;
Deep from her heaving sable bosom broke
A deep, deep groan, and thus the mother spoke;
"Alas! my sons are murder'd in the fight,
They're gone, and yet I view the glorious light,
But soon I'll leave it, for I loathe the sight.
I'll go, I'll go, this moment I will go,
T' embrace my dear, dear boys, in shades below."
Then on a lofty beam the matron ty'd
The noose dishonest, and obscenely dy'd.
Meanwhile a peal of groans to heav'n arise,
Confusion, clamours, thicken in the skies,
'Tis tumult all, for all at once advise.
Some t' implore the Christians' pity bring
Ev'n to the plain, the helpless, hoary king;
The poor old man moves slow, his body bent,
Propp'd on his staffs, and shaking as he went;
His head all naked, and his silver hairs,
And thus to heav'n he sends his tender pray'rs:
"*Oh, Jove! if still* thy eyes with wonted grace,

Behold the miserable mortal race,
Suppress our foes, forbid them to destroy
My last, my brave, my poor unhappy boy,
My dear, dear people's liberty and joy;
And if our crimes, almighty sire, demand
The last, last veng'ance of thy dreadful hand,
On me, and me alone, that veng'ance shed,
And with thy level'd thunder strike me dead."
Majestic in distress, the sire moves slow,
While down his furrow'd cheeks the sorrows flow,
And silver beard, white as the winter snow.
He approach'd the Christian chiefs and bow'd his head
Prostrate in dust before proud LECERC laid;
Sudden the agonizing sire appears,
Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hand in tears;
Those direful hands his kisses press'd, embru'd
Ev'n with the best, the dearest of his blood!
As when a wretch, who conscious of his crime,
Pursu'd for murder, flees his native clime;
Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale, amaz'd;
All gaze, all wonder, thus the Christians gaz'd:
Thus stood the soldiers, stupid with surprise,
All mute, but seem'd to question with their eyes;
Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,
Till thus at length, the kingly suppliant spoke:
"Think of thy father, and this face behold;
See him in me, as helpless and as old;
Tho' not so wretched, there he yields to me,
The first of men in sov'reign misery.
Thus forc'd to kneel, thus grov'ling to embrace
The scourge and ruin of my realm and race:
Suppliant my children's murd'rer to implore,
And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore.
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,
The best the bravest of my sons are slain.

For my poor people now, I've bent my way,
For them, thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;
Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I'll bear,
Oh! hear the wretched, and the heav'ns revere.
For my poor people, not myself I pray;
Save them, and thus save me from misery.
Oh let me die for them, thus peace restore,
Take all our riches, and I ask no more."

The father of his people, spoke with woe,
While from his eyes parental sorrows flow;
His words soft pity in the chief inspire,
Touch'd with the fond remembrance of his sire;
Then with his hand as prostrate still he lay,
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away;
The rev'rend monarch by the hand he rais'd,
On his white beard and form majestic gaz'd;
Not unrelenting then serene began,
With words to soothe the miserable man:
"Alas! what weight of anguish hast thou known,
Unhappy king, thus guardless and alone,
To pass thro' foes and thus undaunted face,
The men whose fury has destroy'd thy race;
Heav'n sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,
A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel!
Rise then, let reason mitigate thy care,
To mourn avails not; man is born to bear;
The happiest taste not happiness sincere,
But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care;
What must be, must be; bear thy lot, nor shed
These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead;
Thou cans't not call them from th' eternal shore,
But thou, alas! may live to suffer more."
Then lo! the weeping king to HAWKINS *cries,*
"Here let me die, since poor LOUVERTURE *lies*
Now in the town, depriv'd of obsequies.

Alas! he's slain beneath thy soldiers' steel,
Unhappy in his country's cause he fell;
Ah! pity my poor people, peace restore,
Take all our riches, and I ask no more;
So shall thy pity and forbearance give
A weak old man to see the light and live."
He stands inflexible to pray'rs and tears,
For guilt and Satan stopp'd the monster's ears.
As o'er th' ærial Alps, sublimely spread,
Some aged oak uprears his rev'rend head,
This way and that the furious tempests blow,
To lay the monarch of the mountains low;
Th' imperial plant, tho' nodding at the sound,
Tho' all his scatter'd honors strew the ground,
Safe in his strength, and seated in the rock,
In naked majesty defies the shock;
High as the head shoots tow'ring to the skies,
So deep the root in hell's foundation lies.
Thus is the chief besieg'd with moving pray'rs,
Nor will his heart relent at moving tears;
The monster rais'd his sword prepar'd to wound,
He kiss'd his feet extended on the ground:
"Move me no more (the Christian thus replies,
While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes;)
Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o'er,
Thy blood, thy blood, shall drench the purple shore,
Thee and thy sons shall glut the dogs with gore."
He said, and while the king prepar'd to say,
The ruthless sabre lopp'd his head away;
As when the bolt red hissing from above,
Darts on the aged oak or sylvan grove,
The monarch oak in flaming ruin lies,
Black from the blow, and smokes of sulphur rise;
Stiff with amaze the pale beholders stand,

And own the terrors of th' almighty hand.
Thus lies great ZANGA prostrate on the shore,
His arms embrac'd the ruffians knees no more.
Fierce to the town they rush'd, the monarch kill'd,
And leave behind the sanguinary field ;
Swift and more swift the vengeful ruffians run
In close array to sack the nodding town,
And with their trampling feet the sounding champain rung.
The city now th' advancing host appals,
As clouds of dust approach the verdant walls ;
And from the house-tops, lo ! the matrons spy,
Their monarch slain, while clamors rend the sky.
He who round Africa sent his commands,
And stretch'd his empire o'er the distant lands,
Now lies a headless carcase on the shore,
The man, the monarch, and the name no more.
Soon as this tragic scene appear'd in view,
Warm'd by their sov'reign's love, the women flew,
And from the town a storm of lances threw.
With hard'ned clubs th' advancing foe they dare,
And with tough staves, repel the rising war ;
Old men, boys, maids, and dames, with martial fire,
Rush on, and for their king, with joy and pride expire.
So the stern savage whom the train surrounds,
Of shouting hunters, steeds and yelping hounds,
On death determin'd, and devoid of fears,
Springs forth undaunted on a grove of spears,
Nor can the dames nor fiery youths oppose
The slaught'ring swords of their victorious foes ;
The troops rush furious thro' the verdant gate,
Nor can the hoary sages shun their fate ;
In vain for shelter to each house they fly,
Ev'n there transfix'd in heaps they bleed and die ;

Some close their doors, exclude the social train,
Who beg admission to each house in vain:
Here hoary dames propp'd on their staffs, with woe,
Bending with age, are slaughter'd by the foe.
Here infants bleed before their parents' eyes,
With piercing shrieks, and lamentable cries;
Held by their feet, the ruffians whirl around,
And dash their batter'd brains against the ground.
Some pierce the children with the ruthless spear,
And whirl the screaming babes aloft in air;
Their weeping mothers see them quiver there,
With pain they hear their echoing shrieks arise,
With pain they view them quiv'ring in the skies;
They call, and aid with outstretch'd arms implore,
In vain they call, their arms are stretch'd no more.
Some trembling maids rush from the town with woe,
But close behind, advance the thund'ring foe;
They on their bended knees for mercy call,
Lopp'd by the sword their heads yet mutt'ring fall;
Nor age nor youth is spar'd; the pregnant dame
With her untimely infant press'd the plain;
She's murder'd, utt'ring agonizing cries,
The babe yet smoking, dash'd against the skies,
And all the diff'rence of their fates is here,
That one the sword deform'd, and one the spear.
Some wild with grief, abandon'd to their fate,
Rush on the foe, and meet their instant death;
Some climb the house, to shun their fate below,
And when pursu'd, leap headlong on the foe:
But far within the regal rooms disclose,
Fierce and more fierce, a direful scene of woes;
Each roof reverberates with female cries,
And the shrill echo strikes the distant skies;
The trembling mothers fly from place to place,

And kiss their infants with a last embrace;
Th' affrighted babes behold the dire alarms,
And seek for refuge in their mothers' arms.
And now proud HAWKINS storms with martial fire,
The barriers burst, the female guards retire,
The shatter'd doors, the thund'ring ruffians ply,
The doors leap back, the sounding hinges fly;
The war breaks in, loud shout the hostile train,
Each house is ransack'd, and the tenants slain.
Not half so fierce the foaming deluge bounds,
And bursts resistless o'er the level mounds;
Pours down the vale, and roaring o'er the plain,
Sweeps sheep and shepherds headlong to the main:
Rous'd at the deaf'ning peal that roars around,
The sable children listen to the sound:
Thus o'er the corn while furious winds conspire,
Rolls on a wild devouring blaze of fire;
Bursts thro' the forests, gains the mountains brow,
Then pours and thunders down the vale below;
Consumes the fields, lays waste the golden grain,
And all the farmer's labors are in vain;
Stun'd at the din, the swain with list'ning ears,
From some steep rock the raging ruin hears.
Thus YANDY listens to the gen'ral woe,
And tho' a child, prepares to meet the foe:
Twice five years old, bless'd with his father's fire,
And good LOUVERTURE was the stripling's sire;
His oldest boy, who saw his sire laid low,
And his pavillion crowded by the foe:
Eager his father's murd'rers to engage,
Loads, with his former arms, his infant age,
Girds on his unperforming sword in vain,
And waits to meet the vengeful Christian train;
Within his father's house prepar'd to die,

His corpse not yet interr'd lay silent by;
On it the weeping dames with art display'd
Their grateful gifts, and round sweet roses lay'd,
The solemn gloom, the deep majestic shade;
Hither like doves, who close embodied fly,
From some dark tempest, black'ning all the sky.
Unhappy SILVAN with her children ran,
Wept o'er her prince with agonizing pain,
Clung and embrac'd the much lov'd corpse again:
But when in cumb'rous arms her son she spy'd,
" Alas! my poor, unhappy boy (she cry'd)
What, more than madness, 'midst these dire alarms,
Mov'd thee to load thy infant age with arms;
No aid like thine, this dreadful hour demands,
But asks for other strength, for other hands:
No, could your own brave father arm again,
Your own dear father now would arm in vain.
Stay by his corpse, and here we all shall have
One common refuge, or one common grave."
This said, her elder son the dame embrac'd,
And by the sacred corpse the stripling plac'd;
When lo! another of LOUVERTURE'S sons,
Thro' darts and foes from slaught'ring HAWKINS runs;
Wounded he traverses the lonesome dome,
Darts swiftly on, and shoots from room to room:
Close, close behind, pursu'd the furious foe,
Just grasp'd the lad, and aim'd the fatal blow;
Soon as within his mother's sight he pass'd,
Pierc'd by the ruthless steel he breath'd his last;
He fell, a purple stream flow'd from his side,
The soul came gushing in the crimson tide.
The dame, that scene impatient to survey,
Tho' death surrounds her, gives her fury way:
" And oh! may Jove, the violated God,

Barbarian, thank thee for this deed of blood;
And if he lives such actions to regard,
Oh! may he give thy guilt the full reward;
Guilt that a mother's sacred eyes defil'd,
With blood, the blood of her dear murder'd child."
She spoke, and YANDY's arm essay'd to throw
The dull dead jav'lin, that scarce reach'd the foe;
The weapon languishingly lagg'd along,
And guiltless on the ground it faintly rung;
When lo! the chief high rising to the blow,
Cleft with a mortal wound the infant foe,
His mother saw him fall with mighty woe.
She screams, she flies to aid her child in vain,
The wretch tore from her arms her babe again:
As from her arms th' expiring babe he tore,
He dash'd its batter'd brains against the floor;
And then the monster dragg'd the mother on,
'Thro' the warm blood that issu'd from her son;
Stagg'ring and sliding in the slipp'ry gore,
And to a private room the victim bore;
And while the matron weeps her children slain,
Fresh wrongs oppress'd the violated dame:
Here cease, my muse, the sad Columbian strain.
And while the dame faints with her pain, and fears,
Lock'd in the left, he grasps her sable hairs;
High in the right the ruthless blade he rears;
Then to the hilt, with all his force apply'd,
He plung'd the smoking sabre in her side.
Such was the fate unhappy SILVAN found,
With her poor orphans slaughter'd on the ground.
The fraudful LECLERC bears the spoils away,
And guards with watchful care the gather'd prey;
In one vast heap LOUVERTURE's wealth is roll'd,
Gold dust and iv'ry, mix'd with massy gold.

So when the frugal ants, indust'rous train,
Embody'd, rob some golden heap of grain,
Studious ere stormy winter frowns, to lay,
Safe in their darksome cells, the treasur'd prey;
In one long track the dusky legions lead,
Their prize triumphant, thro' the verdant mead;
Here bending with the load a panting throng,
With force conjoin'd heave some huge grain along;
Some lash the stragglers to the task assign'd,
Some to their ranks the band that lag behind;
They crowd the peopled path in thick array,
Glow at the work, and darken all the way.
On heaps of dead the cruel HAWKINS stood,
All grimly frowning, cover'd thick with blood;
Crimes, frauds and murders, are the chief's delight,
The rage of death, and slaughter of the fight.
Beneath a bed, all trembling with dismay,
Couch'd close, eight mothers with their infants lay;
Wrapp'd in a leopard's and a lion's hide,
The foe approach'd; they cast the screen aside,
Sprung to the chief, embrac'd his knees with tears,
And with these words address'd disdainful ears:
"Lo at thy feet see hapless infants fall,
And with their mothers, loud for mercy call;
Oh! gracious hear, nor let our infants bleed,
All innocence in thought, in word and deed."
"Die wretches, die, your suppliant arts give o'er,
The vultures shall grow furious from your gore;
To me no negro need for grace implore,
Th' hour t' avenge our soldiers now is come,
Impending fate is yours, and instant doom;
Not all the gold dust in your trembling town,
With all in Africa, join'd with your own,
If offer'd, vainly should for mercy call,
'Tis you that offer, and I scorn all."

Thus speaking, from a lofty tree he strung
A ship's tough rope, that to another hung;
Near the high boughs he strain'd it strongly round,
Whence no contending foot could touch the ground;
Their necks ty'd up, connected in a row,
Both babes and mothers, big with mighty woe,
All beat the air with quiv'ring feet below."
Thus on some tree hangs struggling in the snare,
The doves and thrushes, flap their wings in air;
Soon fled the harmless souls, and left behind,
The empty corpse, to waver with the wind.
A sage there was, and CANDO was he nam'd,
For virtue much, but more for wisdom fam'd;
All trembling for his town, he strove to move,
The Christians' hearts, to sympathy and love;
While death in many forms all grimly frown'd,
And woe, despair, and ruin rag'd around.
All bending with his age, the mournful man
Propp'd on his staff, and weeping, thus began:
"Ah, Christians! hear, nor let thy suppliant bleed,
Still undishonor'd, or by word, or deed;
You are aveng'd sufficient, and redress'd,
Our army slain, in pity spare the rest;
Ah! spare the babes, nor number with the dead
The old man's silver hairs, and rev'rend head."
"Detested savage, (cruel HAWKINS cries)
Our soldiers slain, whoever meets me, dies;
Laws, or divine, or human, ne'er can move,
Or shame of man, or dread of God above!
Heedless alike of riches or of praise,
Revenge I'll have; prepare to end thy days."
Then forth the cruel ruffians thus began
Their bloody work; they lopp'd away the man;
Morsels for dogs; then trimm'd with brazen shears,

The sage, and shorten'd of his nose and ears;
His hands and feet last felt the dreadful steel,
He roar'd, and with his mighty torments fell.
And now a thought rose in proud HAWKIN'S head,
Unworthy of the living and the dead:
For tir'd of slaughter, from the sable train
Twelve chosen maids he drags along the plain;
Naked and weeping, trembling with their woe,
In tears they follow the fierce Christian foe.
He with their belts their captive arms constrains,
Late their proud ornaments, but now their chains;
And while the youthful maids all quiv'ring stood,
He stuck their bodies thick with lighted wood,
With that a spreading flame the ruffian threw,
And round the maids the flame congenial flew;
Straight to the town they fly, with mad alarms,
They run and cry for help with outstretch'd arms
So when in parting spires the flame divides,
And crackling climbs around the caldron's sides,
In the deep womb grow fierce the hissing streams,
Boil, swell and foam, and bubble o'er the brims;
Till high in air the fuming liquids rise,
And in a length of vapours mount the skies.
The mad'ning maids with pain superior stung,
Thus rush'd in flames amid the mournful throng:
Now spread around the dreadful hissing flames,
And fires the houses, youths and screaming dames;
While round the town the vengeful tyrants flew,
To keep them in, an iron harvest grew;
They poise their dreadful spears while clamors rise,
And trembling shrieks tumultuous rend the skies.
So when the swain invades with stifling smoke,
The bees close cluster'd in a cavern'd rock,
They rise, and trembling for th' endanger'd state,

Inflam'd with wrath, with fell revenge and hate;
This way and that, in loud tumultuous swarms;
Fly o'er their waxen town with hoarse alarms;
The steams offensive roll the cells around,
Their sullen murmurs thro' the rock resound,
While thick'ning thro' the cleft the smokes arise,
And in a length of vapours mount the skies.
Thus murmurs from the town and groans arise,
In peals profound, and thunder to the skies.
The curling flames with joy the Christians view'd,
Saw infants with their parents gasp in blood;
With dire delight they see the flames arise,
And wretched CONGO mounting to the skies;
The houses wrapp'd in flames, and verdant walls,
The work of thousands, in a moment falls.
As soon, as when ashore an infant stands,
And draws imagin'd houses on the sands,
The sportive wanton pleas'd with some new play,
Sweeps the slight works and fashion'd domes away.
Fierce, and more fierce, the fiery torrents grew,
Swell'd in the wind, and round the houses flew.
With headlong speed th' imprison'd dames retire,
Throng in huge heaps, and strive to shun the fire;
They look around for help, they cry in vain,
And beg for mercy to the Christian train;
Then with their eyes fix'd on the vault above,
They call for justice to the God of love:
But from without the watchful ruffians threw
Lance after lance, and gall'd the scorching foe;
The maid and matron, and the babe and sire,
Steep'd in each others blood, in heaps expire;
The screaming mother with distraction wild,
Hugs to the breast her poor unhappy child.
Each house in flames, their roofs incumbent lay,

The beams all burst, the crackling walls give way;
The pond'rous piles come thund'ring to the ground,
The distant forests echo to the sound.
As when an aged oak whose honors rise,
From some steep mountain tow'ring to the skies,
With many an axe by shouting swains is ply'd,
Fierce they repeat the strokes from ev'ry side;
The tall tree trembling as the blows go round,
Bows the high head, and nods to ev'ry wound;
At last quite vanquish'd, with a dreadful peal,
In one loud groan rolls crashing down the vale;
Headlong with half the shatter'd mountain flies,
And stretch'd out huge in length, th' unmeasur'd ruin lies.
Thus with their town sink all the sable train,
Wrapp'd in the smoking ruins on the plain;
Their souls crush'd out, the mothers buried lie,
And in their arms their screaming infants die.
Now to the woods the hissing torrents pour,
Drink up the blood, the crackling trees devour;
The piles of dead are roasted on the plain,
While hissing fierce, ascends the dreadful flame;
Swift on the sedgy reeds the ruin preys,
Around the fountains winds the running blaze;
The groves in flaming rows to ashes turn,
The jess'mine bow'r and the tamrask burn;
Broad elm and cypress rising in a spire,
With wat'ry willows, hiss before the fire;
Quadrupeds and the reptiles pant for breath,
And unfledg'd birds twist in the pangs of death:
Still fierce the conflagration blazes round,
The falling forests yield a thund'ring sound;
Wide on the ships the bright reflection plays,
The surges redden with the distant blaze:
Hell shudder'd to behold the tragic scene,

And Satan blush'd to view the Christian train;
Earth groan'd, heav'n dropp'd a tear, to see such woe,
And the dire slaughter of the barb'rous foe,
And ev'n the fierce, tyrannic, vengeful train,
Beheld with horror, the terrific scene.
As pale with guilt the ruffians view'd the sight,
The blushing sun roll'd down the rapid light,
And plung'd beneath the purpled western sea,
The panting steeds that drew the golden day.
When lo! Jehovah on his azure throne,
With just resentment views the burning town,
Each shriek he hears, and notes each silent groan.
While twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,
And clad the vallies in a solemn gray,
Th' Almighty frowns, and lo! his heralds fly,
While rev'rend horror silenc'd all the sky;
The Christians' guilt, the immortal Sire alarms,
Veng'ance is on the wing, and heav'n in arms;
And lo! a murky cloud the thunder forms,
Full o'er their heads, and blackens heav'n with storms;
Night dwelt o'er all the plain, and now out flies
The gloomy west, and whistles in the skies;
The rude winds madden the tremendous flame,
That spreads sonorous o'er the distant plain.
Now heav'n gave signs of wrath along the ground,
Cry'd the red blood, and with a bellowing sound
Roar'd the dead limbs, the burning entrails groan'd.
God heard the groan, as his vast eye surveys
The town in flames, the ships and shining seas,
And in an instant, bids his whirlwinds fly,
To wing his em'rald chariot thro' the sky:
He mounts, and lo! the starry reins he takes,
The stedfast firmament beneath him shakes;
Drawn by the heav'nly steeds the chariot roll'd,

Bright were the steeds, and circumfus'd in gold;
Suns, stars and comets fring'd the God's array,
That blazing flash'd intolerable day.
High on his throne he shines, his coursers fly,
From the third heav'n, and thunder down the sky;
Black clouds all fring'd with gold, his throne surround,
While lightnings flash, and bellowing thunders sound.
Astonish'd angels his descent behold,
With awful silence fill their thrones of gold;
Around his chariot from the realms on high,
Unnumber'd hosts of radiant heralds fly;
As some way-faring man, who wanders o'er
In thought, a length of lands, he trod before;
Sends forth his active mind from place to place,
Joins hill to dale, and measures space with space;
Thus swift and swifter far the steeds obey,
Sustain his flight, and sweep th' ærial way;
Swift and more swift the charming coursers fly,
And rend their flaming passage thro' the sky;
Surrounding worlds from their foundations nod,
And tremble at the presence of their God;
All nature shook, and with a dreadful sound,
Air thunders, rolls the ocean, groans the ground.
Now in one deluge of impetuous rain,
All heav'n's dark concave rushes down amain.
Fierce and more fierce the mighty whirlwinds rise,
While streams of lightning fringe the sable skies.....
Heav'n's King himself whom dreadful darkness shrouds,
Pavillion'd in the thickness of the clouds,
With lightning arm'd, his red right hand puts forth,
Aud shakes with burning bolts the solid earth;
The tyrants shrink appall'd, the beasts are fled,
All human hearts are sunk and pierc'd with dread:
He strikes the tow'ring mountain's lofty crown,

It nods, and in an instant tumbles down.
Loud howl the winds and shrill the thunders roar,
While God in anger smites the trembling shore
Fierce, at the ruffians' heads a bolt he aims,
Red with uncommon wrath, and wrapp'd in flames;
Full fifty of them instantly laid low,
And fraudful LECLERC felt the dreadful blow;
With piercing shrieks and agonizing cries,
They fall, and falling, close their guilty eyes.
So when by hollow shores the fisher train
Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main,
And scarce the snares the finny draught contain,
All naked of their element, and bare,
The fishes pant, and gasp in thinner air;
Wide o'er the sands are spread the stiff'ning prey,
Till the warm sun exhales their life away.
The Christians heard their gen'ral shriek aloud,
And chilly fear congeal'd their vital blood;
They saw him fall, and lo! his sattin vest
Shook with his sighs, and panted on his breast:
Struck with dismay, and meditating flight,
Aghast they startle at the dreadful sight!
So the pale swain, who treads upon a snake,
Unseen and lurking in the gloomy brake;
Soon as his swelling spires in circles play,
Starts back, and shoots precipitate away.
Thus swift, all pale with guilt, a panting train,
Cover'd with dust, they beat the trembling plain;
And as when slumber seals the closing sight,
The sick wild fancy labors in the night,
Some dreadful visionary foe we shun,
With airy strides, but strive in vain to run....
In vain our baffled limbs their pow'rs essay,
We faint, we stagger, sink, and fall away;

Drain'd of our strength, we neither stand nor fly,
And on the tongue the struggling accents die.
The foe thus labors, and with fruitless pain,
Fall as they fly, and crown the heaps of slain,
And trampled by their friends with many a stride,
Who urge their course to where their vessels ride,
And gasping, shudd'ring, reel along the plain,
With heavier strides to gain their boats again.
No stop, no stay, no thought to ask or tell,
Who 'scap'd by flight, or who by lightning fell,
'Twas tumult all, and violence of flight,
A sudden horror mix'd with wild affright;
Till pale and panting they had reach'd the main,
And trembled in their wooden walls again.

AVENIA.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

At the first dawn the slavers weigh their anchors and sail for the West Indies.....The dissipation of the mariners, and the wretchedness of the slaves briefly contrasted .... A tornado overtakes them.....The admiral's ship with three others, founder, and all hands perish....The remainder rig their jury-masts after the storm, and shape their course for the island of Grenada, which they recognize after a passage of fifty-six days....The slaves weep and tremble to see the town....They are landed and whipped in droves to market, and sold to the highest bidder, like brutes.....Relatives sold to different purchasers, are violently separated, never to see each other again.

AVENIA.

BOOK IV.

NOW the diminish'd stars had fled away
Before the glories of the dawning day,
When the commander of the Christian host
The signal gives, to leave the flaming coast.
Soon as Aurora rob'd in purple light,
Pierc'd with her golden shaft the rear of night;
Before bright Sol from ocean's briny main,
Darts o'er the lawn his horizontal beam,
The sailors toil, their anchors all a-trip,
A gallant breeze impels each tilting ship.
Each ship unmoor'd, the tyrants launch to sea,
And pale with guilt, they plow the watry way.
As in her nest within some cavern hung,
The dove sits trembling o'er her callow young;
Till rous'd at last by some impetuous shock,
She starts surpris'd, and beats around the rock;
Then to the open field for refuge flies,
And the free bird expatiates in the skies:
Her pinions pois'd, thro' liquid air she springs,
And smoothly glides, nor moves her level wings.
So the swift vessels fly in open view,
And gain'd new force and swiftness as they flew.

Swift as they sail, the waters fly before,
And dash'd beneath the ships the surges roar;
The tars in haste their top-sails all unbind,
Then sheet them home, and stretch them to the wind:
High o'er the roaring waves the spacious sails
Bow the tall masts, and swell before the gales;
Each crooked stem the parting surge divides,
And to the stern retreating, roll the tides.
They now their flags, their crimson flags, unbind,
To tow'r aloft, and swell before the wind;
The long proud pendants with the milk-white sails,
From the high masts invite the swelling gales.
Past sight of shore, along the surge they bound,
And all above is sky, and ocean all around;
And when the land can be perceiv'd no more,
And all relief as distant as the shore,
The can of grog a boy obsequious brings,
Replenish'd from the cool translucent springs;
Luxurious now they feast, observant round,
Gay stripling youths the brimming bumpers crown'd,
The purple vintage now allures their taste,
They quaff the wine, and then devour the feast;
In deep debauch they crown their guilty fears,
And bury in oblivion all their cares.
Then lo! the hypocritic impious crowd,
With insolence and wine, elate and loud,
Give three proud cheers, denoting victory,
And crown'd the bowl to heav'n and liberty.
Stemm'd by the ships, the foaming surges rise.
While with their shouts the sailors rend the skies.
Not half so swift the fiery coursers pour,
And as they start, the distant plain devour;
Nor half so fierce the drivers pois'd in air,
Urge the fleet steeds to whirl the flying car,

Throw up the reins, and bending o'er the yoke,
Shout, lash, and send their souls at ev'ry stroke;
The crowd in parties join, and to the cries,
And eager shouts, the hollow wood replies,
While hills to hills repeat the mingled roar,
And the long echo rolls around the shore.
With peals of loud applause from ev'ry side
The navy flew, and shot along the tide;
Swift and more swift each winged dungeon flies,
Less swift an eagle cuts the liquid skies.
Unhappy mortals was the sacred load,
The sons of Adam, who's the son of God.
Oppress'd with anguish, pain, and mighty woe,
Down their black cheeks the tears spontaneous flow;
Their hopes and joys now prematurely gone,
Now wretched, now abandon'd, and undone;
Of friends, of peace, of smiling comforts, left,
And all their dear delights on earth bereft;
While here, for shady groves and verdant bow'rs,
For pleasant walks, and beds of fragrant flow'rs,
They find a floating dungeon on the main,
Chains, hunger, contagion, mighty pain.
Instead of music's sweet harmonious sound,
Repeated yells and deadly groans go round;
The mighty scourge, and mightier voice of pain,
The iron fetter, and the clanking chain;
And for the joyful faces of their friends,
They see in human forms, terrific fiends.
A thousand nameless terrors lag behind,
Despair, confusion, frenzy, seize the mind.
A maid there was, and LAMA was she nam'd,
For beauty much, but more virtue fam'd;
While down her cheeks the copious sorrows flow,
In loud laments she deprecates her woe:

" No more, my friends, we'll view the flow'ry field,
What various scents and shows the meadows yield:
Farewell ye forests, vales, and verdant hills,
Ye sylvan bowers, and ye tinkling rills;
Ye scented groves to which I us'd to run
And find a shelter from the burning sun;
Ye fields, alas! my native fields, adieu!
Whose charming pinks my early labors knew;
Where, when an infant, I was wont to stray,
And gather dasies at the cool of day:
These fragrant fields I see, or think I see,
Like willows weep, or seem to weep for me;
The pensive linnet too, forgets to sing,
And the sweet gold-finch flags each painted wing:
No more I'll bless the pleasing, breathing gale,
And gaze enchanted on the flow'ry vale,
Nor spend the joyful and the dancing hours,
By silver streams, or in ambrosial bow'rs."
Thus those indulge their lust, and these their woe,
And here the tears, and there the bumpers flow.
Ten guilty hours the mariners employ,
In impious feasting, and unhallow'd joy:
The twelfth arriv'd, and lo! th' immortal God
With anger view'd them plough the briny flood;
He bids the whirlwinds rise, the thunders roll,
The forked lightnings flash from pole to pole.
As when avenging flames with fury driv'n
On guilty towns, exert the wrath of heav'n,
The pale inhabitants, some fall, some fly,
And the red vapors purple all the sky.
Thus clouds all charg'd with checquer'd darkness spreads,
Black'ning the floods, and gath'ring o'er their heads.
In haste the mariners now reef each sail,
While the sea whitens with the rising gale:

Now here, now there, the giddy ships are borne,
And all the rattling shrouds in fragments torn.
Now far the night advanc'd her gloomy reign,
And setting stars roll'd down the azure plain,
Fierce and more fierce the dreadful whirlwinds rise,
Black clouds and double darkness vail the skies ;
The moon, the stars, the bright ætherial host,
Seem as extinct, and all their splendors lost :
The furious tempest blows with dreadful sound,
The lightnings flash, and thunders roar profound.
The sails now furl'd, the sailors freeze with fears,
And ghastly death on ev'ry wave appears ;
And while they mourn, the western blast prevails,
Breaks the top-masts, and rends the flying sails.
The ships turn round, the vessels leave their sides
Bare to the working waves, and roaring tides ;
While in huge heaps the gath'ring surges spread,
And hang in mountains o'er proud HAWKINS' head :
Fierce on his ship descends the furious blast,
Howls thro' the shrouds, and rends them from the mast;
The mast gives way, and cracking as it bends,
Tears up the deck, and all at once descends.
Back to the stern retreating surges flow,
And with the surge the shatter'd top-masts go ;
The helms-man by the tumbling ruin slain,
Dash'd from the helm, falls headlong in the main.
Loud, and more loud, God bids his thunders roll,
The vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole ;
Fierce at proud HAWKINS' head a bolt he aims ;
And hissing fierce, the bolt descends in flames,
Full on the ship it fell, now high, now low,
Toss'd and retoss'd, she heel'd beneath the blow ;
At once into the main the crew she shook,
Sulphureous odors, rose, and smoth'ring smoke.

As from a hanging rock's tremendous height,
The sable crows with intercepted flight
Drop endlong, scar'd, and black with sulph'rous hue,
So from the deck are hurl'd the guilty crew.
Like fowl that haunt the flood, they sink, they rise,
Now lost, now seen, with shrieks and dreadful cries,
They strive to gain the ship but heav'n denies;
Transfix'd with thunder, thus they fall a prey
To greedy sharks, that plow the watry way.
The surly billows still like mountains rise,
And foaming mad, attack the low'ring skies;
The briny waves and sable clouds impend,
And swell'd with showers, on three ships descend;
The decks are white with foam, the winds aloud
Howl o'er the ships, and sing thro' ev'ry shroud:
All pale with guilt, the sailors view with fears
Each wave, and on each wave grim death appears.
Now on a tow'ring arch of waves they rise,
Heav'd on the bounding billows to the skies;
Then as the roaring surge retreating fell,
They shoot down headlong to the depths of hell:
Thrice the wild waves rebellow as they rise
Thrice mount the foaming floods, and dash the skies:
Above the sides of three gay ships ascends
A watry deluge, and their ribs it rends:
The wave dissolves their well compacted sides,
Which drink, at many a leak, the briny tides.
The vessels by the surge toss'd round and round,
Sunk in the whirling gulf, devour'd and drown'd.
Two from the dark abyss emerge again,
Boats, planks and treasures float along the main,
A mountain billow soon o'erwhelm'd them all,
And veng'ance found them in their wooden wall.
Thus four ships sink, their crews to death consign'd,

In tumbling billows, and a war of wind.
During the dire event, each slave remains
Sea-sick, oppress'd with grief, and bound in chains;
Twice twenty dy'd oppress'd with mighty pain,
And twelve, half starv'd, were launch'd into the main;
The rest promiscuously to heav'n complain,
And strive to breathe the wholesome air in vain;
Down in the stinking hold they vent their woe,
And down each sable cheek the sorrows flow.
ANGOLA to his countrymen imparts
A ray of hope, and thus revives their hearts:
" Friends, we have known more toils than now we know,
By long experience exercis'd in woe,
And soon to these disasters shall be giv'n
A certain period, by relenting heav'n;
Think how you saw the Christians on our shore,
Heard warlike clangors, and the thunders roar,
And saw your friends all welt'ring in their gore.
Dismiss your fears on those misfortunes past,
Your minds with pleasure may reflect at last;
With manly patience bear your present state,
And with firm courage wait a better fate."
The injur'd youth, thus strives some hopes t' impart,
And hid the secret anguish of his heart.
Here cease, my muse, nor half their woes proclaim,
My plaintive muse, the sad Columbian strain;
For could mankind conceive their mighty woe,
Then all mankind would curse their tyrants too.
Mild winds succeed the storm; the sailor train
Rig their tall jury-masts, and plow the main.
So when thick clouds enwrap the mountain's head,
O'er heav'n's expanse, like one black cieling spread,
Sudden, Jehovah with a flashing ray
Bursts thro' the darkness, and lets down the day;

The hills shine out, the rocks in prospect rise,
And streams, and vales, and forests strike the eyes:
The smiling scene wide open to the sight,
And all th' unmeasur'd æther flames with light:
Thus sable clouds and darkness flee away,
The sailors view with joy, and plow the watry way.
Each captain orders, and th' obedient band
With due observance, waits the stern command.
With speed the masts they rear, with speed unbind
The spacious sails, and stretch them to the wind;
High o'er the fraughty waves the milk-white sails
Drive on the ships, and swell before the gales.
The ships now rigg'd, all fill'd with human stores,
Intent to voyage to the Christian shores,
The sailors swill the grog, the cruel train
Devour the feast and plow the liquid main;
They pay the debt to craving nature due,
Their faded brows with balmy rest renew:
Now interrupted slumbers seal their eyes,
Their cares dissolve in visionary joys.
Not so the slaves; the downy bonds of sleep
By grief relax'd, they wake again to weep.
A gloomy pause ensues of dumb despair,
Then lo! th' invoke th' immortal pow'rs with pray'r;
All stiffled with effluvia, and with heat,
Half starv'd they weep their melancholy fate.
Their time consum'd in feast, the cruel train
Full six and fifty days they plow the main;
Safe thro' the level seas they force their way,
The steersmen govern, and the ships obey.
The sun now rose, all beauteous to behold,
And tipp'd each lofty wave with gleams of gold.
As fiery coursers in the rapid race,
Urg'd by fierce drivers thro' the dusty space,

Toss their high heads, and scour along the plain,
So mount the bounding vessels o'er the main;
Back to the stern, the parted billows flow,
And the black ocean foams and roars below.
As thus the ships all stem the briny tide,
And tilting o'er the sea the vessels ride,
Like distant clouds the mariner descries.
Grenada's high emerging hills arise:
The steersmen keep them in the liquid road,
And plow the various windings of the flood.
Clear, and more clear, the swelling shore they spy,
See the thin smokes that melt into the sky,
And bluish hills just op'ning to the eye.
At eve the ships approach the fatal land,
And in the winding bay they anchor on the sand.
Close to the town a spacious port appears,
Belonging to king George, whose name it bears;
Two lofty mounts projecting to the main,
The roaring winds' tempestuous rage restrain;
Within the waves in softer murmurs glide,
The ships secure, within the harbor ride.
The slaves behold the land with mighty woe;
And as they view, the tears in torrents flow.
Then lo! AVENIA fill'd with black despair,
Address'd to heav'n her agonizing pray'r:
"Oh, Jove! this moment send thy dreadful dart,
And cure the torture of my panting heart;
Oh! snatch me far from this blood-thirsty race,
Toss'd thro' the void illimitable space;
Or, oh! let thunder from some dreadful cloud
Transfix me, or let briny ocean shroud.
My poor ANGOLA, 'tis for thee I groan,
By day I weep, by night I make my moan;

How would I welcome any fav'ring death
To ease me of the burden of my breath;
For ah! the worst of ills is still behind,
The brutal conduct of the Christian kind.
Sure nature first in anger did intend
A plague of monsters o'er the world to send,
Then brought forth her most brutish offspring; men,
And turn'd each house into a savage den:
In this rapacious species we may find
All that's destructive in the preying kind;
Lion, wolf, tiger, bear and crocodile,
Strong to devour, and cunning to beguile;
But they are led to prey by appetite,
And that once pleas'd, no more on blood delight:
Christians, like hell, have an insatiate thirst,
And still are keenest, when so full to burst:
Thus raises fraud, makes treach'ry fine and gay,
While banish'd justice flies disrob'd away.
This fills the world with loud alarms of war,
And turns each plow-share to a hostile spear."
She spoke with tears, and with a mournful groan,
In audible lament she makes her moan;
The sounds assault ANGOLA'S wakeful ear,
Misjudging of the cause, a sudden fear
Of her distress and pain, the youth alarms,
He thinks some foe is rushing to her arms:
Up springing with his chains in active haste,
He plung'd, alas! into the watry waste,
Nor sees his folly, whose untutor'd mind
Views God in waves, or hears him in the wind:
His soul proud science never taught to stray,
Far as the solar walk or milky way,
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Beyond the briny deep, an humble heav'n.

Some safer world with depths of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the watry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold:
He thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His injur'd wife will bear him company;
He looks towards his consort as he dies,
"Farewel, a long and last farewel!" he cries.
Thus clos'd for ever, poor ANGOLA'S eyes.
He takes one glance at his paternal shore,
Then round his head the waves redounding roar.
Thus ANGOLA, while his far dearer part
Unconscious of his fate, laments apart,
And mighty sorrows swell her bursting heart.
Tow'rd her lov'd coast she cast her eyes in vain,
'Till dimm'd with grief, with grief they stream again:
Thus in her prison she consumes the day,
While horrors wore the heavy night away.
To some kind friend she'd feign her wrongs disclose,
Now doom'd to meet unutterable woes;
But all around are curs'd with hearts of steel,
Without the sense to pity or to feel.
The slaves behold the land with wild affright,
They view the town, and sicken at the sight;
While the proud planters view the ships around,
In haste they rush along the landing ground;
Rous'd by the sight, they go at early dawn,
Precipitate and bounding o'er the lawn;
To purchase slaves they to the ships repair,
And view the product of the fatal war.
The slaves beheld them in that dreadful hour,
With pain, and shudder'd at their barb'rous pow'r
Their cruel foes who live in heav'n's despite,
Contemning laws, and trampling on the right;

Untaught to work, to turn the glebe, and sow,
They all their riches to their neighbors owe.
The tyrants now prepare their slaves to land,
All shav'n and trimm'd, upon the yellow sand.
Now forc'd into the boats, with wild affright,
A sudden horror struck their aching sight.
The sailors catch the word, their oars they seize,
And sweep with equal strokes the smoking seas;
Clear of the ships th' impatient long boats fly,
While silent tears flow from each captive's eye.
Within a long recess, a bay there lies,
Edg'd round with clifts, high pointing to the skies;
The jutting shores that swell on either side,
Contract its mouth, and break the rushing tide.
The eager sailors seize the fair retreat,
And bound within the port the little fleet;
For here retir'd, the sinking billows sleep,
And smiling calmness silver'd o'er the deep.
With earnest hearts the joyful sailors press,
While kindling transports glow'd at their success;
But the sad fate that did their friends destroy,
Cool'd ev'ry breast, and damp'd the rising joy.
The shackled captives in their tyrant's sight
Dejected stand, and shake with wild affright;
And since no sign of any friend appears,
They'd fain dissolve, and drown themselves in tears.
Thus they bewail, while lo! the tyrants land
Their slaves dejected, on the yellow sand;
In droves, unhappy matrons, maids and men,
Are driv'n promiscuous, to th' imprison'd den.
'Twas now the morning of the fatal day;
The universe in solemn sadness lay,
The murmurs of the woodland monsters die,
The morning star ascends the glowing sky;

Through all the verdant groves a silence reigns,
The flocks and herds lie stretch'd along the plains.
When, lo, Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Fring'd with her orient light the dewy lawn,
And then bright Sol, all beauteous to behold,
Tipp'd the green mountains with a gleam of gold.
While from their dens the slaves are driv'n along;
And scourg'd to market with the knotted thong.
Like flocks of sheep, alas! they're driv'n about,
The drudge and scorn of an insulting rout.
They move along with pensive steps, and slow,
And, as they move, the tears spontaneous flow.
With red-hot irons now they brand the crew,
While, lo, the briny tears descend anew.
In vain they strive ten thousand things to say,
In vain they strive, for groans stop up the way.
But speaking tears the want of words supply,
And the full soul bursts copious from each eye.
They strive their tyrant's pity to command,
The ruffians hear, but will not understand.
To what submissions, in what low degree
Are mortals plac'd, dire avarice, by thee!
Once more they strive, by melting tears to move
Those tyrants' hearts to sympathetic love;
Try all their suppliant arts and try again,
To move their pity; but they try in vain.
No hope the poor unhappy creatures find;
In body tortur'd, and distress'd in mind.
They curse their natal and their nuptial hour,
Tears flow amain in one unceasing show'r,
And peals of groans in mighty columns rise,
Ascend the heav'ns, and thunder in the skies.
Pierc'd with the noise the wretched babes, in vain,
With tender cries, repeat the sound again.

And at the mournful call the mothers press'd
Their starting infants, screeching to the breast.
They scream with dread, to hear the dire alarms,
And shrink for shelter in their mothers' arms.
When, lo, a matron wearied heav'n with pray'r,
While on the precipice of black despair.
The wretched mother then embrac'd her son,
First shed a tender tear and thus began:
"Alas my poor unhappy boy (she cries,)
While silver sorrows trickle from her eyes;
And have I borne thee with a mother's throes,
To suffer thus? Nurs'd thee for future woes?
How short the space allow'd my boy to view!
How short the space and filled with anguish too!"
And, as she speaks, the tears pour down again;
A cloud of grief o'erwhelmed the weeping train.
They view their foes and sicken at the sight,
In bitterness of soul, they long for night.
Again she cries, "These floods of grief restrain,
Veng'ance will soon o'ertake the Christian train.
Let us be patient and let us prepare
To move great Jove, our heav'nly sire, by pray'r.
Our wrongs to him are known; to him belongs
The stranger's cause, and the revenge of wrongs.
When friendly death our woe-worn frames shall free;
And take our abject souls from misery.
Our ghosts, all stained with blood, shall daily cry
To heav'n, for veng'ance, and the blushing sky.
If we, for latent guilt, be doom'd to woes,
The crimes we learned from our Christian foes.
Our ghosts shall follow them through earth and sky;
And, wrapt in flames, will blaze tremendously;
Flash in their faces, and for justice cry.
Our vengeful spirits shall enhance their woe,

Enjoy their anguish, and their torments know ;
And smile with transport in the shades below !"
These words were all, though much she had to say,
And scarce these few for tears could force their way.
Trembling with agonizing fear and woe,
The children view each bloody Christian foe,
Cling to their parents with a close embrace,
With kisses wander o'er each tearful face.
The scramble o'er, the horrid sale now done ;
The slaves but find their sorrows just begun.
To separate the hapless weeping throng,
The cowskin hero wields the knotted thong ;
And, as he wields, applies the dreadful blow,
Whilst streams of blood in purple torrents flow.
Smit with the sign, which all their fears explain,
The children still embrace ; their knees sustain
Their feeble weight no more ; their arms alone
Support them, round their bleeding parents thrown.
They faint, they sink, by dreadful woes oppress'd,
Each heart weeps blood, and anguish rends each breast.
With fear and cruel pain they stood amaz'd ;
First up to heav'n, then on their foes they gaz'd,
And, as they gaze, the pearly sorrows flow,
In grief profound, unutterable woe.
All stain'd with blood, a weeping mother press'd
Her dear, dear trembling infant to her breast.
Then, shrieking, to her wretched husband springs,
With her poor babe, and on his bosom hangs,
Kissing his lips, his cheeks, his weeping eyes,
While tears descend to earth, and groans ascend the skies.
Quick through his bleeding heart her sorrows ran,
Grief seiz'd his soul, and wrapt up all the man.
Deep, deep he sigh'd ; and, when he sigh'd, he shed
A flood of big round tears, and thus he said....

" Impartial Jove, thou sov'reign of the skies,
Avenge our wrongs, our fatal wrongs, he cries.
Our wrongs," the hero said, and strove to say ;
But sighs and mighty groans stopp'd up the way.
Now furious rage the mournful chief inspires,
And all his soul just indignation fires.
Amid his hapless family he stands,
And lifts to heav'n his eyes and spreading hands.
Oppress'd with grief, and raving with despair,
With groans, prefers to Jove his mental prayer :
And, while he thus his mental prayer prefer'd,
His mental prayer th' Almighty Sov'reign heard.
And, lo, the chief stood still in grief profound,
And fix'd his eyes with anguish on the ground,
Majestically sad. The hosts on high,
With gazing saints, lean forward from the sky,
From clouds, all fring'd with gold, their bodies bent,
With eager eyes, they view the sad event ;
They view the hero's wrongs, the foe's delight,
They view his wrongs, and loath the hateful sight :
Then vail their eyes, refulgent to behold,
With their white wings, all tipp'd with downy gold ;
To whom, while blushing, from the chief they look,
The Sire of men, the Sire of angels spoke.
Around his brows a brilliant cloud was spread,
And floods of glory rolled above his head.
Like mighty thunders, lo, his voice he rear'd,
Hosts dropp'd their harps, and worshipp'd as they heard.
With awe, they see the checquer'd lightnings play,
And turn their eye-balls from the golden ray.
Thus, in the starry courts, enthron'd on high,
Sat the majestic monarch of the sky ;
A robe, beyond the thought of mortals, white,
He wore, all fring'd with stars and golden light ;

Bright azure gilds the arches of his brows,
And on his cheeks the purple morning glows.
Around his em'rald throne arch-angels meet,
And smiling seraphs worship at his feet.
Where'er, serene, he turns his dazzling eyes,
There's peace, there's joy, there's love, there's paradise:
But if just anger reddens their mild beams,
All heav'n trembles, and the world's in flames.
Rank'd by degrees, in the supreme abode,
Bright cherubs, wond'ring, view th' immortal God.
Beneath his eye, the heav'ns, in full survey,
The spacious earth, and vast creation lay.
He darts his eye, his piercing eye profound,
And looks majestically stern around;
And, with a single glance, the God surveys
The slaves, the ships, the navigable seas,
Again the Sire of men his silence broke,
All heav'n, attentive, trembled as he spoke;
The stormy winds a solemn silence keep,
The curling waves lie level on the deep;
All æther trembled, while high heav'n was aw'd,
All nature reverenc'd th' immortal God.
His voice harmonious, thus Jehovah cries,
While anger sparkled in his awful eyes....
"Behold and blush, ye first-born of the skies,
Behold yon Christian hypocrite unjust,
Full of rage, rapine, cruelty and lust;
T' enslave my sons, they propagate their sway,
Join fraud to force, and bear the spoils away.
Who, smooth of tongue, in purpose insincere,
Hide fraud in smiles, while death is harbor'd there:
From tender husbands, weeping brides they tear,
They proffer peace, yet wage unnat'ral war:
Whilst still they hope we'll wink at their deceit,

And call their villainies the crimes of fate.
Unjust mankind, whose will's created free,
Charge all their guilt on absolute decree:
To us they pray, to us their sins translate,
And follies are miscall'd the crimes of fate.
The Christian rulers in their ruin join,
And truth is scorn'd by all the perjur'd line!
Their crimes transcend all crimes since Noah's flood;
Their guilty glories soon shall set in blood.
They swear by heav'n, then spill their brother's gore;
Lo, view my creatures bleeding on the shore:
Shall heav'n be false, because revenge is slow?
No...we prepare to strike the fiercer blow:
Sure is our justice. They shall feel their woe!
The day shall come, that great avenging day,
When all their honors in the dust shall lay;
Ourself shall pour dire judgments on their land,
Thus have we said, and what we say shall stand.
Their cruelty for justice daily cries,
And pulls reluctant veng'ance from the skies;
Such hypocritic foes their toils shall know,
And ev'ry hand shall work its share of woe.
How av'rice fires their minds, ye heav'n-born train,
Behold our sacred gospel preach'd in vain;
Behold us disobey'd; what dire alarms
Inflame their souls to [redacted]hter, blood, and arms.
Their dreadful end will wing its fatal way,
Nor need their rage anticipate the day.
Let him who tempts me dread the dire abode,
And know th' Almighty is a jealous God.
Still they may charge on us their own offence,
And call their woes the crimes of providence;
But they themselves their miseries create,
They perish by their folly, not their fate."

Then, by himself, the gracious monarch swore
To save th' oppressed, and relieve the poor;
To bless the orphan, punish lawless lust,
And lay each haughty tyrant in the dust,
Destroy th' oppressor, aid the righteous cause,
Avenge the breach of heav'n's eternal laws.
Then, lo, he gave the great tremendous nod,
With his bright head, the sanction of the God.
Thro' heav'n, thro' earth, the strong concussion rolls,
The golden planets trembled to the poles;
That moment thunders rattle, lightnings fly,
Black clouds and double darkness vail the sky:
The rough rocks roar, tumultuous boil the waves,
The tides come roaring through the rumbling caves:
The wild winds whistle, and the storms arise,
Lash the salt surge, and bluster in the skies:
The wave behind mounts on the wave before,
And drives the mountain billows to the shore.
While the unhappy exiles mournful stand,
Boys, babes, and dames, a miserable band;
The wretched train of shrieking mothers bound,
Behold their captive children trembling round:
They strive to ease their children's grief again,
But still repeat the moving theme in vain.
Scarce can the whip release each grasping hand;
Like sculptur'd monumental grief they stand.
Compassion then touch'd my tyrannic soul;
And down my cheek a tear that moment stole.
Then, nor till then, I pitied! though their foe,
Struck with the sight of such unequall'd woe,
Swift, and more swift, unbidden sorrows rise;
And, in large drops, ran trickling from my eyes.
Now parted by the whip, with doleful sound,
The children speak their agonies profound.

Dissolv'd in tears, they round their parents hung;
And their young arms in early sorrows wrung.
Pierc'd with such grief, the bleeding youths, in vain,
Fly back, for refuge, to their sires again;
Complain with moving tears, and moving cries,
And beg for aid with eloquence of eyes.
Lost, to the soft endearing ties of life,
The social names of daughter, parent, wife,
The frantic mother hears the well-known sound....
" Can no redress, she cries to heav'n, be found?
Can mortals give or feel a deeper wound?
Ye savage Christians! now your rage is spent;
Your malice can no greater pains invent.
Parental tenderness, and *kindred blood!*
Your force till now I little understood.
Oh that the base tyrannic Christian band,
Had never touch'd my dear paternal land,
Oh, that I were some monster of the wood;
Or bird by land, or fish that swims the flood!
Unthoughtful then my sorrows I could bear;
Nor sin, nor groan, nor weep, nor sigh, nor fear.
While thus she speaks, she views the golden light,
And purple skies; but sickens at the sight.
Her grief approximating to despair,
Thrice from her head she tore the sable hair,
Thrice beat her breast with unexampled fear;
Then looking up with streaming eyes, she cries,
Thus, sobbing, to the Monarch of the skies:
" Immortal Sire, good, gracious, and divine,
In might supreme, in majesty sublime;
Shall Christians, cruel Christians, still prevail?
And shall thy promise to thy creatures fail?
And shall they, shall they still increase our woe?
And dye our lands with purple as they go?

Rise in thy wrath, almighty Maker, rise ;
Behold our grievous wrongs with gracious eyes.
Oh, save my valiant friends, the bold and brave,
Their wives abus'd, their bleeding infants save.
Oh ! see them force the injur'd maid away,
With sons, sires, wives, an undistinguish'd prey :
While wives and daughters serve promiscuous lust,
Their sires and husbands bite the bloody dust.
To count our wrongs demands ten thousand tongues,
An angel's voice, and adamantine lungs.
While thus she prays, weeps, groans, complains in vain,
The ruffians whip her from the place again.
Thus the sweet nightingale scar'd from her nest,
By cruel boys, with grief and care oppress'd ;
She hovers round and round the much lov'd place,
And strives, but strives in vain to save her race.
With melancholy notes she fills the plains,
And with melodious harmony complains ;
And tells the cruel, listless boys her pains.
They heave round stones, that labor up the skies,
To kill the mother as the mother flies.
Lo, tyrants *thus* administer relief,
Add wrong to wrong, and wretchedness to grief.
And oft, alas ! with hypocritic air,
Condemn the crimes in which they deeply share.
Hear this, ye tyrants, distant nations, hear,
And learn the judgments of high heav'n to fear.
Yes, ages yet unborn hereby shall see,
Their predecessors' guilt and tyranny.
These Christians thirst for gold ; while fierce in arms,
Their cruel breasts no tender pity warms.
And if the heathens should one virtuous find,
Name the slave-traders ; they will curse the kind.
Deceitful gold ! how high will Christians rise

In latent guilt, to gain the glitt'ring prize?
Hence sacred faith, and public trust are sold,
And villains barter Adam's sons for gold.
Hence tyrants rule, the scorn of honest fame,
And Virtue's chang'd to monumental shame.
Shall the oppressed race of human kind,
From heav'n above, nor earth, no justice find?
Can bloody carnage please Jehovah's sight?
Or flaming war reflect a grateful light?
No mortal woe impartial heav'n relieves,
Peace, joy, life, love, relenting mercy gives.
Impell'd by love, he promis'd to the poor,
To hear their pray'rs, nor drive from mercy's door.
Compell'd by truth he will his word fulfil,
Save the oppress'd, and do his sov'reign will.
He will redress his creature's wrongs, tho' late;
Thus has he spoke; and what he spake, is fate:
And then the tyrants of mankind shall bend,
Their honours vanish, and their glories end.
For come it will, that dreadful day replete,
With penal sanctions, and tremendous fate.
Then despots, tho' on golden thrones, will bleed,
And ruffians too, to mighty woes decreed.
Whilst tyrants punish with an iron rod,
Oppress, destroy....their dreadful scourge is God.
He views their guilt with flaming eyes around,
That flash with rage, with mighty rage profound.
And ev'n the sons of freedom prove unjust,
Alike in cruelty, alike in lust!
Them shall the muse to infamy consign,
Despis'd, abhorr'd; the theme of tragic rhyme.
Those barb'rous villains spread consuming death,
The name of freedom withers at their breath.
Virtue disrob'd, infernal vice aspires,

And weeping liberty and truth retires;
Laurels that should fair Virtue deck alone,
To systematic hypocrites are thrown;
Their nature, and their nation they disgrace,
And stamp with sable signatures their race.
Republicans will suffer in their shame,
And e'en the best that bears the noble name.
A hypocrite, when once to sin inclin'd,
All hell cannot produce so fierce a fiend.
Wide o'er the world their character has spread;
Disgrac'd their country, and disgrac'd the dead,
Who fought for freedom, and for freedom bled.
Their hypocritic villainy proclaim,
Oh, sing their guilt, my muse....inglorious fame!
For yet more woes their tragic acts inspire,
T' attune with energetic verse the mournful lyre.

AVENIA.

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT.

THE sale of the slaves concluded....Invocation....Miseries of the slaves....They arrive on the estate....Their labor ....Their food....The wretchedness of their habitations briefly displayed....The effects of slavery demonstrated in the destruction of AVENIA...She is forcibly violated by her master....Her lamentations for the loss of her husband....For her country....She commits suicide by plunging from a high rock into the ocean.

AVENIA.

BOOK V.

LONG as the morning sun, increasing bright,
O'er heav'n's pure azure spread the growing light,
The slaves are bought and sold promiscuously,
Their fates are seal'd, their fatal destiny:
But when, his ev'ning wheels o'erhung the main,
The vendue o'er, the proud tyrannnic train
Scourge their unhappy vassals o'er the plain.
Ah! melancholy muse, strike ev'ry string,
And teach your bard, your plaintive bard, to sing;
For yet more woes their tragic acts inspire,
T' attune with mournful verse, the golden lyre.
The slaves now to th' estate are drove like lambs,
Bound to the butchers, sever'd from their dams;
With beating hearts, with solemn steps, and slow,
The move along, while tears in torrents flow;
The cowskin hero wields the knotted thong,
And whips each poor unhappy wretch along:
Beneath, above, around, on ev'ry side,
Anguish pursues them like a rushing tide.
But time would fail us, if we'd pause to view
The various torments of the sable crew;
The wretched captives, whose distracted brains
Extract from all they see, substantial pains;

And as to the plantation they advance,
Take of the hapless drove a transient glance ;
Who view the moment they approach th' estate,
Their countrymen in chains, their own dire fate.
Each Christian must survey their wrongs with woe,
While down their cheeks unbidden sorrows flow ;
The person who beholds their pains, nor can
Feel pity, is a monster, not a man.
No mortal eloquence can paint their woes,
Depict their wrongs, and malice of their foes :
Not MILTON'S pen, nor SHAKSPEARE'S tragic lyre,
Not HOMER'S flame, nor POPE'S poetic fire.
To count their wrongs demands immortal tongues,
A throat of brass, and adamantine lungs,
And then could mortals view their mighty woe,
From ev'ry eye pathetic tears would flow ;
The earth, air, seas, and all the three contain,
Would swell with indignation, burst with shame,
And man would execrate the barb'rous train,
Their fate is wretched, dismal and severe,
Their lamentations still assault my ear ;
Remembrance sad exhibits to my view,
Sights which must make their wounds all bleed anew.
If a poor slave from servitude has ran,
They lacerate, and lop away the man ;
When they have caught, they trim with brazen sheers,
The wretched slave, and rob him of his ears !
And if impell'd by hunger, he should steal,
Or strike his cruel master, thus rebel,
His arm is sure to feel the vengeful steel.
Nocturnal stars their constant wailings know,
And blushing Phœbus witnesses their woe.
Before Aurora spreads the purple day,
Rous'd by the lash, to work they're drove away ;

Tears stream from ev'ry eye, with silent woe,
And groans burst forth at every step they go:
Soon as bright Phœbus gilds the orient morn,
With sighs they deprecate his swift return;
And ev'ry moment chides his slow-pac'd ray,
All eager, long to see the sober gray:
And from the time their grievous task began,
They're scourg'd incessant till the setting sun.
No Christian views them with a tender tear,
They find no mercy, nor no hope to cheer;
And when their toil is o'er, like hogs repair,
To dens as wretched, and more wretched fare:
All day they plant the canes with mighty woe,
Their sighs must fan them, and their blood must flow,
And lo! their tears must drench them e'er they grow.
Naked, expos'd to Phœbus' burning beams,
When night descends, they're fed with dry horse beans;
And but one pint, ev'n then, when work is done,
Their day's supports devour'd, when joyful sets the sun.
And oh! they long to see the scanty meal,
While their tir'd limbs each hour is like to fail;
Strangers to ease, and strangers to delight,
With groans they eye the sun, and wish the night;
Slow seems the sun to move, the hours to roll,
Their native home deep imag'd in each soul.
As the tir'd plowman spent with stubborn toil,
Whose horses long have torn the furrow'd soil,
Sees with delight the sun's declining ray,
When home with feeble knees he bends his way,
To late repast, the day's hard labor done,
So to the slaves, thus welcome sets the sun:
But he departs to joyful friends and rest,
And these to wretchedness, with grief oppress'd;
Their bodies scourg'd, and stiff with clotted gore,

The wounds, the fatal wounds, receiv'd before;
Their lacerated limbs, oppress'd with chains,
Their minds, alas! with more than mortal pains:
And when the toils of each sad day is o'er,
They sink to sleep, and wish to wake no more.
Here cease my muse, nor further paint their woe,
Too horrid for the sons of men to know.
The pondrous earth would roll her annual way,
E'er we could half their miseries display;
The woodland monsters would with tears bewail,
And e'en APOLLYON shudder at the tale.
But sing AVENIA's fate, her wrongs proclaim,
Ah! sing her wrongs, my muse, the sad Columbian strain.

Now on th' estate the slaves arriv'd, and there
In chains they're scourg'd, to work with deep despair;
The planter views his new bought slaves, while foul
Unhallow'd passions, kindle in his soul.
All beautiful in grief, AVENIA cries
For pity, to the Sov'reign of the skies.
The tyrant spies, (majestic in distress
The charming maid) intent on wickedness;
He calls his slave.....the maid with mighty fears,
And reverential awe, approach'd in tears;
She moves with melancholy steps and slow,
And as she moves, the tears still swifter flow,
Nor knew her fate. To speak she made essay,
In vain essay'd, nor would her tongue obey.
The foe, now mild, invites the maid to stay,
And bids her follow where he leads the way:
Now, lo! his base attempts were all display'd
To the observance of the shudd'ring maid;
And, oh! what various passions from within,
Fill'd her vex'd soul with one stupendous din;

Mourning's deep groan, affliction's languid squall,
Terror's loud cry, and anger's furious call,
The sobs of passion, the hysteric scream,
And shrieks of frenzy, in their fierce extreme.
She prostrate falls, and with both hands embrac'd
His knees, and weeping, thus her pray'r address'd:
"And, oh! (she cries) your pity I implore,
Wretched, defenceless, on a foreign shore;
Think what your mother is, and pity me,
Oh! think on Jove, who views my misery."
She said, and strove ten thousand things to say,
But anger, grief and shame, stopp'd up the way:
In vain she strives his pity to command,
The monster hears, but will not understand.
The violated maid now swoons with pain,
Here cease, my muse, the sad Columbian strain:
I write no more on this, by shame suppress'd,
Let tears and burning blushes paint the rest.
But this, ev'n this, is nothing to the shame
And nameless crimes of the tyrannic train;
Nor dare I paint what prudence must conceal,
Nor half, oh! half their villainies reveal.
Methinks I see each sentimental fair,
With tender sorrow wipe the trickling tear,
While shame and horror thro' their bosoms rush,
Swell ev'ry vein, and spread the burning blush.
Then join me, ye, whose kindling souls would flame,
Touch'd like this maid's, by such injurious shame.
Ah! let your quick and kindred spirits form
A vivid picture, of the fatal storm
In which she labor'd, and whose force to paint,
The muse's strongest tints appear too faint:
In sympathetic thought her suff'rings see,
But, oh! for ever from her wrongs be free;

Her soul of peace has took its long adieu,
Hear this, ye nymphs, but hear and tremble too.
Ye fair, half naked in the solar ray,
Ye fair, that launch in fashion's tempting sea,
Tho' fortune crowns you with a calmer day,
Imprudence is: so say the learned schools,
"The bane of virgins, and the bait of fools."
And yet the dresses now by ladies wore,
Would make a harlot blush in days of yore.
Such fashions I have seen in open day,
Which decency forbids me to display;
Their swelling breasts, their necks and elbows bare,
With eyes enticing, and with curling hair,
Their robes so fashion'd, that degen'rate men
May fancy all the wond'rous charms within!
And thus, each dame all beautify'd by art,
Attracts the wanton eye, th' unhallow'd heart;
Those charms, alas! that virtue bids them screen,
By ev'ry lawless libertine are seen:
This makes seduction seem both fine and gay,
While weeping virtue walks disrob'd away.
Here all our guilt, and all our sorrows lie,
Hence youths and maids to certain ruin fly.
By nature man's deprav'd; this makes them worse,
Impels to guilt, that proves an endless curse;
They fix their eyes upon each swelling breast,
The vices reigning will declare the rest.
Oh! what's th' enchanting eye, the ruddy face,
"Beauty unchaste, is beauty in disgrace;"
And yet in them is ev'ry art and charm,
To win the wisest, and the coldest warm:
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
The kind deceit, and still reviving fire,
Languor that fascinates, all conqu'ring charms,

That tempts the sage, and ev'n the stoic warms.
Yet, oh! the pride, the glory of our race,
For want of prudence, is the world's disgrace;
Guilt which in ages past in darkness lay,
Is now the pride and order of the day.
But this degen'racy is big with woe,
To social order a destructive foe;
The race of mankind are by nature frail,
And strong temptations with the best prevail.
Th' enticing ladies who their charms expose,
At once ensnare, and are ensnar'd by foes;
Each am'rous fop with greedy eyes surveys
Their charms expos'd, and covets still to gaze;
This makes the husband soon forget his spouse,
For man is false, nor recollects his vows;
With wild inconstancy for all he burns,
Each shameless Miss subdues his heart by turns;
He views each true or artificial charm
High fancy paints, or transient love can form,
These fatal sights his sleeping passions warm:
Seduction is his last resource....hence woe,
Disgrace and shame, o'erwhelms th' ensnaring foe;
And hence, oh! hence, such num'rous rakes we see,
And idle women, plung'd in misery;
Hence Misses who have scarce twelve winters seen,
Become the victims of degen'rate men;
First mimic fashions, only arm'd with smiles,
Then fall, all ruin'd, by seduction's wiles.
So lost from shepherd, and its mourning dam,
Thro' some lone desart roves a straggling lamb,
No danger fears, but as she idle strays,
Round ev'ry bush the heedless wanton plays,
Till raging wolves the beauteous toy surround,
Or tigers slay her on the crimson ground;

Then from her heart the guiltless purple flows,
A precious morsel for the hungry foes.
By dire example ruin'd, thus wretched lies
Millions of youthful dames with streaming eyes;
No more their lips like dewy roses glow,
Their weary eyes no peaceful slumbers know;
But left to strike their pensive breasts in vain,
And curse the authors of their lasting pain.
Then how should parents guard their female train,
By precept and example all restrain:
For oh! mankind in perfidy delight,
Despise perfection, and fair virtue slight;
False, fickle, base, tyrannic and unkind,
Whose hearts, nor vows can chain, nor honors bind;
Mad to possess, by passion blindly led,
And then as mad to stain the bridal bed;
Whose roving souls, no excellence, no age,
No form, no rank, no beauty, can engage;
No rectitude nor virtue can restrain,
Nor fear of endless infamy or pain.
If God looks down as in the days of yore,
What violence he'll see....the houseless poor
Robb'd....while pride, lust, were ne'er extended more.
Such venal faith, and such misplac'd applause,
Such pamper'd guilt, and such inverted laws,
Such quarr'ling saints, such selfish devotees,
Nor love mankind, nor feel their miseries.
Such metamorphos'd demagogues he'd see,
Imperial foes, who crown'd with victory,
Plunge nations into sov'reign misery.
This is a period big with future woe,
Which soon must burst with veng'ance on the foe:
Such were the Israelites before their fall,
Such lengths they went, till heav'n destroy'd them all.

'Twas now the ev'ning of the following day,
In solemn silence all creation lay;
The murmurs of the groves and billows die,
The golden sun whirl'd down the western sky;
The savage monsters cease to haunt the wood,
The birds the grove, the silver fish the flood;
All, all, with tender pity seem'd to share
AVENIA'S sorrow, and distressing fear.
Thrice from her head she tore the sable hair,
Thrice beat her breast in madness of despair;
And tir'd with agonizing life below,
Now bent on death, distracted with her woe,
She views the day but sickens at the sight,
And earnest longs to see the welcome night;
And when bright Phœbus shrouds each orient ray,
She longs, in bitterness of soul, for day.
While silver stars succeed the golden sun,
Her anguish only seems to be begun.
Alas! by night, and thro' the purple day,
Her lover seems to summons her away;
In sad and doleful melancholy strains,
AVENIA thinks the hapless youth complains;
His bleeding image sees in ev'ry dream,
And still repeats her dear ANGOLA'S name;
In thought she sees him but a transient guest,
Pants on his lips, and murmurs on his breast;
She sees, or thinks she sees his sable charms,
And round a phantom throws her loving arms;
She calls aloud, ten thousand things would say,
She calls aloud, the phantom glides away.
To her paternal home she travels on
In thought, abandon'd, desolate, alone;
Now treads, or seems to tread a dismal plain,
And seeks her lover through the waste, in vain.

The vision now forsakes her willing eyes,
And from her empty arms the phantom flies.
She calls on God with agonizing sound,
On sun, and planets, and the dark profound;
On all th' immortal pow'rs in solemn state,
Who witness'd her unutterable fate;
With spreading hands all lifted to the skies,
To pay due veng'ance for her miseries.
She spoke, and rushing o'er the distant plain,
Ascends a rock projecting o'er the main;
With groans and tears, and with uplifted hands,
Still bent on death, before the flood she stands;
Her grief profound a moment's peace denies,
Rest to her mind, or slumber to her eyes.
Almost insane, she loves and hates by turns,
With grief now maddens, then with fury burns;
And now she melts to love and silent woe,
While down her cheeks the scalding sorrows flow.
With streaming eyes she cries to heav'n again,
And looks towards her dear paternal plain;
She weeps her own and her ANGOLA'S woe,
Who prematurely suffer'd by the foe:
" He's gone, while I beneath the load of life,
(She cries) support unutterable grief;
He's gone, and yet I view the purple light,
But now will leave it, for I loath the sight:
Life has no charms for me, but I will go
And meet my husband in the shades below;
He's gone, nor can he see this fatal day,
Freed from his foes, and their tyrannic sway:
And oh! (she cries) thou Sire of the distress'd,
Behold with pity, and relieve th' oppress'd."
She views the deep deep flood with native fear,
And wrings her arms, envelop'd in despair.

Her piercing shrieks the distant region rends,
The woods re-echo with the voice she sends;
The hills reverberate, the vales rebound,
And to the heav'ns convey the mournful sound;
Her very groans the rocks and mountains tear,
The flow'ry lawns, and break the yielding air;
The realms of woe re-murmur to the sound,
And echoes to the Western shores rebound.
While thus AVENIA mourns, the list'ning fawns,
And wond'ring beasts came dancing down the lawns;
Quadrupeds mov'd to pity with her groans,
All bent their ears while she express'd her wrongs,
Fierce dogs couch'd round, and loll'd their fawning tongues;
Their rage restrain'd, astonish'd with surprise,
They seem'd to weep her fate with longing eyes;
Harmonious birds all listen to the sound,
And with their plaintive songs fill all the groves around.
As when the months are clad in flow'ry green,
Sad Philomel in bow'ry shades unseen,
To vernal airs attunes her varied strains,
With plaintive sounds flies warbling o'er the plains,
For her sweet mate so late her only joy,
Whom chance misled the fowler to destroy.
The hills astonish'd, and each rugged oak,
High seated on their tops with horror shook;
Flow'rs droop their heads to hear the plaintive moan,
The verdant glebe re-echo'd groan for groan;
The streams familiar to the voice of woe,
Each mournful sound re-murmur as they flow;
Again with grief, she cries, "Thou who surveys
My cruel foes in all their fraudful ways;
Just to thyself and to thy honour just,

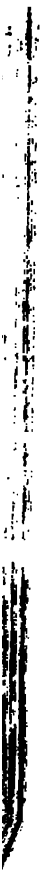
No longer let them prosper in their lust;
Behold their treach'rous deeds, bend down thy head,
Avenge me! oh! avenge me....when I'm dead....
Ye sons of heav'n and sons of hell profound,
Let my sad groans thro' heav'n and hell resound,
And blush, oh, blush! to view my cureless wound.
Now all ye hellish fiends and furies wait,
To pay just veng'ance for AVENIA's fate!
When on yon pointed rocks AVENIA lies,
Rise in thy wrath, almighty Justice, rise,
Punish my country's foes in thy just ire,
And wrap their heav'n built walls in hostile fire."
She spoke, and near the precipice she flies,
While tears in torrents trickled from her eyes;
The rock projecting o'er the ruffled main,
Whose giddy prospect turn'd the gazer's brain;
She shudders at the thought of instant death;
Sharp are the rocks, loud roars the surge beneath;
And as she hears the briny billows roar,
And views the foaming waves ascend the shore;
Aghast she stood, and as she stood, she cast
Her eyes tow'rds Africa and spoke her last.
"And, oh! my poor ANGOLA, hear my moan,
My wrongs behold, and listen to my groan,
Your dear dear relics floating on the main,
Could I behold, thus die, and be the same
Alike in suff'rings and alike in name.
Ah! sympathize with me, my woes control,
Meet my last breath and clasp my parting soul;
Redeem'd from Christians, thus redeem'd I go,
T' embrace my husband in the realms below;
And tho' we die, both unreveng'd, (she cries)
Our blood must force just veng'ance from the skies."

Again she views the precipice with fear;
Again she beats her breast and tears her hair,
And wrings her trembling hands in black despair.
Then to the whistling zephyrs, thus she said,
"Ye happy gales pity a hapless maid....
Attend my sorrows, oh! Cærulian tide,
And ye blue waves that through the ocean glide:
My only friend, my husband now is gone,
And left me thus, abandon'd and alone;
Oh! could I him embrace, thus yield my breath,
And share his sweet society in death,
Not all the terrors of the ghastly foe,
Could cause me my firm purpose to forego.
Thrice she beheld the rocks projected height,
And thrice she sicken'd at the dreadful sight,
And as she views, "Then must I die, (she cries)
And unreveng'd....Thou Ruler of the skies?
Canst thou refuse to view with melting eye
Our wrongs, my grief unpitied from the sky;
And must I die? Yes, die I will, thus go
And meet my husband in the shades below,
Thus shall I 'scape the barb'rous Christian foe."
Then as a vulture from the rocky height,
Her carrion seen, impetuous at the sight,
Forth springing, instant darts herself from high,
Shoots on the wing and rushes down the sky.
Thus as she spoke, precipitate she flies,
Plung'd from the rock, and clos'd her streaming eyes;
And as she falls, for her ANGOLA cries,
And turns her thoughts on CONGO as she dies;
The pointed rocks her languid body tore,
Pierc'd, lacerated, welt'ring in her gore.
The moon just rising blush'd to see her doom,
And seem'd to prophecy of woes to come.

With dusky redness vail'd her silver light,
And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.
Then, lo! the trembling earth and seas that rag'd,
And dogs, and boding birds their ills presag'd.
That moment globes of flame from Etna thrown,
With heaps of sulphur mix'd, and molten stone,
From her burst entrails did she now expire,
And delug'd the surrounding fields with fire;
The natives heard the sound, with terror shock'd,
The solid Alps unusual tremblings rock'd....
Around the corpse a dismal voice was heard,
And glaring ghosts all grimly pale, appear'd;
The plaintive spectres dire events forebode,
And cry'd to heav'n for justice, drench'd in blood;
Loud thunder-claps and livid lightnings glare,
And comets trail lengths of fore-boding hair;
Extended on the rocks the body lay,*
To ev'ry wind and ev'ry wave a prey:
The silver billows mix'd with purple gore,
Assault the corpse and foaming mount the shore;
Fierce hungry vultures tear her eyes away,
Flap with their wings and scream around their prey,
While the hoarse breathings of the hollow wind,
With deep resounding waves in concert join'd;
Deep was the surge, and deep my plaintive song,
While all the solemn scene in mute attention hung;
Then ceas'd the feather'd tribe their notes to sound,
The laughing landscapes sadden'd all around.
For her sad fate I'll breathe my tuneful moan,

* One morning as I was walking round our estate, I saw a slave who had previously committed suicide, by plunging in and continuing under water till drowned.

AVENIA's gone into a world unknown.
Sweet to the thirsty tongue, the silver stream,
To nightly wand'rers, sweet the morning's beam;
Sweet to the wither'd grass the vernal show'r,
To the fond lover sweet the nuptial hour;
Sweet is the garden to the lab'ring bee,
Poor injur'd maid these sweets are lost to thee:
Then fade ye flow'rs, ye warb'lers join my moan,
AVENIA's gone into a world unknown.
As flow'rs that wither in their op'ning bloom,
Robb'd of their charming dyes and rich perfume;
Or as the lamb that prematurely pines,
And life's untasted joy at once resigns.



AVENIA.

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

INVOCATION...The tyrant's interrogatories and their answer ....Ironical address to him in imitation of Solomon....The conduct of oppressors proved to be spurious in the sight of Heaven; even from the works of creation....That God cannot avoid punishing the oppressor and relieving the oppressed, according to his promise, demonstrated.... The excellency of religion....Nothing else capable of producing real happiness in the mind....A hymn to the Creator of the world, which concludes the poem.

AVENIA.

BOOK VI.

NO more of wars, of carnage, or of arms;
No more of virtue's worth or beauties charms;
No more I paint the flocks, the injur'd swain,
The beauties of the land, or terrors of the main;
But sing the mercies of the pow'rs above,
The tyrant's rage contrast with heav'nly love.
Celestial muse my ventrous flight sustain,
My plaintive muse, the sweet Columbian strain;
Tho' envious critics with a surly frown,
Deny your humble bard the laurel crown,
He'll prove triumphant, if you deign to spread
Th' ambrosial myrtle round his honor'd head,
And now, methinks, I hear the tyrant say,
"Would God behold his creatures' misery,
And if it was obnoxious in his sight,
Would he not soon regain the captive's right;
Punish th' oppressor and th' oppress'd set free,
Redress their wrongs, and crown with liberty?
Say, would the God who heav'n and earth commands,
(If wrong) permit such guilt in Christian lands?
From whence harmonious praises daily rise,
To Him, th' Almighty Sov'reign of the skies."
I answer thus: "Behold Messiah shine

Supreme in mercy, and in grace sublime,
On all his works his love inscrib'd we find,
His sov'reign goodness, and productive mind;
His works how various; with what pow'r endu'd,
Good in their origin, in nature good.
How wond'rous good must the great Maker shine,
All grand, all glorious, matchless and divine:
Nor Christendom alone his mercies share,
Exhaustless blessings and continual care,
Extend to thousand worlds, in boundless space,
And circle all in one benign embrace.
The first-born sons of glory strive in vain
T' explore, the wonders of his glorious name;
They see his boundless love, and ever see
Him great in goodness, and in clemency;
But tho' his grace and love no limits know,
His justice must have satisfaction too:
These attributes in equal balance lie,
And one can not the other's rights deny.
Behold the thief who robs the houseless poor,
In safety he enjoys his ill-got store.
Behold the man who insults th' injur'd fair,
Yet unperceiv'd he breathes the vital air!
Behold the ruffian lift his murd'rous knife,
Yet he escapes in safety with his life.
But, oh! behold the proud blasphemous rout,
Who revelation and the Saviour doubt;
Who daringly insult their gracious Lord,
Reject his counsel and condemn his word:
Harden'd in sin, th' affront him to his face,
Despise his Gospel and reject his grace.
Tho' God thus bears with them, vain tyrant know,
Sure is his veng'ance, tho' 'tis often slow.
Ev'n in this world, imperious sinners feel

How vainly guilt its horrors would conceal.
The tyrant may attempt to hide his smart,
A living plague corrodes his guilty heart.
Tho' fortune seems to smile, the culprit flies,
And crown his guilt....by suicide he dies,
And sad and sullen hates the golden skies.
With hopeless torments and determin'd woe,
Hell begins here and terminates below;
Then tyrants who the joys of heav'n forego,
And from your breasts bid weeping virtue go;
While the bright hours their golden wings display,
And draw like harnass'd doves the smiling day;
The flying moments and the syren train,
Ask thee to seize thy bliss, nor ask in vain;
To their prevailing smiles thy heart resign,
And hast'ly make the proffer'd blessing thine,
Enslave your neighbours and augment your store,
Till the capacious wish can grasp no more.
Near some fair river on reclining land,
Midst jess'mine bowers let thy palace stand;
Let marble walls unrival'd pomp display,
And gilded tow'rs reflect augmented day:
Let burnish'd pillars in high rows uphold
The glitt'ring roof enrich'd with veins of gold,
And beauteous figures of the sculptor's art,
Part grace thy palace, and thy garden part.
Here let the scentful smiles of op'ning flow'rs,
Breathe from thy citron walls and jess'mine bow'rs;
Ambrosial blossoms in thy bosom smell,
And let sweet fragrance on thy garments dwell;
That lofty banquets and delicious feasts,
May crown thy table and regale thy guests,
Ransack the hills and ev'ry park and wood,
The lake unpeople and despoil the flood,

Procure each feather'd luxury that beats
Its native air, or from its clime retreats.
Let artful cooks to raise thy relish strive,
With all the spicy tastes the Indies give;
While wreaths of roses round thy temples shine,
Enjoy the sparkling blessing of the vine;
Let the warm nectar all thy veins inspire,
Solace thy heart and raise the vital fire;
Let beauteous robes thy manly limbs enfold,
Of crimson hue and fring'd with flow'rs of gold;
Let blooming tresses grace your female train,
Each nymph a garland and a golden chain;
Let blazing torches ev'ry night display,
From gilded roofs an artificial day.
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heav'n's pure azure spreads her sacred light;
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole:
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;
The conscious shepherds glorying in the sight,
Eye the blue vault and bless the useful light.
And now let vocal strains with martial sounds,
Ascend your court till all your court rebounds;
While beauteous youths and blushing maids advance,
And form to measur'd airs the mazy dance;
Let their bright limbs with gold and purple glow,
While from their brows the sable ringlets flow;
The female's feet, let spangled slippers grace,
While vails transparent screen each lovely face;

Each ruddy face, as new-born lillies white,
Or winter snow, and glitt'ring as the light,
And let their robes in gay confusion rise,
With gold and sattin mix'd, and crimson dyes,
While from their swelling breasts their robes unbound,
Float in gold waves redundant o'er the ground,
And let their rings, and bobs with amber gay,
Shoot bright refulgence like the solar ray.
When wanton ferments swell thy glowing veins,
To the warm passion give the loosen'd reins;
Thy gazing eyes with blooming beauty feast,
Receive its dart and hug it to thy breast;
From fair to fair with gay inconstance rove,
Taste ev'ry sweet and cloy thy heart with love,
And in your chariot rich with sculptur'd gold,
Display your nymphs and all their charms unfold;
While foaming coursers in the rapid race,
In silver harness'd, sweep the vernal space,
Toss their high heads and scour the flow'ry lawn,
Bright as Aurora daughter of the dawn;
Behold with joy, your steeds with silver crown'd,
Neigh, champ the bit, prance, foam and paw the ground;
Then urge the fiery steeds impetuously,
And lash the coursers till the coursers fly;
Till swift and still more swift they snorting go,
Swift as wild winds and white as winter snow;
Resplendent as imperial Sol at noon,
Or the pale radiance of the silver moon;
But midst thy boundless joy, unbridled youth,
Remember still this sad but certain truth,
That thou to God must give a strict account,
For all your deeds, and for your wealth's amount,
I view your end and tremble while I write,
Your soul, the judge, appear before my sight,

I see th' impartial Judge's frowning brow,
Say not he's distant, I behold him now ;
Allow a God, he must our deeds regard,
A righteous judge must punish and reward ;
Yet tho' he raises no tribunal here,
Impartial justice to dispense is clear ;
His sword unpunish'd criminals defy,
Nor by his thunder does the tyrant die,
While God's own children press'd with want and pain,
Their unrewarded rectitude maintain ;
His red right hand he unextended keeps,
Tho' long provok'd th' inactive veng'ance sleeps ;
Hence in a world succeeding this prepare,
To stand arraign'd before his awful bar,
Then where, oh ! tyrant, wilt thou hide thy head,
Shudd'ring with horror ! what hast thou to plead ?
When He, the Almighty, who thy actions know,
Will be the plaintiff, judge, and witness too ;
Then cruel wretch he'll frown thee from his throne,
And by his wrath will make his justice known.
In brief we have his rectitude express'd,
Now view the earth in verdant beauty dress'd ;
The various scenes which various pow'rs display,
To demonstrate his love, this theatre survey :
Then tyrant, love him, who ne'er lov'd before....
Ye saints that love, admire and love him more ;
He is your Maker, Father and your God,
Ye are his sons, and servants, bought with blood.
See how sublime the fragrant mountains rise,
And with their pointed heads invade the skies !
How the high cliffs their craggy arms extend,
Distinguish states and sever'd realms defend.
How ambient shores confine the briny deep,
And in their ancient bounds the billows keep.

The deep deep vales their smiling pride enfold,
What rich abundance do their bosoms hold;
Regard their lovely verdure, charming view!
The blushing flow'rs of various scents and hue.
[illegible]spotic monarchs on their nuptial day,
Array'd in gold and purple shine so gay,
As the bright natives of th' unlabor'd field,
Unvers'd in spinning, and in looms unskill'd;
See how the rip'ning fruits the gardens crown,
Imbibe the sun and make his light their own;
See the clear brooks in silver mazes creep,
Enrich the meadows and supply the deep;
While from their weeping urns the fountains flow,
And vita moisture where they pass below;
Admire the narrow stream and spreading lake,
The proud aspiring grove and humble brake....
How nodding forests and the woods delight,
How the sweet glade and op'nings charm the sight;
Observe the dewy lawn and pleasant plain,
The fertile furrows rich with golden grain;
How useful all, how all conspire to grace
The spacious earth, and beautify her face.
Ye friends of slav'ry, look; oh! look around,
All nature view with marks of goodness crown'd;
Mind the wise ends which proper means promote,
See how the parts for diff'rent use are wrought;
See how imperial Sol who gilds the day,
At such due distance does his beams display,
That he his heat may give to sea and land,
In just degrees, as all their wants demand;
But had he in the boundless fields of space
Of æther, chosen a remoter place;
How sad, how wild, how exquisite the scene

Of desolation, had this planet been
A wasteful, cold, untrodden wilderness,
The gloomy haunts of horror and distress....
Instead of woods which crown the mountain's head,
And the gay honors of the fragrant mead,
Insufferable winter had defac'd
Earth's blooming charms, and made a barren waste;
No mild indulgent gales would gently bear
On their soft wings, sweet vapors thro' the air,
The balmy sports of plants and fragrant flow'rs,
Of aromatic groves and myrtle bow'rs;
Whose odorif'rous exhalations fan
The flame of life, and recreate beast and man;
Or had the sun by like unhappy fate,
Elected to the earth a nearer seat;
His beams had cleft the hills, the vallies dry'd,
Exhal'd the lake, and drain'd the briny tide....
Had laid all nature waste, and turn'd the land
To hills of cinders and to vales of sand;
No beast could then have rang'd the leafless wood,
Nor finny nations cut the boiling flood.
Th' unwearied sun his constant task repeats,
Returns at morning, and at eve retreats,
And by the distribution of his light,
Now gives to man the day, and now the night:
When the bright orb to solace southern seats,
Inverts his course, and from the north retreats;
As he advances, his indulgent beam,
Makes the glad earth with fresh conceptions team;
Restores their leafy honors to the woods,
Flow'rs to the banks, and freedom to the floods,
Unbinds the turf, exhilerates the plain,
Brings back his labor, and recruits the swain.

The birds on branches perch'd, or on the wing,
At nature's verdant restoration sing,
And with melodious songs salute the spring ;
The heats of summer, benefit produce
Of equal number, and of equal use ;
The sprouting births and vernal flowers bloom,
By warmer rays to ripe perfection come
Th' austere and pondrous juices, they sublime
Th' orange-tree, the citron and the lime,
With purple juice enrich the spreading vine.
Now the bright sun compacts the precious stone,
Imparting radiant lustre like his own,
He tinctures rubies with their rosy hue,
And in the sapphire spreads a heav'nly blue ;
For the proud monarch's golden crown prepares
Rich orient pearl and adamantine stars.
Next autumn, when the sun's withdrawing ray,
The night enlarges, and contracts the day,
To crown his labor to the harvest yields,
The golden treasures of his fruitful fields ;
The fragrant fruit for the nice palate fits,
And to the press the purple grape submits.
At length forsaken by the solar ray,
See drooping nature sicken and decay,
While winter all his snowy stores display ;
In hoary triumph unmolested reigns,
O'er barren hills, and black untrodden plains ;
Hardens the glebe, the shady grove deforms,
Fetters the flood, and shakes the heav'n with storms ;
The meads, their flow'ry pride no longer wear,
And trees extend their naked arms in air :
Yet in their turn the snows and frost produce,
Various effects of necessary use ;
Th' intemprate heats of summer are control'd,

By winter's rigor, and inclement cold,
Which checks contagious spawn, and noxious steams,
The fatal offspring of immod'rate beams;
Th' exhausted air with vital nitre fills,
Infection stops, and death in embryo kills,
Constrains the globe, keeps back the hurtful weed,
And fits the furrow for the vernal seed.
Again the heat with ever during stores,
Brought from the sun's exhaustless golden stores;
Thro' gulphs immense of intervening air,
Enrich the earth, and ev'ry loss repair:
The land its gainful traffic to maintain,
Sends out crude vapors in exchange for rain;
The flow'ry garden and the verdant mead,
Warm'd by the rays, their exhalations spread,
In show'rs and balmy dews to be repaid:
The streams, their banks forsaken, upward move,
And flow again in winding clouds above;
The water-spouts precipitate supply,
Nature's amazing magazines on high,
By nature shap'd, to various figures those,
The fruitful rain, and these the hail compose;
Ev'n the wild winds, which o'er the mountains pass,
And beat with whistling wings the valley's face:
Shake the tall cedars, thro' the forests sweep,
And with their furious breath foment the deep;
This thin, this soft contexture of the air,
Of special use, shows our kind parent's care.
Had not the Maker wrought the springy frame,
Such as it is, to fan the vital flame;
The blood defrauded of its nitrous food,
Had cool'd and languish'd in th' arterial road:
While the tir'd heart had strove, with fruitless pain
To push the lazy tide along the vein.

Of what important use to human kind;
To what great ends subservient is the wind!
Behold, where'er this active vapor flies,
It drives the clouds and agitates the skies;
This from stagnation and corruption saves
The deep deep ocean's ever rolling waves;
This animals to succour life demand,
For should the air unventilated stand,
The languid deep corrupted, would contain,
Blue deaths and secret stores of raging pain,
The scorching sun would with a fatal beam,
Make all the void with births malignant teem,
Exhaling vapors would be turn'd to swarms
Of noxious insects and destructive worms.
Another blessing which the breathing wind,
Benevolent conveys to human kind,
Is that it cools and qualifies the air
And with sweet breezes distant regions cheer.
Ye sable nations of the torrid zone,
How well to you, is this great bounty known;
As frequent gales from the wide ocean rise,
To fan your air, and moderate your skies;
Had not Jehovah this provision made,
By which your air is cool'd, your sun allay'd;
Destroy'd by too intense a flame, the land
Had lain a parch'd inhospitable sand;
But the fresh breeze, that from the ocean blows,
From the wide lake, or from the mountain snows.
So soothes the air, and mitigates the sun;
So cures the regions of the sultry zone,
That oft with nature's blessings they abound,
Frequent in people, and with plenty crown'd.
As active winds relieve the air and land,
The seas no less their useful blasts demand.

Without this aid, the ship would ne'er advance,
Along the deep, and o'er the billows dance:
No vessel with white canvass wing'd, would fly,
And with their waving streamers sweep the sky;
No mutual traffic, merchants could maintain;
No manufact'ries change to mutual gain.
See how the vapors congregated, rear
Their curling columns, and obscure the air,
Forgetful of their gravity, they rise,
Renounce the centre and usurp the skies;
Where form'd to clouds, they their black lines display,
And take their airy march, as winds convey.
Sublime in air, while they their course pursue,
They from their fleeces shape the pearly dew,
On the parch'd mountain, and with genial rain,
Renew the forest, and refresh the plain;
They shed their healing juices on the ground,
Cement the crack and close the gaping wound;
Did not the vapors by the solar heat,
Thin'd, and exhal'd, rise to their airy seat;
Or not in watry clouds collected fly,
Then form'd to chrystal drops desert the sky,
The fields would no recruits of moisture find,
But by the sun-beam dry'd, and by the wind,
Would never plant, or flow'r, or fruit produce;
Or for the beast, or for the master's use.
See, and revere th' artillery of heav'n,
Drawn by the gale, or by the tempest driv'n,
Thunder and fire, the floating batt'ries make,
O'erturn the mountains, and the forests shake;
This way and that, they drive the atmosphere,
And its wide bosom from corruption clear;
While their bright flame consumes the sulphur trains,
And noxious vapors, which infect our veins.

Thus they refine the vital element,
Secure our health, and growing plagues prevent,
And thus, the forest ash, and mountain pine,
The tow'ring cedar and the humble vine,
The drooping willow that o'ershades the flood,
And each spontaneous offspring of the wood,
With the tall poplars, which from earth arise,
And wave their nodding heads amid the skies,
Are nurtur'd with the trees that fruits produce,
Some for delightful taste, and some for use,
With sprouting plants that fringe the plain and wood,
For physic some, and some design'd for food.
Thus fragrant flow'rs with charming colors dy'd,
On fertile meads unfold their gaudy pride.
Revere these scenes, these boundless scenes survey,
Which angels ne'er can paint....then tyrant say,
On this wide field of wonders can you find,
A specimen of rage or cruelty design'd;
Does God examples for your lust display,
In word or deed, say, cruel despot, say?
Then tyrant, love him, who ne'er lov'd before;
Ye saints that love, admire, and love him more!
He is your Maker, Father, and your God,
Ye are his sons and servants, bought with blood.
Still farther view Jehovah's grand design,
Then own and praise th' artificer divine.
Regard the orbs sublime, in æther borne,
Which the blue regions of the skies adorn;
Compar'd with whose extent, this low hung ball,
Shrunk to a point, is despicably small;
Their number, counting those the unaided eye
Can see, or by the telescope descry;
With those which in the adverse hemisphere,
Or near each pole, to lands remote appear,

The widest stretch of human thought exceeds,
And in th' attentive mind, amazement breeds;
While these so num'rous, and so vast in size,
In various ways, roll thro' the spangled skies;
Thro' crossing roads, perplex'd and intricate,
Perform their stages, and their rounds repeat;
None by collision from their course are driv'n,
No shocks, no conflicts, break the peace of heav'n,
No shatter'd globes, no glowing fragments fall,
No worlds o'erturn'd, crush this terrestrial ball;
In beauteous order, all the orbs advance,
And in their mazy complicated dance:
Not in one part of all the pathless sky,
Did any ever halt, or slip awry.
COPERNICUS, who justly did condemn
The eldest system, form'd a wiser scheme,
In which he leaves the sun at rest, and rolls
The orb terrestrial on its proper poles,
Which makes the night and day by this career,
And by its slow and crooked course, the year.
The famous Dane, who oft the modern guides,
To earth and sun their provinces divides;
The earth's rotations makes the night and day,
The sun revolving thro' the ecliptic way,
Affects the various seasons of the year,
Which in their turn, for happy ends appear:
KEPLER asserts, these wonders may be done,
By the magnetic virtue of the sun:
Which he to gain his end, thinks fit to place,
Full in the centre of that mighty space,
Which does the spheres, where planets roll, include,
And leaves him with attractive force endu'd.
The sun thus seated, by mechanic laws,
The earth and ev'ry distant planet draws;

By which attraction, all the planets found
Within his reach, are turn'd in æther round,
Since all these rolling orbs the sun obey,
Who holds his empire by magnetic sway:
Since all are guided with an equal force,
Why are they so unequal in their course?
The Georgium Sidus high, with speed profound,
Six months and eighty-three years goes his round.
Saturn in thirty years, his ring completes,
Which swifter Jupiter in twelve repeats.
Mars, three and twenty months revolving spends,
The Earth in twelve, her annual journey ends.
Venus, thy race in twice four months is run;
Mercury three demands, and, lo! the moon,
Her revolution finishes in one.
If all at once are mov'd, and by one string,
Why so unequal in their annual ring?
Philosophers may spare their toil, 'tis vain
The cause of heav'nly motions to explain.
No cause of these appearances they'll find,
But pow'r exerted by th' eternal mind,
Which thro' their roads the orbs celestial drives,
And this or that, determin'd motion gives,
The great I AM, does all the worlds control,
Which by his order, this and that way roll;
From him they take a delegated force,
And at his high command, maintain their course;
But if the earth and each erratic world,
Around the sun their proper centre whirl'd,
Compose but one extended vast machine,
And from one spring their motions all begin:
Does not so wide, so intricate a frame,
Yet so harmonious, sov'reign art proclaim?
This wide machine, the universe, regard,

With how much skill in each department rear'd;
The sun, a globe of fire, a glowing mass,
Hotter than melted flint, or fluid glass,
Of this our system, holds the middle place,
Mercurius nearest to the central sun,
Does in an oval orbit circling run;
But rarely is the object of our sight,
In solar glory lost, and golden light.
Venus the next, whose lovely beams adorn,
As well the dewy eve as purple morn,
Does her fair orb in beauteous order turn.
This globe terrestrial next with starting poles,
And all its pond'rous load, unweary'd rolls.
And next bright Mars, then planetary Jove,
Sublime in air, thro' their wide circuits move;
Four sattelites Jove's bright dominion own,
And round him turn, as round the earth the moon.
Saturn revolves in his extended sphere,
While Georgium Sidus finishes his year.
Yet is our mighty system which contains
So many worlds, such vast ætherial plains,
But one of millions, which compose the whole,
Perhaps as glorious, and of worlds as full.
The stars that grace the high expansion bright,
By their own beams, and unprecarious light,
Tho' some near neighbors seem, and some display
United lustre in the milky way,
At a vast distance from each other lie,
Sever'd by spacious voids of liquid sky.
All these illustrious worlds, and many more,
Which by the tube astronomers explore,
And billions which the glass can ne'er descry,
Lost in the wilds of vast immensity,
Are suns, are centres, whose superior sway

Planets of various magnitude obey.
If we with one clear comprehensive sight,
Saw all these systems, all these orbs of light;
If we their order and dependence knew,
Had all their motions and their ends in view,
With all the comets which in æther stray,
Yet constant to their time and to their way,
Struck by the awful sight and gulphs immense,
Of wisdom and of vast omnipotence,
We'd trembling stand, in silent wonder gaze,
Lost in astonishment, in love and praise.
Would not this view convincing marks impart
Of boundless goodness, and stupendous art,
And make e'en tyrants their black crimes forego,
And prove that gracious heav'n must be their foe:
Does not the idea of a God include
The notion of beneficent and good?
Of one, to mercy, not revenge inclin'd,
Able and willing to relieve mankind?
A friend to all does not this God appear,
The object of our love, and not our fear?
Will the benignant Maker prove unjust,
Smile on oppressors, and approve their lust?
The unjust judge did pity and relieve
The widow; and will God refuse to save
The helpless injur'd, and oppressed slave?
The supposition is impertinence,
A base insult to heav'n and common sense:
The wretch who thinks such blasphemy, is curs'd,
Who makes our God, of all bad men, the worst,
Like barb'rous tyrants, brutal, base, unjust.
Before his promis'd clemency shall fail,
The golden sun and stars will plunge to hell;

The heav'ns will fall a victim to its foes,
The forest oak will bear the blushing rose,
And fragrant myrtles thrive in Russian snows;
The fair pomegranate will adorn the pine,
The grape the bramble, and the sloe the vine;
Fish from the plains, birds from the seas will rise,
And lowing herds fly from the starry skies.
Then tyrant, love him, who ne'er lov'd before,
Ye saints that love, admire and love him more;
He is your Maker, Father, and your God,
Ye are his sons, his servants, bought with blood.
The despot, if to search for truth inclin'd,
May in himself his full conviction find,
And from his body teach his cruel mind.
That man is wondrous form'd, we all must grant,
Each living creature, and each pregnant plant.
What human workmanship can ever vie
With hand, or foot, or nose, or ear, or eye?
What can for skill so much applause deserve,
As the fine texture of the fibrous nerve,
Or the stupendous system, which contains
Th' arterial channels, or the winding veins?
Nor less contrivance, nor less gracious art,
Surprise and please in every other part.
See how the nerves with equal wisdom made,
Arising from the tender brain, pervade,
And secret pass in pairs, the channell'd bone,
And thence advance thro' paths and roads unknown;
Form'd of the finest complicated thread,
These num'rous cords are thro' the body spread;
A thousand branches from each trunk they send,
Some to the limbs, some to the body tend;
Part in strait lines, part in transverse are found,
One forms a crooked figure, one a round;

The entrails these embrace, in spiral strings,
Those clasp th' arterial tubes in tender rings;
The tendons some compacted close produce,
And the thin fibres for the skin diffuse;
Some to the heart advancing, take their way,
Which move, and make the beating muscles play:
Yet we these wondrous functions ne'er perceive,
Functions by which we move, by which we live.
No sons of wisdom can these wonders trace,
The grand formation of the human race:
Who can this field of miracles survey,
And not with gratitude in raptures say,
" Behold a God, adore him, and obey?"
Now view the actions of the animal,
Which instinct some, some lower reason call;
Whence they at sight discern and dread their foe,
Their food distinguish, and their physic know;
By which the lion learns to hunt his prey,
And the weak herd to fear and fly away;
The birds contrive inimitable nests,
And dens are haunted by the woodland beasts;
The tim'rous deers o'er hills and lawns pursu'd,
By artful shifts the panting foe elude:
What various wonders may observers see,
In the industrious ant, the wasp and bee;
The smallest part of the terrestrial frame,
Does the Creator's love and art proclaim.
Now for a moment view the human mind,
In flesh imprison'd, and to earth confin'd;
What vigor has she, what a wondrous sight,
Strong as wild winds, and sprightly as the light;
She moves unwearied as the active fire,
And like a flame, her flights to heav'n aspire;
By day her thoughts in never ceasing streams,

Flow clear; by night they strive in troubled dreams;
To the remoter regions of the sky,
Her swift wing'd thought, can in a moment fly;
Climb to the heav'n of heav'ns to be employ'd,
In viewing thence th' unmeasurable void;
Can look beyond the stream of time to see,
The boundless ocean of eternity....
Thoughts in an instant, thro' the zodiac run,
And stride from orb to orb, from sun to sun,
Then down they shoot precipitate as light,
Nor can opposing clouds retard their flight;
Thro' subterranean vaults with ease they sweep,
Explore all hell and search the briny deep.
The mind's tribunal can reports reject,
Made by the senses, and their faults correct;
The magnitude of distant stars it knows,
Which erring sense as twinkling tapers shows;
Crooked the shape, our cheated eye believes,
Which thro' a double medium it receives;
Superior minds do a right judgment make,
Declare it straight, and mend the eye's mistake.
Where sits this bright intelligence enthron'd,
With numberless ideas pour'd around;
Where wisdom, prudence, contemplation stand,
And busy phantoms watch her high command;
Where sciences and arts in order wait,
And heav'nly truths compose her godlike state;
Can the dissecting steel the brain display,
And the august apartment open lay;
Where this great queen still chooses to reside,
In intellectual pomp, majestic pride;
Or can the eye, assisted by the glass,
Discern the secret sentimental place,

In which ten thousand images remain,
Without confusion, and their rank maintain,
In rich and poor, the halt, the blind and lame.
As human kind can by an act direct,
Perceive and know, then reason and reflect.
So the self-moving spring has pow'r to choose,
These methods to reject, and those to use ;
She can design and persecute an end,
Exert her vigor, or her act suspend.
Free from the insults of all foreign pow'r,
She does her godlike liberty secure ;
Her right and high prerogative maintains,
Impatient of the yoke, and scorns coercive chains ;
She can her airy train of forms disband,
And make new levies, at her own command ;
O'er her ideas, sov'reign she presides,
At pleasure these unites, and those divides ;
The ready phantoms at her nod advance,
And form the busy intellectual dance :
While her fair scenes, to vary or supply,
She singles out fit images that lie
In mem'ry's records, all which faithful hold,
Objects immense, in secret marks enroll'd ;
The slumb'ring forms at her command awake,
And now return, and now their cells forsake ;
On active fancy's crowded theatre,
As she directs, they rise or disappear....
By her superior pow'r, the reas'ning soul,
Can each reluctant appetite control ;
Can ev'ry passion rule, and ev'ry sense,
Change nature's course, and with her laws dispense.
Our breathing to prevent, she can arrest,
Th' extension, or contraction of the breast.
When pain'd with hunger, we can food refuse,

And wholesome nourishment, or famine choose:
Can the wild beast, his instinct disobey,
And from his jaws release his captive prey?
Or hungry herds, on verdant pastures lie,
Mindless to eat and resolute to die?
With heat expiring, can the panting hart,
Patient of thirst, from the cool stream depart
Can brutes at will imprison'd breath detain,
Torment prefer to ease, and life disdain?
And can they, like the guilty tyrant, say,
All sad and sullen hate the golden day;
From this 'tis evident, the will is free,
Unforc'd, and unnecessitated we;
Ourselves determine, and our freedom prove,
When this we fly and to that object move;
Had not the mind a pow'r, to will and choose,
One object to embrace, and one refuse:
Could she not act, or not her act suspend,
As it obstructed, or advanc'd her end;
Virtue and vice were names without a cause,
This would not hate deserve, or that applause....
Justice in vain has high tribunals rear'd,
Whom can her sentence punish, who reward.
If impious children should their father kill,
Can they be wicked, when they cannot will.
When only causes foreign and unseen,
Strike with resistless force the springs within;
Are vapors guilty, which the vintage blast;
Are storms proscrib'd, which lay the forest waste?
Why lies the wretch then, tortur'd on the wheel,
If forc'd to treason, or compell'd to steal?
Why does the warrior by auspicious fate,
With laurels crown'd and clad in robes of state;
In triumph ride amidst the gazing throng,

Deaf with plaudits, and with the poet's song.
If the victorious but the brute machine,
Did only wreaths inevitably win,
And no wise choice, or vigilance had shewn,
Mov'd by a fatal impulse, not his own:
This spurious sentiment is base, unjust,
Arraigns high heav'n, for mankind's guilt and lust;
As much we're forc'd, when by an atom's sway,
Control'd, as when a monarch we obey,
And by whatever cause constrain'd to act,
We merit no reward, no guilt contract.
Our mind of rulers feels a conscious awe,
Reveres their justice, and regards their law....
She rectitude and deviation knows,
That vice from one, from one that virtue flows;
Of those she feels unlike effects within,
From virtue pleasure, and remorse from sin;
Hopes of a just reward, by that are fed,
By this of wrath vindictive sacred dread.
The mind which thus can rules of duty learn,
Can right from wrong, and good from ill discern;
Which the sharp stroke of justice to prevent,
Can shame express, can grieve, reflect, repent.
From fate or chance her rise can never draw,
Those causes know not virtue, vice, or law!
She can a life succeeding this, conceive,
Of bless, or woe, and endless state believe;
Dreading the just and universal doom,
And aw'd by fears of punishment to come;
By hopes excited, of a glorious crown,
And certain pleasures in a world unknown....
She can the fond desires of sense restrain,
Renounce delight, and choose distress and pain;

Can rush on danger, can destruction face,
Joyful relinquish life, and death embrace,
Thro' love divine, and thro' all conqu'ring grace;
She to afflicted virtue can adhere,
And chains and want, to prosp'rous guilt prefer;
Her charming songs, the syren sings in vain,
She can the tuneful hypocrite disdain;
Fix'd and unchang'd, this faithless world behold,
Deaf to its threats, and to its favors cold.
We have a glimpse of the creation shown,
As we'd compare a candle to the sun.
Now view religion, with celestial charms,
The greatest blessing from our Maker's arms;
From her bright eyes, what heav'nly rays are spread,
While dawning glory plays around her head:
Without this heav'n born principle within,
Men are beneath the brutes, and slaves to sin;
Like them we grovel, and like them enjoy,
But brutal pleasures, and unhallow'd joy,
And God declares, without converting love,
We never, never, can sing hymns above.
That men might first be qualified to rise,
And fill their golden thrones above the skies;
From heav'n Messiah came, to point the way,
T' repent, believe, hope, love and then obey,
Alas! a train of mischiefs oft proceeds,
From hypocritic rites, and penal creeds.
Shall heav'n's profoundest blessing then, forego
Her worth, because professors prove her foe:
Shall hypocrites and demagogues destroy,
Religion, liberty, and sacred joy?
Then we may necessary food forego,
When we behold the glutton and the drunkard's woe.
Hail! light divine! by thee we bless the cause,
Who form'd the world and rules it by his laws,

His Independent Being, we adore,
Extol his goodness, and revere his pow'r;
Our wond'ring minds his high perfections view,
The lofty contemplation we pursue,
'Till ravish'd we the great idea find,
Shining in bright impressions on our mind;
Tho' brutes with great sagacity are bless'd,
None but mankind are with this pearl possess'd;
And yet, alas! how many men forgo,
Their high prerogatives and sink in woe,
Slaves to their passions and their ghostly foe.
Inspir'd by thee, guest of celestial race,
Divine religion, sanctifying grace,
With gen'rous love we human kind embrace;
We bless the orphan, and the widow bless,
And for the stranger spread the couch of rest;
The pris'ner visit, bound in galling chains,
The naked clothe, and soothe the sick man's pains,
While down our cheeks the tender sorrows flow,
We feel our brother's grief, our brother's woe;
Feel sympathetic love for all our race,
And circle mankind in one kind embrace;
Our greatest grief is to see human woe,
Nor can relieve, nor stop the tears that flow.
We provocations unprovok'd receive,
Patient of wrong, and easy to forgive!
"We do to others as we'd be done by,"
Nor harbor envy, nor declare a lie;
We pray for those who curse us, and our foe
We love and pity, and relieve his woe;
Protect th' oppress'd, and plead the poor man's cause,
Pursue the holy path that justice draws.
Thy lustre, blest effulgence can dispel,
The clouds of error, and the gloom of hell,

Can cause the saints of ev'ry name to love,
And journey hand in hand to joys above....
Can to the soul impart ætherial light,
Give life divine, and intellectual sight;
Before our joyful eyes, the beams display,
The op'ning scenes of bliss and endless day,
By which incited, we with ardor rise,
Scorn this inferior ball, and claim the skies,
Tyrants to thee, a change of nature owe,
Break all their tortures, and indulgent grow,
Ambitious conquerors in their mad career;
Check'd by thy voice lay down the sword and spear,
The boldest champions of impiety,
Deists and atheists are subdu'd by thee,
Before thy hallow'd altars bend the knee;
Loose wits made wise, a public good become,
The sons of pride an humble mein assume;
The profligates in morals grow severe,
Defrauders just, and sycophants sincere;
This is religion, this is heav'nly love,
Offspring divine descended from above.
A thousand thousand proofs we might display,
To prove her worth, let two suffice, then say,
Is it not time to seek this pearl and pray.
With am'rous language and bewitching smiles,
Enticing airs and all the lover's wiles;
The fair Egyptian, Jacob's son caress'd,
Hung on his neck, and languish'd on his breast;
The charming dame allures her beauteous slave,
Now flatt'ring su'd, and threat'ning now did rave;
But not the various eloquence of love,
Nor pow'r enrag'd, could his fix'd virtue move;
See aw'd by heav'n, the valiant Joseph flies,
Her artful tongue, and more persuasive eyes,

And springing from her disappointed arms,
Prefers a dungeon, to unlawful charms;
Stedfast in virtue's and his country's cause,
Th' illustrious founder of the Jewish laws;
Who taught by heav'n, at genuine greatness aim'd,
With worthy pride imperial blood disclaim'd;
Th' alluring hopes of Pharaoh's throne resign'd,
And the vain pleasures of a court declin'd:
Pleas'd with obscurity, to ease the pains
Of Jacob's race, and break their servile chains,
Such gen'rous minds are form'd, where true religion reigns;
And this alone, can all our foes disarm,
Ev'n death itself, and save from future harm.
Let unbelievers brand divinity,
(Because of hypocrites) with infamy;
Yet if they're right, the Christian can't be wrong,
And if he's right, the deist is undone;
Ev'n PAINE must grant no man is blest, but he
Whose mind from anxious thoughts of death is free.
Let laurel wreaths the victor's brows adorn,
Sublime, thro' gazing crowds in triumph borne:
Let acclamations thunder to the skies,
While curling clouds of balmy incense rise....
Let spoils immense, let trophies gain'd in war,
And conquer'd kings attend his golden car;
While dappled coursers toss their heads profound,
Neigh, snort, rear, champ the bit and paw the ground,
With silver harnass'd, and with garlands crown'd.
If dread of death still unsubdu'd remains,
And secret o'er the vanquish'd victor reigns;
Th' illustrious slave, in endless thraldom bears
A heavier chain, than his led captive wears:
With swiftest wing the fears of future fate,

Elude the guards and pass the palace gate ;
Traverse the gilded courts, and uncontrol'd,
Fly hov'ring round the painted roofs, and bold
To the grand monarch cling, and perch on busts of gold.
Familiar horrors haunt the despot's head,
And thoughts ill-boding from the downy bed,
Chase gentle sleep, black cares the soul infest,
And triple stars adorn a troubled breast :
In vain they ask the charming lyre, in vain
The flatterer's sweeter voice to lull their pain ;
Riot and wine, but for a moment please,
Delights they may enjoy, but never ease.
What are distinctions, honor, wealth and state,
The pomp of courts, the triumphs of the great ;
And what are studded sceptres, crowns and fame,
Th' imperial title, and majestic name ;
The num'rous troops that envy'd thrones secure,
And splendid ensigns of monarchial pow'r.
What the grand palace, built at vast expence,
Unrivall'd art and luxury immense ;
With statues grac'd, by ancient Greece supply'd,
With more than Indian wealth, or British pride !
What are the foods of all delicious kinds,
Which now the huntsman, now the fowler finds ?
The richest wines Madeira's happy field,
And all the spacious earth beside, can yield;
Embroider'd robes, all rich with flow'rs of gold,
And beamy diamonds beauteous to behold.
Nature deprav'd, abundance does pursue,
Her first and pure demands are cheap and few:
What health promotes and gives, unenvied peace,
Is all expenceless, and procur'd with ease.
The duke who wrongs his tenants, to supply

His purse, to feed his pride and vanity.
Who robs the weeping orphan, to maintain
His whores, his hounds, his horses and domain;
In vain he seeks for peace and happiness,
His boundless treasures makes his comforts less:
Abundance cloys, of riches, love or song;
"We want but little, nor that little long."
Behold the shepherd, see th' indust'rous swain,
Who plows the field, or reaps the golden grain;
How mean, and yet how tasteful is their fare,
How sweet their sleep, their souls how free from care;
They drink the streaming chrystal, and escape
Th' inflaming juices of the purple grape;
And to protect their limbs from rig'rous air,
Garments, their own domestic work, they wear:
Yet thoughts of death, their lonely cots molest,
Affright the hind, and break the lab'rer's rest.
Since these reflections on approaching fate,
Disturb, and ill presaging care create,
'Tis clear we strive for happiness in vain,
While fears of death within insulting reign;
Perplexing doubts oppress the rich man's mind,
Who knows he must his riches leave behind:
The righteous man has all his store above,
He lives in heav'n and feeds on heav'nly love,
He smiles at death and welcomes him, resign'd,
And gives his fears and terrors to the wind;
Thy force alone, religion, death disarms,
Breaks all his darts and every viper charms;
Soften'd by thee the grisly form appears,
No more the horrid object of our fears;
We undismay'd, his awful pow'r obey,
Who guides us thro' the safe tho' gloomy way,
Which leads to life and to the bless'd abode,

Where minds enjoy what here they own'd, a God;
Bless'd with delights for ever young, divine,
And crown'd with crowns that everlasting shine.
  But infidels and wits, absurdly frame
To sink the fears of death, their impious scheme,
To chase the horrors of a conscious mind,
They desp'rate means and wild expedients find,
The hardy rebels, aiming to appease
Their fierce remorse, they dream a while at ease:
Of crying guilt, th' avenging pow'r disown,
And pull their high Redeemer from his throne!
That done, they mock the threats of future pain,
As monstrous fictions of the preacher's brain.
Thus infidels augment our latent woe,
And men the joyful hopes of heav'n forego.
We see the works of God are very good,
But man is wicked, and athirsts for blood;
While by the tyrant's hand his neighbor dies,
The villain forces veng'ance from the skies.
Thus for our sins, oh! who can count our woes,
Our friends are faithless, and sincere our foes:
Now sharp invectives from an envious tongue,
Improve our errors and our virtues wrong.
Th' oppressor now with arbitrary might,
Tramples on law and robs us of our right.
Dangers unseen on ev'ry side invade,
And snares o'er all th' unfaithful ground are laid;
Oft wounds from foreign violence we feel,
Now from the ruffian's, now the soldier's steel;
By bruises or by labor we are pain'd,
A bone disjointed, or a sinew strain'd;
Now fest'ring sores afflict our tortur'd limbs,
Now to the yielding heart the gangrene climbs;
Acute distempers fierce, our veins assail,

Rush on with fury, and by storm prevail.
Others with thrift dispense their stores of grief,
And by the sap prolong the siege of life;
While to the grave we for deliv'rance cry,
And promis'd still, are still deny'd to die:
See cholic, gout and stone, a cruel train,
Oppos'd by all the healing race in vain;
Their various racks and ling'ring plagues employ,
Relieve each other, and by turns annoy,
And tyrant-like torment, but not destroy.
We noxious insects in our bowels feed,
Engender deaths, and dark destruction breed;
The spleen with sullen vapors clouds the brain,
And binds the spirits in its heavy chain;
Howe'er the cause fantastic may appear,
Th' effect is real, and the pain sincere;
Hydrophic people by degrees decay,
Growing the more, the more they waste away;
By their own ruin they augmented lie,
With thrist and heat, amidst a deluge fry,
And while in floods of water they expire,
More perish by the yellow fever's fire;
Stretch'd on our downy, but uneasy beds,
We change our pillows, and we raise our heads;
From side to side, in vain for rest we turn,
With cold we shiver and with heat we burn;
Of night impatient, we demand the day,
The day arrives, then for the night we pray,
The night and day successive come and go,
Our lasting pains no interruption know.
Tho' man is born to so much woe and care,
Yet from fierce tyrants, still more sorrows bear;
Unfeeling monsters, who enhance the woe
Of human kind, and heav'n's relentless foe:

God ne'er afflicts the sons of men with pain,
But to reform, and prove their pleasures vain,
And yet our dire rebellion calls for more,
Terrific judgments then he's got in store;
Yet happy for the virtuous human kind,
There still presides a good almighty mind;
Who nature's universal ship does steer
Averts our danger, and prevents our fear,
Who when implor'd, does timely succor give,
Solace our anguish and our wants relieve;
Father of comfort, he our souls sustains,
When press'd with grief, and mitigates our pains,
Without respect of person or of names;
He lives to bliss the virtuous, save the poor,
And punish lawless ruffians ever more.
And, O my king, hail! pow'r, immense abyss,
Father of love, exhaustless source of bliss,
Thou uncreated self-existent cause,
Control'd by no superior being's laws.
Ere infant light essay'd to dart the ray,
Smil'd heav'nly sweet, and try'd to kindle day;
Ere the wide fields of æther were display'd,
Or golden stars cærulean spheres inlaid;
E'er yet the eldest child of heaven was born,
Or silver pride young nature did adorn,
THOU ART!! and didst eternity employ,
In peace supreme, in plenitude of joy,
In its ideal frame the world design'd,
When Chaos reign'd, lay finish'd in thy mind,
Conform'd to the divine imagin'd plan,
With perfect ease, th' amazing work began;
Thy glance survey'd the solitary plains,
Where shapeless shade and night in silence reigns;

Then in the dark and undistinguish'd space,
Unfruitful, uninclos'd, and wide of face,
Thy compass for the world, mark'd out the destin'd place;
Then didst thou thro' the fields of barren night,
Go forth collected in creating might,
Where thou almighty vigor didst exert,
While from thy brows the golden gleams did dart;
Thro' the black bosom of the empty space,
The gulphs confess th' omnipotent embrace;
And pregnant grown with elemental seed,
Unfinish'd orbs, and worlds in embryo breed:
From the crude mass, omniscient architect,
Thou for each part materials didst select,
And with majestic hand thy worlds erect;
Labor'd by thee, the globes, vast lucid buoys,
By thee suspended, float in ambient skies;
By thy cementing word their parts cohere,
And roll by thy impulsive nod in air;
Thou in the vacant didst the earth suspend,
Advance the mountains, and the vales extend....
People the plains with flocks, with beasts the wood,
And store with scaly colonies the flood;
Next man arose at thy creating word,
Of thy terrestrial realm vicegerent lord;
His soul more artful, labor more refin'd,
A specimen of bright seraphic mind....
Ennobled by thy image spotless shone,
With joy divine and splendors not her own,
Prais'd thee her Author, and ador'd thy throne;
Able to love, admire, enjoy her God,
Know his injunctions, and obey his nod....
Since thou didst all the spacious worlds display,
Homage to thee let all obedient pay;

Let twinkling stars that dance their destin'd ring,
Sublime in sky with golden planets sing;
Confed'rate praise to thee, oh! great Creator king!
Let the thin districts of the waving air,
Conveyancers of sound, thy love declare;
Let the wild winds that whistle in the skies,
Call in each vig'rous gale, that roving flies
By land or sea; then one loud triumph raise,
And all their blasts employ in songs of praise;
While painted herald birds thy deeds proclaim,
And on their golden wings convey thy fame;
Thus while the tuneful warblers mount the skies:
From ev'ry hill and vale and grove arise,
With soft harmonious notes all symphonize....
Let eagles which in heav'n's blue concave soar,
Scornful of earth, superior seats explore;
And rise with breasts erect against the sun,
Be ministers to bear thy high renown,
And carry ardent praises to thy throne;
Ye fish assume a voice, with praises fill
The hollow rock and loud re-active hill:
Let the huge monarch of the silver train,
Who sails incumbent o'er the surgy main;
An animated isle, and in his way,
Dashes to heav'n's blue arch the curling sea;
Let him shew forth thy goodness in the main,
And all the wonders that the deep contain;
Let lions with their roar, their thanks express,
With acclamations shake the wilderness;
Let thunder, fire and hail, from pole to pole,
And mighty storms salute thee as they roll....
Amphibious ministers, and ye roaring waves,
Strike with applause the rough resounding caves;
Let rain and snow let meteors form'd of fire,

And lambent flames in this blest work conspire;
Let the tall cedar and the mountain pine,
Lowly to thee Great King, their heads decline,
And nodding groves all praise thee as they shine;
Their blushing heads, let rose, flow'r, lily raise,
And free from pride show forth their Maker's praise;
Let ev'ry spicy, odoriferous tree,
Present its incense and its balm to thee,
And thou, my soul, heav'n's viceroy here below,
In this blest task superior ardor show;
To view thyself, inflect thy reason's ray,
Nature's replenish'd theatre survey;
Then all on fire thy Maker's love adore,
And in loud hymns adore creating pow'r.
Tyrannic minds in impious error lost,
May combat heav'n, and yet presume to boast....
May all the future joys of love forego,
And live like brutes, and die with mighty woe:
Yet while my veins feel animating fires,
And vital air this beating breast inspires;
Grateful to heav'n, I'll stretch a pious wing,
And sing his praise, who gave me pow'r to sing,
And while his love, (spark of celestial flame)
Pants in my breast and animates my frame;
To him my ardent praises shall arise,
When first Aurora gilds the purple skies;
The ev'ning star shall hear the joyful sound,
And smiling nature join in chorus round,
And when my soul, with angels wings her flight,
To the empyrean realms of sacred light;
Big with immortal love to him I'll pay,
My grateful thanks, and join th' angelic lay;
Then, nor till then, I'll see the wondrous grace,
That crowns his blessing to the human race.

His Son, amazing thought! oh, boundless love!
To save lost man, flew from the realms above,
And died that we might live! who can display
What man, astonish'd man, can ne'er survey,
Archangels strive, but strive in vain to see,
This depth of love, this glorious mystery.
Forbear my muse, the sweet Columbian strain,
Since all the sons of light the heav'n-born train,
With saints who raise their highest notes above,
Ne'er sung the wonders of redeeming love.

NOTES

EXPLANATORY AND MISCELLANEOUS.

BOOK FIRST.

Page 22....*Line* 27.

Thus fierce Columbia's sons degen'rate go.

REFLECTING on the recent revival of the slave trade in the American republic, and at the same time taking a retrospective view of the revolutionary war, and the concomitant circumstances attending it, struck dumb with astonishment, I strive, but strive in vain, to collect and arrange my thoughts like a man who experiences sensations to which language is not equal, whose conceptions are too large to be born alive. While in the struggle of expression, his hands, his eyes, and every finger, strive to be a tongue, and he looks about for help to shew his thoughts by. When we see the despots of Europe spreading desolation and misery amongst their fellow men, we are not surprised, as their conduct corresponds with their principles: but when we survey the professional votaries of liberty and equality, who have taken up the sword of virtuous defence, who have bravely put themselves between tyranny and freedom, between villainy and virtue, at a former period, now become the butchers of their brethren, the destroyers of liberty and the rights of man, and the promoters and supporters of legal barbarity, we are ashamed, we are confounded! and what enhances our shame, is the consideration that liberty disrobed and in tears, has been banished from every nation but America; and here she has received a deadly wound. Exclusive of the wickedness and deleterious consequences resulting from the revival of the slave trade by the republicans of America, it is an outrage on civil society, as well as an iusult to the citizens of each individual state. It is, in short, calling us all hypocritical tyrants: for no man in company with his neighbor, will act the robber, unless he conceives him inclined to be one; and no man will attempt to

seduce a woman, unless he supposes she is of easy virtue, and the attempt is virtually calling her a harlot. The eyes of all the crowned heads in Europe are upon our young republic, to see if our actions correspond with our pretensions; they are watching an opportunity to gain some evidence against us, that may serve to render our professions suspected, and our republicanism a farce. While their oppressed vassals, eager to shake off their galling chains, look to us with anxious solicitude, in hopes that we may prove to the world that there is a reality in republicanism, and that the sons of men are capable of enjoying liberty.

Can any thing sink the character of a nation lower than *inconsistency?* Should not the American government be *a lesson to the oppressor,* and *a pattern to the oppressed?* Why then is infernal avarice permitted to tarnish the virtuous fame of the patriotic heroes who "Died in the cause of liberty in "arms." It is the nature of compassion to reflect on the wretchedness of the wretched; and it is natural for a true republican to abhor slavery, into whatever form it may be assimilated, or whatever name it may assume. When I survey in sympathetic thought, the miseries of the human family, in what are called civilized and christianized countries, and all through the instrumentality of political and ecclesiastical hypocrites, my soul recoils with indignation, and my very heart weeps blood.

Stimulated by disinterested philanthropy for my fellow creatures, and gratitude to my Creator, I undertook this work; and I am confident he will accept my well meant endeavors for his glory. Yes; the Almighty looks down from heaven's high arch, and regards with complacency the grateful offerings of a thankful heart. As a tender parent would behold with pleasure and approbation, the juvenile exertions of an infant child to please: for it is not the thing we do, but the motives by which we are stimulated, that renders the thing done either acceptable or unacceptable. Hence the Almighty frequently makes use of the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, that no man might glory in man, but that Christ might be all in all. As my object in this work is the happiness, not the applause of mankind; to be useful rather than to be systematical; I consequently seek no recompense,* and fear no reflections.

---

* *I offered the first edition of my* "Preliminary Essay" *to Richard Allen, on consideration of his paying the printer's bill. And with respect to this performance, I have voluntarily delivered the manuscript to the printer for publication, gratis. My motive in securing the copy-right, is merely to preclude persons from metamorphosing the work previous to republication. Neverthe-*

Without taking any notice of the despot's aspersions, or the critic's animadversions, I will vindicate injured innocence, and advocate the rights of man. That God has punished the nations of antiquity for tyranny, is an uncontrovertible fact; that he will punish the Christian nations for their barbarity is beyond a doubt....to suppose he will not do it, is supposing him *more unjust than the unjust judge.*

I ask in behalf of the oppressed sons of men, can slavery, as consolidated in America, be consistent with heathenish honesty, much less Christian rectitude? Can it be compatible with republicanism or philanthropy? It is impossible. No man, who will for one moment reflect on right and wrong, can avoid seeing the complicated barbarity of the slave trade, and it is my firm belief, that the persons engaged in it, either personally or virtually, living and dying in that state, cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. A man may commit murder yet live, repent, and be saved; but if he dies in the very act, it is blasphemy against the purity of heaven to suppose he can be admitted there. Slave holders and slave dealers are not only literally murderers, but barbarous robbers too. Much might be said to show the injustice and iniquity of this deleterious commerce; but it would be degrading my readers to idiots, to suppose they did not see it themselves; and it would be degrading republicanism, much more religion, to bring them forward to prove the iniquity, inconsistency, and impolicy of slavery, especially in a republic; for here it is to the body politic what a galloping consumption is to an individual body.

Finally, we must shut our eyes against reason, and basely insult our understandings, not to see its turpitude and tendencies. In order that the most virulent advocate for slavery may be convinced, let him put himself in the condition of the slave, and then vindicate the principles if he can. But passing by all that might be said on this topic in a theological point of view, we will briefly consider the impolicy of slavery in a political view. It might easily be demonstrated, that permitting slavery in the republics of antiquity, was the primary cause of their downfall; and what they were in magnitude, the southern states of America are in miniature. With what painful sensations must the philanthropist reflect on the present as well as the antecedent state of society in almost every part of our terraqueous globe. Indeed, whether we contemplate the state of civilized or savage nations....where literature flourishes, or where ignorance prevails....the civilian in

---

less, if any bookseller should wish to publish another edition, by giving me previous notice, and agreeing not to make any alterations in the work, farther than correcting errors, he shall be equally at liberty, as if the copy-right was not secured.

his mansion, or the cannibal in his hut....we see violence and oppression prevail, and we must impressively feel emotions of indignation and pity. The more circumspective our view, the more painful are our observations; and, alas! the mind is not elevated, but more deeply wounded, by reflecting on those legislators, who profess to be the friends of liberty. The mind in traversing the earth, beholds millions of wretched objects the fruits of legal barbarity; then looks to the despot on his throne, the republican in his presidential chair, the philosopher in his closet, the minister in his pulpit, and calls for justice, for pity, for commiseration....but calls, alas! in vain. Who can, without tears of compassion, view this theatre, whose exhibitions are most distressing, and whose inhabitants still encourage scenes, at which humanity shudders, virtue mourns, indignation frowns, and liberty melts to tears.

I would ask the votaries of oppression what is civil government? It is not arbitrary power. It is not, or should not be a contrast between miserable huts and splendid palaces, between penury and pomp, extravagance and indigence. It is not instituted to rob the poor man of his liberty as well as his mite; increase the miseries of the miserable; exalt one part of society above the state of man, and degrade the other below the state of brutes. Civil government is no other than a national association, whose object is the happiness and security of every individual member of a state, without partiality, and to administer justice without respect to persons, and at the least possible expence to the nation. Every individual in a republic, is a proprietor in government; as he has deposited his right in the common stock of society, he draws on the capital as a matter of right, and government should guarantee the rights and privileges of each citizen individually as well as all collectively. Is slavery consistent with such a government? It is impossible. The fact is, slavery is an indelible disgrace to the American constitution, as well as an eternal reproach to the whole nation. In short, the more we extend our views, the more we investigate the principles of our government, so much the more cause we have to blush for the honor of human nature; and it is owing to our familiarity with scenes derogatory to every just, honest and virtuous principle, that we do not shudder, and invincibly protest against the legislative proceedure of our fellow-citizens. The Israelites protested against and punished the tribe of Benjamin for their cruelty to the Levite's concubine: but Americans see with indifference, their fellow-citizens enslave, violate and murder millions of their fellow-creatures with impunity. I do not by any means wish to give offence; but *I must* affirm that there are a set of men in the United States, *who*, if allowed to put their principles in practice, will give *the death blow* to liberty, who has been already chased round

the globe, cashiered by her enemies, and wounded in the house of her friends. The characters alluded to may be included in the following descriptions: Avaricious men who are not to be trusted; bigotted men who cannot see; prejudiced men, who will not see; cruel, ambitious, interested men, who would wade through seas of the blood of their fellow men, to exalt themselves, and gratify their vanity and pride; and this last class, let their professions, pretensions, or names be what they may, will be the cause of more calamities to our young republic, than all the other three. Aristocracy is disclaimed by the slave holders of America, and the European law of primogenitorship, which unjustly and ungenerously disinherits all the children of a nobleman, except his oldest son; one is exalted, and the rest are debased. This infamous law, and many others equally oppressive, are exhibited to popular animadversion and contempt by them, and yet, forsooth, this is only in minority what American slavery is in maturity. It was by allotting to particular men and families extraordinary power and privileges, that former republics were bereaved of their liberties, and precipitated into a terrible abyss of despotism, wretchedness and degradation. It is a well attested fact, that in any country where interested men are exalted, corruption naturally engenders around them. It is inhuman, it is diabolically wicked, for any government or nation to suffer thousands of human beings to be consigned to unutterable wretchedness, to support an individual villain, or a family of them, in their idleness, luxury and dissipation; and yet this is the case in America.... the country, which, above all others, should discountenance oppression and despotism: to demonstrate which, a number of cogent reasons might be adduced; but as our limits will not admit us to enlarge, we will let a few suffice.

In the first place, domestic slavery has a natural tendency to be metamorphosed to national aristocracy; it being morally impossible to keep elections pure, where one part of society are exalted to demi-gods, and the other part degraded to beggars; (I am here alluding to the poor white people in the southern states;) for where one citizen, who by fraud or force, has gained the sovereignty over a thousand slaves, and sends his imperial commands over as many acres of land, fifty must necessarily be in low circumstances; the consequence of which is, one part of the citizens are furnished with the means of corruption, and the other part are put in a condition that they cannot avoid being corrupted. Any person who has studied human nature, may easily see the validity of this remark.

Secondly, There are no characters on our Globe, more naturally unfit to be legislators for a republic, than slave holders; because their ideas of distributive justice are corrupted in *the very source*. Their juvenile employment is to trample

on the rights of their fellow men, and look with contempt on their poor neighbors, for in fact they are taught and educated so to do. I would ask, with what ideas of justice can such persons enter a house of legislation, or take the reigns of government in their hands, who rob their African brethren of their lives and liberties, because forsooth they are black, and despise their virtuous fellow citizens, because they are poor. Can a government consisting of such characters long continue free? it is utterly impossible. Such governments may, in point of theory, exhibit the appearance of liberty and equality, while the persons who were actors in, and witnesses of, the revolution, live; but when they die even the *appearance of liberty must die* with them*, i. e. if mankind continue to be as degenerate as they are at present.

Thirdly, The idea of a slave holder being a good legislator or governor, is as inconsistent as to suppose a wolf would be a good shepherd, and defend, not devour, the sheep; or a fox would protect, not destroy, the poultry.

Fourthly, It is continuing the uncivilized principle well known in Europe, of governments becoming the property, by hereditary right, of individual despots or families of them. Though this sentiment is exploded by Americans, it is certain that the base idea of man having a property in man, and governing him by personal right, is not confined to Europe. There it embraces all men, here only black men; but public opinion only controls the sentimental despot in the present generation, while the concomitant circumstances of the revolution are fresh in our minds, in the next generation that must naturally wear away; then despotism which is now confined to the poor blacks, the poor whites must participate. This will as naturally be the case, as that a little leaven will leaven the whole lump.

Fifthly, The encouragement of slavery in the southern states, is of infinite injury to the poor white people in the northern states, incomparably more so than in the West Indies. While thousands of Africans are monthly imported into South Carolina, hundreds abscond and seek an asylum in the northern states, where they are on an equality with the whites.† The consequences resulting therefrom, which every person may easily conceive, though it would be perhaps imprudent for me to express, is, on a variety of accounts, exceedingly injurious indeed.

---

* *While Joshua lived, the Israelites served the Lord; but when he died, they soon degenerated.*

† *There are perhaps* 15,000 *blacks in Philadelphia alone, and* 150,000 *scattered in the northern, exclusive of* 900,000 *in the southern states.*

Sixthly, It is a stubborn fact, that slavery has a tendency to degenerate even the patriotic, as well as the despotic, " as strong temptations with the best prevail." By the universal economy of human nature it is known, and by the instance of the French republic it is proved, that mankind have a natural tendency to degenerate. That supremacy in an individual, a family, or a state, is a forerunner of the annihilation of a republic, is as plain to me as a ray of light, and must be so to every one who will not wilfully shut his eyes. The reader will at once perceive, that I studiously forego discussing this subject in a religious way, though most congenial to my sentiments, and agreeable to my taste. None can say that these arguments are the offspring of fanaticism or enthusiastic vision. They are a few disinterested political reasons, collected as it were to a focus, where thousands might be adduced, to demonstrate the deleterious tendencies of nourishing slavery in a republic. Here, however, I would beg leave to transcribe a cogent paragraph from my " Address to the inhabitants of Christendom," page 172. " These are serious considerations, whatever oppressors or their abettors, persons judically infatuated may think; there is a minute account of all their barbarities in the records of eternity. And woe to all tyrants, despots and oppressors, when the accounts are settled: or to use the language of scripture, when they are weighed in the balance, for they doubtless will be found wanting. The most populous and famous nations of antiquity have been called to a reckoning; and the most haughty kingdoms have sunk to ruin, when the balance was struck. Were unenlightened nations punished, and punished with severity; and can the enlightened escape with impunity? Such a supposition, the justice of the Almighty forbids, as blasphemy against the rectitude of heaven. Be assured, it is not the benediction of a prelate, the eloquent speech of a potentate, or the proclamation of a prime minister, that will repay the blood of India, requite the wretchedness of Africa, or appease the anger of heaven....SERIOUS SOLEMN CONSIDERATIONS."

This paragraph is applicable to American as well as European despots, for the Antideluvian law, *whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed,* is now as much as ever in full force; but admitting, for argument's sake, that our antecedent assertions are fallacious, the subsequent reasons will be sufficiently sonorous to consolidate our hypothesis, and prove the impolicy of slavery to a demonstration. It is unanimously allowed by friends and foes, that the federal union of the states is radically the paramount palladium of our republic: dissolve that compact, and we become a prey to intestine commotion, foreign influence and sanguinary invasion. By the constitution of the United States, it is pro-*vided that* " *representatives* and direct taxes shall be appor-

tioned among the several states, which may be included in the union, according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three-fifths of all other persons." This principle evidently secures to the qualified voters of a state possessing slaves, the right of choosing a greater number of representatives, in proportion to the free citizens, than is enjoyed by the citizen of a state, who from honorable and virtuous motives, refuses to participate in the barbarous oppression and slavery of their fellow creatures; so that 20,000 proprietors of 50,000 slaves have a voice in the elections equivalent to that of 50,000 free persons who are destitute of this species of property. The admission of this deleterious principle into our national compact, was unquestionably the dictate of necessity. The members of the convention from the eastern states, consented to it as a choice of difficulties, preferring a partial sacrifice of their rights, with the chance of future remedy, to the hazard of losing the whole constitution. In the same spirit, the principle was supported in the state conventions, by the best talents in the northern states. The number of slaves in the southern states, according to the last census, is 847,748, exclusive of several thousands recently imported from Africa. Now deducting from the prefixed number two-fifths, the remainder gives to their tyrants the right of electing 15 representatives, and this number exceeds by one, the whole number to which New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Connecticut together, are entitled. The number of representatives apportioned to all the northern states is 35, so that the negro votes alone, in choice of electors and members of congress, bear a proportion to the votes of all the free citizens of the northern states of 15 to 35. I ask* any man, friend or foe, is this just

---

* *If the citizens of the northern states do not wish to leave their children a prey to anarchy, intrigue and intestine commotion, they should by all means endeavor to correct this glaring inequality, which undoubtedly is pregnant with inevitable consequences both to the federal union and civil liberty; for they are as much better qualified to correct this defect at present, than their progeny can possibly be hereafter, as one compared to one hundred; even now, a general view of the population of the union....the relative situation of certain states with each other, and the predominant policy of certain southern states will demonstrate, that the representative principle, as established by the constitution, has given to Virginia, which is the principal of the southern states, a preponderating influence in our national affairs. That this influence will be improved to the total ruin, as it is now improved to the injury of the northern states, is as plain to me as a, b, c. That this will*

or generous; and the misfortune is, that this inequality is constanly accumulating in favor of the slave traders and owners. This assertion can be proved to a demonstration by comparing the last census, with that which preceded it: by this comparison it will appear that the population of the northern states has increased in a ratio of 22 per cent; while the number of slaves in the southern states progressed in a ratio of thirty-five per cent. In all these states without exception, the slaves have amazingly increased; but in a much greater ratio in the new than in the old states. It must be remembered by the by, that it is not by propagation, but by importation they are increased. The barbarous treatment they have to endure from their brutal tyrants, (which I have circumstantially delineated in my "*Preliminary Essay,*") precludes the possibility of their propagation; for even the tender mercies of a slave holder are cruel indeed....How extremely wretched then, must be the state of those unfortunate persons, who are for ever consigned to the fury of such characters, as sheep are delivered to the ruthless butcher. When I reflect on what I myself have seen them endure, the sympathetic commiseration and painful sensations I anticipate, language is not sufficiently sonorous to express.

Wherefore, through the instrumentality of smugglers alone, in Georgia the number of slaves has more than doubled; in Kentucky they have increased from 12,340 to 40,243; in Tenessee from 3,417 to 13,884. During all this period, the importation of slaves has been prohibited by the laws of all the states, and the prohibition though very often eluded, has no doubt operated as a partial check....But now, new avenues from

---

be the case without a speedy remedy, is already ascertained from the history of the world in general, and the Jews in particular. As this barbarous principle, which allows slave holders more power and privileges according as they precipitate more of the human family into inexpressible misery, was assented to, by the northern delegates with reluctance, and on account of local circumstances, it is certain, it should be no longer binding than while other states should adhere to the principles of liberty and equality on which the general government is erected, and which should countervail this unjust and ungenerous inequality. Then since we find that the operation of this principle has already become so injurious to the eastern states, that by its means, their influence is literally annihilated; that they are at this moment the mere colonies of Virginia, who, notwithstanding, is very naturally still farther preparing the means of perpetuating her ascendancy (or if you please, supremacy!) *by procuring amendments favorable to her own views. We may, therefore, reasonably expect at a future period, without cogent measures be taken, that the body politic will feel as well as know, that* supremacy *in a state is destruction to a republic.*

Spanish America are opened to this destructive traffic, by the acquisition of Louisiana and through South Carolina, and to the eternal disgrace of our body politic, the slave trade is renewed and facilitated to a most deplorable extent; myriads of unhappy men, women and children, victims to legal barbarity, are periodically imported into the American Republic, who, though destitute of right themselves, and reduced to a level with the brute creation, yet they confer upon their purchasers the paramount rights of suffrage and of sovereignty, and every five of whom, upon any difference of policy or division of votes between the south and the north* may be considered as effectively balancing the votes of two freeholders in New England. There are many more radical evils attending this inequality,† which the brevity of our plan forbids us to particularise. There is one, however, of peculiar magnitude, which I must notice, and it will prove, beyond a doubt, that Virginia is with long and steady strides, securing supreme influence. I would, here (if my readers will pardon the digression) observe, that candor forbids me to think, much less assert, that the principal characters of the state of Virginia, men of profound erudition, or the mass of its citizens, plot the introduction of anarchy or innovation. Their souls would, no doubt, recoil with horror at the idea of intestine commotion; instead of anticipating a crisis which would inevitably prove fatal to themselves as well as their opponents; but whoever will reflect upon the depravity of human nature for a moment, will see the danger of intrusting even the best of men with power. What is the reason that millions of the human family despise the paramount blessings of vital religion and civil liberty?....The reason is obvious; the professors of both while kept in a state of mediocrity, are sincere; but when exalted, forget themselves....disgrace the best of causes, and forsooth, prove hypocrites and demagogues. In the space of ten years, I have not seen or heard of but two men who were exalted in a political point of view, and retained their integrity, and whose love of liberty was superior to their love of power and popularity; namely, Mr. Washington and Mr. Jefferson. I have not known an individual in my life, and Mr. Wesley affirms that in sixty years he did not know six religious persons that were exalted temporally, but degenerated spiritually, and though they retained the shell, lost the kernel of religion. Those who consider the nature of pride and the treachery of the human heart,

---

* *The people certainly must be judicially infatuated, who cannot see the iniquity, the fatality, as well as impolicy of this shameful inequality.*

† *The reader will take notice, by the northern states are meant, the states opposed to slavery, practically as well theoretically; and* vice versa, *as it respects the southern states.*

will not be surprised at this recital. Hence I believe, one exalted state may excite a tempest that all the states can never allay.

But it should be remembered, that each state has two votes in the senate of the United States; that the catalogue of new states has been extended by the policy of Virginia, and that her local situation gives her an unlimited control over the immense western territory, which will be divided into states at her pleasure, and will realise towards her, from the time of their birth, the affections and prejudices of children towards a parent. The country recently purchased for 15,000,000 dolls. (Louisiana,) of an immeasurable extent, will facilitate the augmentation of the number of states, and that they will be enemies to the rights of man. The official communication of our minister in France, will demonstrate the fact, viz. "That it can "be cultivated by slaves only." We are also informed, that the centre of this newly acquired world is further from us, than some of the West India Islands, and that some parts are more distant than Europe; that the fertility and natural advantages of the territory already explored invite a rapid population. The settlements already organized, are said to contain a motley race of all nations and tongues, and will afford a secure asylum for hordes of fugitives and vagabonds, whose emigration will tend to consolidate slavery, and whose business it will be, to drive slaves; and when assimilated to American citizens, what will they, or rather what will they not accomplish? Thus will the Virginian policy entrench itself behind the most formidable ramparts.... States will be multiplied at her pleasure, with as much expedition as townships are incorporated in the northern states and stocked with voters more easily than the rational votaries of liberty can stock their farms with cattle. Does it not incontestibly result, that these circumstances have an unavoidable tendency to deprive the northern states of all interest and consideration in the national government, and so accelerate the annihilation of the federal union, the palladium of our constitution. Every person not blinded by interest or prejudice, must see, that without indefatigable exertions, the citizens of the northern states will be engulphed in a vortex of politics and interests alien to their own, and that the voices of their representatives will be drowned amidst the jargon of cow-skin delegates, chosen by negroes, their drivers, and African slave traders. I ask once more, in the name of common sense, when 1,500,000 slaves more are imported to cultivate Louisiana, and which are every week rapidly arriving, what will become of the interests, the unalienable rights and natural privileges of the northern states? Where shall we find the liberty and independence for which the patriots of '76 fought and bled.....For which the revolution was begun.....Or, where shall we find the federal equality which it was the object *of the present* constitution to guarantee? Behold the French

Republic and the democracies of antiquity, and we need not be at a loss for an answer. Some of them who depended on their own intrinsic force, have fallen a prey to factious demagogues and anarchy. Some who had confederated for mutual defence have been rent asunder, owing to the ambition of the great to tyrannize over the less; and what accelerated their downfal was the blind confidence which they had in their flatterers. All these republics have flitted away, and like blood-stained spectres, pursued by an angry demon; or like thoughtless children deceived by the fraudful kidnapper to their ruin, and have been precipitated together into one horrid abyss of despotism..... This, no doubt, must, in the nature of things, be the fate of America, unless we shun the rocks on which they split. Even admitting, that there is no God to redress the grievances of the oppressed here, or justice to punish the cruel oppressor hereafter.

From the arguments already adduced it will appear evident to every person, not contaminated by local prejudice, (and the angel Gabriel himself, could not convince such characters) that there never was a time* when it was more necessary for the friends of liberty to watch continental intrigues more circumspectly than the present, and to distinguish the politics of individual states from the politics of the nation. It is the love I bear my fellow creatures, the desire I feel for their happiness, and the solicitude I imperiously anticipate for the honor of human nature, that stimulates me to think and write on politics, for I have, naturally, neither inclination nor a desire to discuss such topics. I have preferred poverty with virtue, to affluence with villainy, and do uniformly avoid all parties and party connexions, either in church or state, and finally I seek a peaceful asylum in the shades of obscurity.

The degeneracy of France and the hypocrisy of her tyrant, has entirely changed matters in Europe, and given civil liberty a mortal wound. All the despots of the world are combining against her, and nothing but a reciprocal union can give sufficient security against their intrigues. What a pity it is, that the nations of christendom are not as anxious to exterminate this greatest of all judgments, sanguinary warfare, from

---

* *There never was a period since the creation of the world, when wars, rumors of wars, pestilence, inundations, earthquakes, rebellions, revolutions, and counter revolutions, were so prevalent as at the present; and never was oppression, violence, injustice, and in short, every kind of abomination so gigantic as it is in this generation. It seems to be a preliminary to the glorious* Milennium; *and little do religious and political hypocrites, philosophical unbelievers, and the long black catalogue of oppressors, think, that while they are eagerly filling up the measure of their crimes, they accellerate* that conspicuous period.

the world, as they are to promote it! How easy might this be done, if governments were of a pacific turn; but, alas! the contrary is the case....stubborn facts prove it be so ...What impoverishes thousands of families and makes millions of wretched orphans? *War, bloody war.* What a glorious reformation it would be, if a general congress, or pacific republic was organized by all nations, for the purpose of precluding the necessity of war, by accomodating all disputes, amicably; which might arise between nation and nation. How easy might a court of arbitration thus formed, by a delegate from each civilized nation, settle every foolish misunderstanding which too frequently is the cause of the loss of thousands of useful lives and millions of treasure. Such a plan would reduce taxation in some nations, at least 100 per cent. less than it is at present.

As the American government is the only free one in the world, like a city placed on a hill, she should show a pattern of political rectitude and pacific moderation to a world of despots and slaves. No nation can boast so fair an origin. The proudest government in the old world originated from individual ruffians and murderers, or united bands of them. But the first settlement of America was with honorable patriots. We should not, therefore, disgrace our origin by our imbecility or hypocrisy. The eminence on which our republic stands.... the vast prospect before us....the eager eyes of millions of enlightened slaves in Europe placed upon us, who long to shake off their manacles and be free....The millions of families plunged in unutterable misery and distress in Europe, to maintain despots in their extravagance and exalt their flatterers. All these circumstances, and many more that the philanthropic heart will exhibit to view, must conspire to impress every patriotic American with tender emotions, and must excite their commiseration as well as contemplation, to see it in our power to teach mankind to behappy; to shew them, by example as well as precept, that they may be so, if they *will*, should command our reflection and gratitude. All mankind saw the heroes of America triumph over adversity, and may all nations see her equally virtuous in prosperity. National reputation possesses a charm which commands the respect and veneration of both friends and foes. The circumstances attending the American revolution have contributed more to enlighten mankind and diffuse a spirit of freedom and liberality through all nations, than any political event antecedent or subsequent to it. May heaven forbid then, that a single blot from any quarter whatever, should ever tarnish such a glorious cause; may it ever be beyond the power of calumny to throw the least reflection on our honour as a nation. Character is much easier kept than recovered; and that enemy, foreign or domestic, individual or state, who lends, unseen, his hand to injure it, *inflicts a wound* he never can heal; he takes a jewel which

never can enrich him, but makes the nation poor indeed. As United States* we may conquer a world of enemies. As individual states, we must become an easy prey to every foe. It is our interest and should be our pride to be recognized by no other name than citizens of America, and our grand object should be, to guard with jealous care the federal union, that great palladium of our honor, liberty and safety; its intrinsic value and sovereign utility can never be duly appreciated: unless we should unhappily forego this political blessing and be cursed with the loss of it....The most effectual way to defend it is, by individual states yielding up local privileges, which is in the nature of things injurious to the whole nation. The states are like men in society; something must always be yielded up, in order to make the whole secure; for local relinquishments consolidate public happiness.

In order to conciliate the affections, and unite the interests of the citizens, not of the individual states, but the United States, (the title which keeps, and which alone can keep the world, and particularly the world of enemies in awe) and finally draw and keep the mind of the country together. The diabolical principle, which confers such a super-abundance of the paramount rights of suffrage and sovereignty, upon a part of the citizens, accordingly as they enslave and murder their fellow men, to the great injury of the virtuous and honorable part of society....this infernal practice, (which I again delineate in order to expose it,) must be exonerated, or the union must be disolved, i. e. if the spirit of '76 is not completely obliterated out of the breasts of the citizens of the north; for it is not only an insult to common sense, but degrading them to cowards, to suppose, that they will tamely see their sacred unalienable rights infringed by importations from Guinea.

There was recently an amendment made to the constitution respecting the election of president and vice president of the United States. Why not amend the principle alluded to? The constitution has provided ways and means to amend its own defects. Why not embrace this constitutional privilege, and eradicate this shameful inequality? Is it not more eligible to accomodate any misunderstanding that may exist between the different states, in this way, than to do it by the force of arms? Surely this would produce anarchy and intestine commotion, and who in such an event will be the greatest sufferers? I answer, and I tremble, while I answer....Oppressors! For how could they stand with injured innocence behind them, alias their infuriated slaves; and virtuous patriotism before them, alias their insulted fellow-citizens? who, perhaps, in order to transmit to their children and their children's chil-

* "UNITED WE STAND, DIVIDED WE FALL."

dren, that unadulterated freedom and rational liberty for which they fought and bled, are necessitated to take up the sword of virtuous defence, and prove true to themselves....their children, and the world of mankind; by transmitting with every mark of honorable conveyance, the inheritance they established for posterity.

These simplified considerations, merit the candid attention of all who are really friends to civil liberty and our incomparable constitution, and to the interest and tranquility of the country at large. At any rate, no injury can arise from an attempt to preclude the introduction of anarchy, in preserving the balance of power among the states. No individual, family, or state, should have a preponderating influence in government, as it is the property of the nation, to whom it is responsible, by whom it is supported, and whose interests it is bound to secure. It is not, nor indeed, in the nature of things cannot be, the property of an individual family or state; and though in some countries it has been usurped into an inheritance; yet, this cannot alter the nature of things; make wrong right, and right wrong! As sovereignty belongs exclusively to the nation, it is certain the community has an inherent, indefeasible right to abolish any political principle; nay, even the government itself, whenever they find it is inconvenient, and alter, or re-organize it, so as to accord with their interests, happiness and local circumstances.

Should the alarm which is so generally felt, resulting from the revival of the slave trade in America, and the purchase of Louisiana, which will take at least 15,000,000 slaves to cultivate it, and the American minister, affirms, "THAT IT CAN "ONLY BE CULTIVATED BY SLAVES!"

I say, admitting our fears to be only imaginary our arguments futile, and the prospect before us, a mere farce, still, no inconvenience can result from a prudential caution. But if we are really in danger, from the ambitious projects of an aspiring state; from the avaricious proceedure of the advocates of slavery....Let us not aggravate the misfortune, by the omission of any constitutional means of shunning such formidable calamities.

I have enlarged this note to a much greater length than I expected; impressed with a tenfold solicitude for the honor, safety, and happiness of my fellow-citizens and the government, which is their greatest boast and the admiration of the world. The subject matter I conceive to be of the most interesting nature, though unmethodically arranged, and my last admonition to my compatriots is, that they may ever bear in mind, That in a free government, when public faith and virtue droop, the republic begins to nod to its fall, and without a speedy reformation will inevitably crumble into ruins. According to my political creed, a virtuous individual is in *miniature*, what a government of them is in magnitude. The

best individual who forsakes the paths of rectitude and virtue, and plunges into wickedness, accelerates his own ruin, and his antecedent comforts foregoes; and thus the best governments on earth, that wilfully forsake the paths of political rectitude, who wink at villainy and patronize fraud, either virtually or literally, undermine the foundation on which they are erected, and facilitate their certain downfal. The premature fate of the governments of antiquity, will prove the validity of this assertion to a demonstration, and we might include several in modern times; particularly St. Domingo, which should be a sufficient warning to the tyrants of America, to desist speedily from a commerce pregnant with the seeds of inevitable destruction, and they should never forget the old proverb, namely, " that opportunity lost can never be recalled."

PAGE 18....LINE 4.

The fruitful soil a ready harvest yields.

IT is unanimously allowed by travellers, that Africa is as fertile as any other part of the world, producing abundance of rice and roots. Indigo and cotton thrive there without cultivation....The lakes are stored with fish....The fields with flocks and birds, and even the woods abound with spontaneous fruits. For my own part, I will be bold to affirm, that it is the most beautiful and luxuriant country I ever beheld; although I have visited several kingdoms in Europe; islands in the West Indies, as well as South America. That part of Africa alluded to, called Guinea, from whence the slaves are brought; extends along the coast 4000 miles, from the river Senegal to Cape Sierra Leona; thence it runs eastward 1500 miles, including the grain, ivory, gold and slave coasts, with the kingdoms of Benin, Congo, Angola and many others.

PAGE 24....LINE 31.

Our wood's not void of hospitality.

THE inhabitants of Congo are eminently civil, courteous and very hospitable to strangers. They believe in one God, the Author of all things; they conceive him to be a munificent Being, and that he requires his creatures to be such. They appear, likewise, to have a confused apprehension of a future state. Such is their generosity, that a beggar is not to be seen in the kingdom. Theft is punished by confiscation, *but* adultery with death; and the delinquents' bodies are cast to the birds and beasts of prey to be devoured, which is considered as a great disgrace and punishment. They discover

a good understanding; are remarkable for the respect children pay to their parents, wives to their husbands, &c. Finally, they are the most philanthropic people I ever was among; which I had an opportunity to prove, while travelling alone in their woods, at a particular period, depending upon their bounty for my support, and being fully in their power.... I have found them (I solemnly declare) more hospitable than many professors of religion in Europe or America.

PAGE 51....LINE 29.

HAWKINS this heard, oppress'd with mighty fear.

IT was about the year 1551, that the English commenced their trade to Guinea. Some time after this, Sir John Hawkins equipped a little fleet to trade for slaves. He landed a number of men, armed with swords and lances, (lances being at that time generally used in Europe, as well as Africa) to take the inhabitants by force, and burn their town: but they met with such resistance, that they lost nearly as many of their own men as they took slaves. Finding this method too dangerous, they contrived a more compendious way, by prevailing on the natives to make war on each other, and sell them their prisoners for trinkets, rum, warlike apparatus, &c. Till this period, the natives seldom had any wars; whereas, now they are continually enveloped in all the horrors of sanguinary warfare, instigated by European speculators.

BOOK II.

PAGE 104....LINE 7.

And turns his thoughts on EBO as he dies.

THE subsequent narrative of a battle between the natives of Africa, prior to my arrival there, was related by the Ebo king to a citizen of America, who was trading for slaves.

A party of hunters from one of the remote towns of the Ebo country, had pursued their game beyond what the Galla king considered his boundary, and were met by a party of the latter people, likewise hunting. They now commenced a pursuit of the game, that had nearly been run down by the Ebo people, but were not successful; for one of the Ebo hunters brought it down with his spear. The Galla hunters sought to appropriate it to themselves; a fray ensued, one of the Galla people was killed, the rest put to flight, and the game brought off in triumph, though several of the Ebo people were wounded severely.

Both parties were highly enraged....The Galla king raised an army, invaded the country, burned two villages, carried off some cattle, and a few prisoners, which he sold for slaves. The Ebo people were terrified with the first successes of the enemy; they allotted a considerable force to oppose them; several actions were fought, but the Ebo king was so much the sufferer in each, that his army was nearly destroyed. The Galla king encouraged by these successes, and relying too much on the weakness of the Ebo people, formed the resolution of subjugating the whole country to his rule. For this purpose he collected all his force, and spreading desolation as he passed, crossed the great swamp to the N. W. in order to avoid the circuit of the upper lands, and had already approached within the distance of three miles of the capital, where all the fugitives from the desolated towns had taken refuge.

The city could be approached only by a narrow defile, through which the river passed, leaving a road on that side next the city; or by attempting the road over the hills and through the woods, by which he had entered. The Galla chief preferred the former; a party of the Ebo people who had escaped from bondage, communicated the design; and the old Ebo chief took his measures accordingly. He collected a body of 200 picked men, supported by a body of 300 more, to guard the pass on the side next to the enemy. Over these as the reserve, he appointed his eldest son, and his own brother; the rest of his army he led himself, in two divisions: his second son heading the left, in which his principi wives* and their brothers, were distributed.

The king shewed me the spot where he took his station. It was an elevated spot of ground, covered with large shady trees, inaccessible to the front; but overlooking the whole plain below, with which it communicated by two paths at some distance to the right and left. A path was opened, and a line of men stretched along the top of the hill, to the edge of this pass, to which he paid constant attention.

The Galla people attempted to march before sun rise, but a large fire suddenly appearing on their right, at the distance of about half a mile, occasioned them to halt: it ceased in a few minutes, but had the effect of dispiriting the Galla people; who marched on however, about an hour after. They advanced rapidly, and soon descried the troops under the

---

* *The stout young women engage in most of the expeditions throughout the whole country....This being an extraordinary occasion, and utter ruin or conquest being the only alternative, the young boys and girls followed their parents to this action, and contributed by their presence,* to render it decisive.

king's eldest son, ready to receive them. The Galla people began the attack by a discharge of arrows, which was returned by the Ebo party; and followed by a second flight, before the Galla army expected it. The Galla warriors then brandished their lances, closed their ranks, and made a vigorous attack on the king's army, who being unprepared, threw by their bows, and closed in a compact body to receive them with their spears: this opposition was short, for the Ebo party fled into the narrow part of the pass, as if panic struck, the Galla people pursuing them. The two parties of the Ebo army now rallied on the inner side of a sloping ground; and as the Galla people crouded through the pass to pursue them, the old Chief sallied from his recess, and commenced the attack in the rear. The battle was now carried on with the greatest vigor on both sides. The Ebo army being sensible that this was their last and only hope, fought with desperation; while the Galla troops, no less ingated by the desire of victory and plunder, exerted themselves to the utmost. The slaughter was terrible for a considerable time; the Galla people, however, at last gave way, and fled in immense numbers to the river, among the foremost of whom was their chief. He, however, rallied his troops on the plain, in front of their camp. The numbers killed already, exceeding that of the Ebo army; what remained was still as numerous. The old Ebo chief determined to pursue his success, while his people were elated, and marched into the plain; fate as yet seeming to hold the balances of victory.

The attack was made by the eldest son, but he was met with such warmth and intrepidity by the enemy, that his ranks gave way. He called aloud to them, and drawing a circle round him with his sword, declared, he never would quit the spot, but with victory. The people roused by his bravery, returned to the charge, but before they could rescue him, he fell, covered with wounds, and run through by lances. When his younger brother appeared, having carried all before him on the left, a more desperate action ensued; the shouting of women and children enlivened the Ebo people, when the arrival of the old chief and his brother, with their divisions, decided the victory in their favor....The enemy fought with desperation, but the old chief having attacked them in the rear, no hope remained, and they who did not prefer death, were made captives. Seven hundred were taken prisoners, those who had remained in the Galla camp to guard against surprise, took to flight; numbers of them were taken by the women and scattered inhabitants, who pursued them for two days. The king with but few followers, effected his escape with much difficulty, while most of the principal warriors were among the captives.

The *Ebo king* lost, beside his eldest son, his brother, who *fell in the conflict*, and three of his wives. The old man con-

ducted me to the spot, and I could not but be sensibly affected at the tenderness which he displayed, when speaking of them on this scene of their valor and death. He appeared to me on this occasion, in a point of view very different from what he had at any time before; so that I esteemed the *man* now, whom I before considered as the *savage*.

Hawkins' Voyages, page 78.

PAGE 117....LINE 8.

And still forsooth, could sing, and preach, and pray.

I do not here by any means pass a reflection on any denomination of people; for I love all men indiscriminately, especially good men, and without distinction: yet I consider it as absurd to profess religion without Christian philanthropy in the heart, as it would be in a ploughman, who, unacquainted with his a, b, c, to profess to be a proficient in literature. Every body knows, or ought to know, that pure love to God and man is the quintessence of religion; and heaven's king gives us many opportunities to prove the validity of our love to God, by our humility, obedience and resignation; to our neighbors, by our benevolence, hospitality, and sympathetic philanthropy. How too many modern professors prove the validity of their religion, multitudes of sceptics and infidels, with impious exultation declare. The want of philanthropy in Christians, has made more proselytes to deism, and enemies to revelation, than any other means whatever: whereas the unparalleled philanthropy of the primitive Christians, made more converts to Christianity, than all their preaching. Viewing their love and friendship for mankind in general, and their brethren in particular, the astonished heathens were constrained to exclaim, *See how these Christians love!* They not only professed, but by their actions proved, that their love to mankind was unsullied, fervent and sincere; and without this love or religion, it is impossible for persons, (no matter what their professions or pretensions may be) to enter the kingdom of God, which I will prove to a demonstration, from one single argument. The immaculate Judge and Saviour of the world has positively and personally declared, that he will make use of these identical addresses, and apply them without defalcation, to the whole human family, convened at the general judgment seat the last day; "Depart from me, ye cursed; for I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; I was sick, and ye visited me not; I was in prison, and ye came not unto me....or thus: Come ye blessed of my father; for I was an hungered, and ye gave me

meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in, naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me." How solemn the day....how speedy its approach....How horrible the sentence, Depart....How exhilerating the invitation, Come. Were I to ask the character, professor or profane, who lives in the habitual neglect of these good works, if he expected to go to heaven when he died, he would no doubt answer in the affirmative. Were I to ask him at the same time, if he supposed the Almighty could on any consideration be prevailed upon to tell a lie, he would answer in the negative. What a contradiction in terms and ideas! what an insult to common sense! What a burlesque! A person who believes in the scriptures, to suppose, that the just Judge of quick and dead will or can declare a palpable falshood in the presence of assembled worlds. The bare supposition is blasphemy against the veracity of heaven. Can any delinquent, by way of excuse, plead want of opportunity or ability? It is impossible. Cannot the poor cast in his mite, or with tears of sympathetic commiseration, and words of consolation, at least endeavor to alleviate the distresses of the needy? Yes. And consequently to the poor, as well as the rich, the foregoing address will be applicable.

PAGE 117....LINE 32.

Here ROBESPIERRE *who his country sold.*

THE repetition of this tyrannical demagogue's name, brings to our minds a train of interesting reflections, and opens an extensive field for contemplation. The French revolution, with the concomitant circumstances attending it, was certainly a great phenomenon, especially in the political world. When we reflect upon the declaratory exordium which prefaces the declaration of the rights of men and citizens, promulgated by the national assembly of France; when we reflect on the subject matter of that declaration,* and the majestic appearance of a nation opening its commission under the auspices of heaven; shaking off its shackles, discarding its local prejudices and sentimental prepossessions, and resolving to be free, we are struck with amazement; particularly when we keep in mind the prostituted state of politics in Europe at that time. When we take a retrospective view of the thousands, nay millions, who were sacrificed to ac-

* *The reader will find this declaration transcribed verbatim, in my "Desultory letter to Napoleon Bonaparte," page 272.*

cellerate and consolidate the organization of the French republic, we are not surprised; for the instant we enquire the reason so many persons were slaughtered at the revolution, we find an answer, by taking a view of the degraded state of millions in Christianized countries, known by the appellation of the ignorant mob or swinish multitude. They arise as the natural consequences of despotism, and are the fruits of legal barbarity. In all arbitrary governments, in order to exalt some men, many are debased, till the whole is out of nature.

While the artificial nobleman is consuming thousands sterling out of the public taxes, to maintain his superiority, his domestics and his concubines are magnificently dressed, his horses and his hounds are luxuriantly fed, a great extent of land is appropriated as a park for him to hunt in, while the annual production of grain is not equal to the national consumption. Finally, he spends his life in affluence, luxury and dissipation; but cannot enjoy even what he possesses, as abundance cloys, while mediocrity satisfies. The nobleman by nature, has to cultivate an acre or two of his land, for which he pays an extravagant rent, labors incessantly, lives poorly, and is insulted daily; his taxes high, his tythes higher, and the imperious tone of his noble lord, highest. His children are raised with degradation, without information, or any prospect, but vassalage with contamination; for as the poor, though noble man, has to pay taxes even for his bread and salt, as well as every other commodity, and pay tithes, for all he possesses, however little, he can scarcely feed, much less educate his offspring, with all his industry; they are consequently reduced below the state of savages; for they have but few wants, and nature supplies them: but the poor, ignorant, untaught, vulgar multitude, have many wants, and no means to supply them, but by robbery or rebellion. Hence so many, not of the rich, but of the poor, are daily executed; and hence, in revolutions, these poor unhappy persons are as furious as bears robbed of their cubs. In short, the evils and miseries attending despotism and aristocracy, are so many and various, that it would take volumes to contain them. I am astonished out of measure, when I see people, and poor people too, in America, attempting to vindicate the rights of those right honorable, and right reverend tyrants to oppress their fellow men, and grind the face of the poor. I think at times they deserve to feel the iron hand of despotism themselves....then they would know better. When I contemplate the natural dignity of man, who was made in the image of God; and at the same time view a vast mass of them, degradingly thrown back in the human picture, to bring forward with greater glare, the state and magnificence of a set of the most dissipated, unjust and ungenerous mortals, I can scarcely avoid being irritated at these impostors, and disgusted at those who suffer themselves to be thus imposed on.

And this inequality is not confined to politics; religion also is made a pack horse for tyrants to ride to hell upon, and a cloak to hide the ecclesiastical oppressor's cloven foot, with which he tramples upon the superstitious crowd, who worship, and even kiss the foot that kicks them. Many horrible instances might be given of this; one must suffice. A nominal religious man, called an archbishop, in christianized countries, is allowed a salary of 40,000 pounds per annum, to preach the gospel of the self denying Redeemer; he will perhaps officiate twice a year, his curate 200 times, who is a real religious man; yet he is only allowed 40 pound per year to support a large family of children upon. This plain matter of fact cannot be contradicted. For this, and a variety of other reasons, the ignorant multitude are furious, and not to be restrained at the commencement of a revolution, and are rather the followers of the camp, than the standard of liberty; and they are to be pitied rather than to be reproached. All the sins resulting from revolutions or rebellions, lie at the doors of oppressors, who are the primary cause of them. If we look back on the riots, tumults and rebellions in the governments of Europe, we will see that despotism was the radical cause of all of them. Taxation, however disguised in the means, always appears in the effect. As a great part of the community are reduced thereby to penury and want, they are consequently always on the brink of commotion. Ignorant and depraved as they unhappily are, without any prospect but wretchedness before them, and without any information, or the means to gain any, farther than to know and feel that their oppressors and tyrants are exalted and exalting themselves at their expence; consequently, they are easily heated to outrage, and are as easily executed by their enemies when heated. The one thousandth part of the money expended, to aggrandize and support despotism is more than sufficient to educate all the poor orphans, and support comfortably all the superannuated poor in a nation, and these who are the most helpless are the greatest sufferers; but I will go further and affirm, that the one third of the civil list of the metamorphosed emperor Napoleon, is sufficient to provide comfortably for every poor person in Paris, and the same might be said of other countries. There is no ruler, no matter what his title is, for they are nothing but nick names at the best, earns more than 25,000 dollars annually, which is the salary of our president, who I conceive to be a more useful, ingenuous, disinterested and better informed ruler than any other in the world.* This every one must acknowledge, that allows pa-

* *While I feel the most implacable* indignation and disgust *at the despot, who robs his country and fellow men of their dear-*

triotic actions to speak louder than hypocritical pretensions. It is barbarously wicked for any individual to accept, or any government to appropriate millions for the support of rulers, when thousands would be more than enough. The iniquity of such injustice is greatly enhanced, when we reflect that the poor, with all their wants upon them, are compelled to aggrandize despots, who oppress, and keep them as ignorant as they are wretched, and thus they are forced to take the bread out of their children's mouths, to help to make up the enormous salaries of their tyrants. Hence, the hearts of the humane are shocked daily in christian countries, with the sight of thousands of half starved and naked children, and beggars bending with age, while the poor-houses are crowded with miserable objects, and the goals with the fruits of legal barbarity. Widows, with their weeping infants, are carted away on the death of their husbands, and imprisoned in alms-houses to work for the public, while their support is scanty indeed. All these evils might be remedied if a fund was established in each large metropolis, and every right honorable pensioner on government, even the sovereigns themselves would deposit part of their millions in each fund. Earls, dukes and lords by appropriating a part of their enormous salaries and pensions for this honorable and noble purpose, would solace many a virtuous and honest heart, dry up the tears of many a melting eye, and make thousands of widows and millions of half starved and naked orphans dance for joy. The miserable haunts of the poor would then be known, because it would be their advantage to make their case known, whereas now they keep it a secret, least they be carted to the work house. Pettit larceny, the offspring of poverty, would then be greatly lessened, as well as highway robberies and murders, with their concomitant executions.

Such a plan might easily be put in practice, without any embarrassment whatever; the relief and education of millions

---

est rights and natural privileges, I can scarcely avoid almost idolizing the patriot, who, regardless of the solicitations of ambition, who, deaf to the calls of interested motives, who, dead to the fascinating love of popularity, and the excitements of power and opportunity to aggrandize himself, walks in the paths of political rectitude and republican consistency, and who, with a philosophical patience, scarcely to be equalled and never exceeded, in ancient or modern times, treats with silent contempt the accumulated calumnies of the votaries of aristocracy and despotism; indeed, I do not know which to admire most, the political or the philosophical rectitude of Mr. Jefferson; with respect to the first, I would compare him to a Cincinnatus, and to the second, to the lion, looking back with sovereign contempt on the braying of the stupid ass mentioned in the fable.

would be effected, merely by depositing a part of the public taxes, that is wasted on individuals at present, in funds, established in each capital city for that purpose; it would not be raising more taxes, but only changing the application of them. Thus the poor might be provided for, and at the same time the rich have more than enough. Surely the man whose civil list is 1,000,000 sterling per annum, might dispense with two-thirds of it and have abundance left for the support of his affluence, influence, as well as magnificence. But alas, little expectation have I of any plan of this nature being organized. They who sit in ease, and solace themselves in plenty, little think on the sighing of the poor. These observations are therefore nugatory. A flood of generous sentiments crowd on my mind, resulting from a knowledge of the miseries of the poor in Europe, for I naturally feel a propensity to compassion.

When I was a little boy, seeing at the gate of a place of worship in the city of Dublin upwards of 100 emaciated beggars of different descriptions every Sunday, I made the resolution when I could accumulate 20 guineas that I would present one half to God by distributing it amongst these poor objects. The juvenile sympathy I then anticipated has augmented with my increase of years, and at present words cannot express the painful sensasions I feel, when I see or reflect on the miseries of the sons and daughters of affliction. Hence at such moments of sympathetic reflection with heartfelt grief I often exclaim,

"And Oh! my God is there no hour
To make me greatly bless'd,
When I will find it in my pow'r
To succour the oppress'd;
In vain alas! my heart o'erflows
With useless tenderness.
Why must I feel my brother's woes
Nor cannot make them less?
But I thus torture must endure,
'Tis not reserved for me
To ease the sighing of the poor,
And set my brethren free."

From these considerations, I hope my readers will pardon these digressions, and permit the weakness or rather tenderness of my feelings, to plead my excuse.

Passing by therefore, all that might be said, we will let a few spontaneous reflections suffice, respecting the changing scenes attending the French revolution, including the ingenious subtlety, and unparalleled hypocrisy of her tyrant, which history will faithfully hand down to posterity; and we will briefly take notice of the greatest of all phenomenons, the coronation of Bonaparte, who, though equal to Robespierre in cruelty, is far superior to him in guile and fascinating sophistry; which this unexpected event abundantly proves,

and which I consider as the most consummate piece of villainy ever acted on the theatre of the universe. This occurrence proves, that religious, as well as political apostacy, has become of late familiar, not only to the demagogues, but many of the citizens of France and potentates of Europe. The people of France, after many invincible struggles, at last burst their manacles asunder, asserted their native rights and unalienable privileges, formed, or endeavored to form a representative government, and a constitution upon principles of civil liberty; but for the want of stability, precaution, watchfulness and public virtue, they have from time to time become the dupes of restless, ambitious and enterprising adventurers, who, in conjunction with ruffians delighting in disorder and innovation, endeavoring to accelerate contention and produce anarchy, that they might thereby have an opportunity of mounting the chariot of commotion with the loosened reins of confusion, the whip of civil war, and with steeds of despotism, to ride upon the storm, and enslave the people. The reason mankind are so wretchedly befooled, and robbed of their dearest rights and privileges, is, first, they are not sufficiently jealous of those they intrust with power; secondly, it is difficult for a nation, habituated for centuries to slavery, ignorance and degradation, to be taught in the school of civil liberty, and to become proficients in practical as well as theoretical republicanism.

Notwithstanding this difficulty, were it not for interested demagogues and ambitious despots, nations who once anticipated the sweets of liberty would not easily forego its paramount blessings. To say, as many of the advocates of despotism, that mankind are not capable of enjoying the superexcellent blessing of rational freedom, is infamous calumny; it is an impudent falshood, an insult to the human family, it is in short degrading them far below the brute creation: for that many brutes do enjoy their liberty, and yet are not injurious to civil society, is a stubborn fact; by saying that men are not fit for freedom is to make chains, stripes, insults, starvation and degradation their choice; the domineering frowns and imperious commands of tyrants their delight, and peace, plenty, domestic happiness and national freedom at home and respect abroad, the objects of their detestation; but as facts are superior to reasoning, the instance of America presents itself to give the lie to such infamous calumnies. Every age becomes still more proficient in wickedness, and especially in despotism; hence modern despotism is, in maturity, what the despotism of antiquity was in minority; now villainy is systematical, then it was unmethodized. The executive conduct of the French usurper, exhibits his political hypocrisy with a witness, and his systematic villainy without disguise; not content with becoming a first consul, under the pretence of acting for the benefit of the citizens of France,

still professing to be a friend to the people and a firm votary of republicanism, he affected change after change, BUT FIRST ORGANIZED A STANDING ARMY, WITHOUT WHICH HE NEVER COULD HAVE ENSLAVED THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE, but would long ere now have met the premature fate of Robespierre. From a first consul he has with long and hasty strides attained emperorship, with all the hypocritic solemnity and magnificence of royalty; thus, the people who spilt rivers of human blood to establish a representative government, and to transmit this blessing to their children, for the want of prudent jealousy and watchfulness, have been forced to aggrandize the monster that has robbed them of millions of lives, and billions of treasure, nay, to spend 30,000,000 of dollars, exacted from the mouth of labour, to place him on the throne of Lewis XVI. while his crown is placed on the head of a wandering adventurer. This is the effect of entrusting any man, or set of men with power; then let America behold, take warning and shun the snare, the fatal rock on which the republicanism of France has been shipwrecked. See the country destroyed, thousands reduced to beggary, even in Paris, to exalt a legion of honor, or rather a legion of despots, rolling in luxury, at the expence of the public. While weeping liberty is totally banished, to make place for the most dreadfully formidable military, ecclesiastical, and hereditary despotism, that ever terrified, degraded and tormented the human family. This is Bonaparte, that was so affected at his coronation with tender emotions, (or rather pretended to be so) that he could scarcely refrain from shedding tears of keen sensibility when taking the imperial oath to defend the liberties of the people, and could only express it in broken monysyllables. This brings to my mind the impolitic, and imprudent conduct of the sovereign pontiff, who attended his coronation. In particularizing a few spontaneous thoughts on this unparalleled event and unprecedented crisis, I do not by any means wish, much less intend, to give umbrage to a certain sect of people whom I respect, as well as all other denominations, as all their titles and appellations are synonimous with me; virtue I admire and revere, wherever or in whomsoever I can see it flourish. But I will prove, from the principles and tenets of the Roman catholic church, which I ought to know, being educated and brought up in that persuasion. The prefixed animadversion, I will first allow, as candor obliges me so to do, that his holiness was instigated more by fear than love, more by constraint than desire, to leave the papal territories and take a long and tedious journey, at an advanced stage of life, to crown a man that he could not avoid knowing was a hypocrite, a murderer, a robber and a Mahometan; but, I must at the same time affirm, that it was his bounden duty, as heaven's *representative* on earth, to sacrifice his life before

his virtue; thus he would have honored, whereas he has eternally degraded the religion he professed to be the defender of; and the author of it, whose viceroy he professes to be. Can it be supposed that the meek and lowly Redeemer, who says, he who loses his life for my sake shall find it, and he who keeps my commandments is my friend, can look with complacency on the meanest of his children, who would wilfully support, assist and encourage an individual robber, or a gang of them; it is impossible. How must he, therefore, look upon the man who is exhibited as infalible....supreme in holiness and in power....the teacher of virtue....the father of devotion, and who by profession is the friend of God....with what disapprobation must he behold him prostituting the sacredness of his holy character, exalted station and sovereign title, in sacrilegeously depositing an imperial crown on the head of a villain, whose hands are yet reeking, red with the innocent blood of thousands, murdered in cool blood, and millions slaughtered in his anger: who waded through seas of human blood to imperial honor, regardless of the widow's and the orphan's cries, whose relatives died in the cause of liberty. It will appear evident to every discerning mind that he is a second Jehu, the scourge of Europe, and perhaps of the world, for his ambition aims at universal dominion; his coronation, the encouragement and patronage which the sovereign pontiff gave him, in applying to him the epithet of "Our beloved son "in Jesus Christ, Napoleon." This with a catalogue of absurdities too tedious to mention, will have one glorious tendency at any rate; namely, to convince both friends and foes, who are not willfully ignorant and superstitiously blind, the inconsistency, insufficiency, futility and absurdity of popery and monarchy. Though I do not pretend to prophesy, yet I must affirm, that the conduct of his holiness the pope in the instances here adduced, gives the death blow to his infallibility; is a preliminary to the annihilation of his ecclesiastical sovereignty; is a sign of approaching reformation amongst a large portion of mankind, and seems to be a literal fulfilment of the prophecy of Daniel.* Any person who has perused an account of the coronation; the apparent solemnity and reverential awe that was displayed; the seeming religious ceremonials; the hypocritical pretences of the self-created emperor; and above all, the presence and approbation of the head of the catholic church, must be convinced, that this event is exceedingly portentous and eventful. Little does his imperial majesty, Napoleon I. and his holiness, pope Pius VII. think, that like the Jews who crucified the Son of God, they are fulfilling some

* "*And arms shall stand on his part, and shall pollute the* "*sanctuary of strength, and they shall place the abomination* "*which maketh desolate.* Daniel 9, 31.

of the most important and interesting prophecies of the old and new testaments. But I must forego theological animadversions in this place, as the friends of despotism who love to see contentions about religion, and to keep people ignorant of their natural rights, would be glad to have it in their power to stigmatize my arguments with the epithet of "*fanaticism.*" They are willing we should look this way, that way, or any way, but the right way. They are also willing we should discuss any subject but the simplicity of civil government, which they exhibit as some very mysterious phenomenon, although it is the most simple thing in nature; viz. "a national association, acting on the principles of society," and though the religion of Christ is still more simple; namely, pure love to God and man, they exhibit it as something very wonderful, filled with mysteries and ceremonies which the vulgar multitude should not by any means meddle with.

I appeal to every man's conscience, whether friends or foes, to decide if it was reasonable, much less scriptural, for the man who professes to be the legal successor of St. Peter, and God's Vicegerent on earth to seal the unparalleled guilt of a monster in human form, with a sacred approbation, and public plaudits, to the scandal of his disciples and supporters, and the annihilation of their faith....If such iniquity has been acted in the house of God, must not judgment begin there. If we judge men by their conduct what difference is their between the supreme Pontiff and the high priest of the goddess of reason. At a former period the demagogues who directed the storms of anarchy in France commanded, and lo! the high priest exhibited his goddess of reason crowned her with garlands and paid her homage. At a recent period the usurper commanded, and lo! the high priest of the catholic church instantly manufactured him into a beloved son in Jesus Christ, and then metamorphosed him to a magnificent emperor with all the ensigns and elegance of royalty, while the wondering, cheated multitude, worshipped the diabolical invention.

I will no doubt bring upon my head the execration and defamation of the enemies of revelation and the opposers of emancipation for advocating the rights of men precipitated into an abyss of degradation and superstition; but I have my witness in heaven that so far from wishing to give offence, it is with regret and not with exultation I drag the antecedent animadversions to view. I do not by any means attempt to discuss the merits or demerits of the catholic religion, or investigate the former or subsequent conduct of the present pope, or any pope that ever filled a papal throne. But it may be answered, "you may as well pierce a man's body as lopp off his head." This I cannot help, it is my duty, and a duty in which I delight, to admire, and eulogise virtue though clothed in rags and seated on a dunghill, and to bear a testimony against vice whether seated on a papal or an imperial throne. The fact is, virtue is

rags is as amiable to the impartial King of Heaven as it is when arrayed in robes of state and fringed with flowers of gold; and *vice versa* as it respects vice. As the conduct of his holiness in the instance adduced makes it necessary for me to exhibit it to popular animadversion, the fault is less mine than his; for I would sooner offend all the members of the catholic church, if they are so unreasonable and ungenerous as to get offended for particularising a simple fact, and in as delicate a manner as I possibly can, than to offend God in not doing it; and as I am willing to apologize to the members of that church (who are good christians, for there is good and bad amongst all denominations) for the liberty I have taken, or the inadvertent offences I have given in discussing this subject, I think his Holiness should also make his apology for giving the cause. I believe I am correct, when I affirm, that my arguments in this work, whether philosophical, theological, or political, are reasonable, though unmethodical: they are in short the simple matter of fact; and the more truth is simplified, the more resplendent it appears. Indeed, all it asks or wants is the liberty of appearing. To attempt to adorn truth with the flowers of rhetoric, is like painting a diamond, in order to beautify it. However, such is my situation in life and relative avocations, that so far from having time and opportunity to adorn my arguments with flowers, my poem has undergone but one transcription, and these notes have not been transcribed at all. Some days I have been interrupted almost hourly, while the nights were the most favorable moments I enjoyed in depicting them even as they are.

I will here beg leave to represent to my readers a circumstance relative to myself, which will tend to illustrate this topic. When I was a young Roman Catholic, I was a remarkable zealous devotee; I believed, for indeed, I was taught so, that no person, however virtuous and holy, who lived and died out of the pales of our church could be saved. I believed in the infallibility of the pope. When I went to confess my sins to the priest, I believed his absolution was sufficiently efficacious to obliterate all my immoralities. In short, I believed in the necessity of doing penance, and acted accordingly, and yet I was as wicked as my neighbors. However, being at last through the illuminating grace of God, convinced of the many improprieties which I recognized, and which I do not wish here to particularize, I withdrew from the church in which I was both baptized and confirmed, and became a protestant. I was of course condemned, especially by my relatives, as an heretic, in danger of hell's fire, though I loved and endeavored to serve my Redeemer a thousand times more, subsequent to my abjuration than antecedent to it. After this period I could not by any means, consistent with the canon laws of the Catholic church, be received again, (although I did not turn Turk) without recantation, public penance and absolution.

Passing by the impolicy of the pope's conduct, as a deleterious precedent to other enterprising demagogues, and the impiety of it as a fatal wound to the cross of Christ and the holiness which the gospel inculcates, I will prove to a demonstration from the canon laws of the catholic church, the solidity and authenticity of my arguments. Bonaparte was an acknowledged deist in Robespierre's reign; a Turk, or rather a Mahometan, by avowed profession in Egypt; a great republican when he mounted his consular throne, and an aristocrat when he assumed his imperial robes. I say, this same Bonaparte, was to all intents and purposes excommunicated from the catholic church, of which he was previously a member; he did not make any recantation, get absolution, or perform public penance for his accumulated crimes and hypocritical apostacy, in his desertion from Christ to Mahomet in 1798: consequently he is no more a member of the Romish church, than I am, or rather than the grand Seignior is. Wherefore it would be more consistent with reason, revelation and common sense, for the pope to consecrate one of Mahomet's priests a christian potentate, than Bonaparte; for the one, although a heathen, might not be a hypocrite; or be one day a christian, and the next an infidel or a heathen, according as it answered his interested purposes. In short, whether I view the coronation and the circumstances attending it, behind or before, side ways or any way, I must come to this conclusion; that it is a prodigy, especially in the political world, that never had a precedent, and perhaps may never have a parallel.

The situation of the people of France is truly wretched; for although the coronation and exaltation of Napoleon I. and the consecration and approbation of pope Pius VII. may or may not consolidate the power of the self-created emperor, during the term of his natural life; yet history, nay, common sense, and the nature of things will demonstrate, that when he falls by the sword of a rival, the poisoned cup of an enemy, or by the judgments of the Almighty, that moment, France will be precipitated into all the horrors of civil war, anarchy, and confusion, while the same tragical scene must be re-acted over again. It is certain, however numerous his relatives, or his progeny might be, in the event of such a crisis, his dynasty must perish with him; especially, while there are so many enterprising generals in France, as ambitious, as voracious, as audacious, and as eager for imperial power as himself, and who have, or think they have, a better title and superior claims to his throne than his children can have. Thus on account of the lassitude, degeneracy and impolicy of the citizens of France, they have not only plunged themselves into a terrible labyrinth of despotism, degradation and infamy; but have virtually robbed their innocent smiling infants of their future peace and liberty, and must leave them a prey to anarchy and intestine commotion; if they fight, it will be per-

haps for the choice of their tyrants, and experience nothing but continual infringements on their native rights. *Citizens of America, view in sympathetic thought this tragical catastrophe, and beware!*

BOOK III.

PAGE 134....LINE 33.

Oh! in the Christians' blood might I allay.

THE reader must bear in mind that in this part, and indeed throughout the whole poem, I have copied, or endeavoured to copy nature. It would, therefore, be unnatural to suppose, much less to paint an untutored savage exercising the cardinal graces peculiar to christianity. In many parts of the uncivilized world, the natives conceive it a religious duty which they owe to their friends who die by the hand of the assassin, not only to pray to heaven for vengeance, but to punish the aggressor themselves.

PAGE 221....LINE 20.

Fierce and more fierce the fiery torrents grew.

THE Rev. John Wesley relates, in his thoughts upon slavery, an incident that will tend to consolidate the above description.

"The commander of a Guineaman, sent to acquaint an African prince, that he wanted a cargo of slaves. The king promised to furnish him; and in order to it, set out, designing to surprise some town, and make all the people prisoners.

"Some time after, the king sent him word he had not yet met with the desired success: having attempted to break up two towns, but were twice repulsed; notwithstanding that he still hoped to procure the number of slaves. In this design he persisted till he met his enemies in the field. A battle was fought which lasted three days, and the engagement was so bloody that 4500 men were slain upon the spot."

Will God wink at such unparalleled villainy always? It is impossible! Every drop of innocent blood which is thus spilled, through the instrumentality of the christain powers, helps to fill up the measure of their iniquity and force the slumbering vengeance from the skies.

PAGE 221....LINE 32.

The screaming mother with distraction wild.

DISMAL and horrid as this description is, with grief and shame I must declare, that it falls short in pourtraying the

miseries attending on the slave trade. The tragical scenes that I have myself witnessed, are almost incredible. Then what imagination can conceive; what tongue can express, or what pen can paint the dreadful scenes recognized by the all-seeing eyes of an omniscient deity? There is nothing more frequent on the African coast, than the sacking of towns and the wanton destruction of thousands of human beings. The war is generally commenced, in order to procure slaves for the Europeans. When the enslaving party is opposed with vigor, if they prove in the end victorious, their thirst for revenge is paramount to their avarice. Hence there is nothing more common in the conclusion of these sanguinary conflicts, than for every individual of the vanquished to be put to the most cruel death. To demonstrate this assertion, many lamentable instances might be adduced; but for the sake of brevity we will let one suffice, which is taken *verbatim* from an original manuscript journal, belonging to the surgeon of a Guinea-man.

"*Sestro, Dec.* 29, 1724. No trade to-day, although many traders came on board. They informed us, that the people are gone to war inland, and will bring prisoners enough in two or three days; in hopes of which we stay. The 30th. No trade yet; but our traders came on board to day, and informed us that the people had burned four towns: so that to-morrow we expect slaves off. The 31st, fair weather, but no trading yet. We see each night towns burning, but we hear many of the Sestro men are killed by the inland negroes. So that we fear this war will be unsuccessful. January 2d. Last night we saw a prodigious fire break out about eleven o'clock, and this morning perceived the town of Sestro reduced to ashes. It contained some hundred houses. So that we find their enemies are too hard for them at present, and consequently our trade spoiled here. Therefore, about 7 o'clock we weighed anchor and proceeded lower down." This is the way the Christians shew their information and the excellence of their religion to the heathens. This is the way they invite them to become proselytes to their tenets: to gratify their pride, lust, revenge and avarice, in this manner hundreds and thousands of wretched mortals are annually massacred. Ye crimson plains! never, oh! never cover their blood! and ye briny seas, hide not thou the thousands of their lacerated bodies which thou hast received in thy bosom, but exhibit them, and with them their murderers' guilt to view.

BOOK V.

PAGE 225....LINE 20.

But time would fail us, if we'd pause to view.

AS the brevity of my plan makes it necessary to curtail *th ese explanatory* notes, therefore, for a particular account

of the treatment of the slaves, after their arrival on the plantations, I would refer the reader to my Preliminary Essay, Chap. 3. p. 77, 177.

VERSE 260....LINE 11.

Which decency forbids me to display.

I HAVE used my best endeavors both as it respects sentiments and phraseology, not to offend the most chaste ear. From this consideration I have omitted depicturing many horrid though authentic facts, lest peradventure, I should offend my female readers. Attending to this scrupulously, I have only exhibited a glimpse of some ideas and left the mind to conceive the rest. The licentiousness and indecency of the prevailing female fashions, I have merely hinted; for I candidly confess, that I am ashamed to depicture what some fashionable, and in other respects, amiable ladies, are not ashamed to exhibit to public view.

The signs of our times are unquestionably portentous and alarming. They are evidently big with events of prodigious magnitude. Though firm in my belief, that these times are preliminaries to important changes in the world of mankind, both in a religious and a political view, yet I do not by any means pretend to prophecy. I do not attempt to exculpate myself while I condemn others. Having felt the terrors of the law myself for sin, I persuade men to repent, their crimes forego, and be saved by grace. That we can ever find real peace and happiness, without previous repentance and reformation, revelation, reason and common sense by their joint suffrage deny. I am bound by every obligation human and divine, to attempt the reformation of my fellow tyrants, and the sins which have pierced me with many sorrows, I deprecate most, and condemn those crimes which I have by woeful experience proved to be pregnant with certain destruction, both to individuals, families and nations. If we reflect on the requisitions and prohibitions of the gospel, "He that looks upon "a woman, to lust after her, is guilty of adultery in his heart, "and he who is angry with his brother without a cause, is a "murderer," then view the fashions and oppressions of the day; at the appearance, we must be struck with solemn forebodings and reverential awe. It is clear to me, that the present is the period, to which the apostle alludes, "When be-"cause iniquity abounds, the love of many will wax cold." What a declension in christian charity is discernible amongst the votaries of religion; what quarelling, animosity, backbiting, hypocrisy and degeneracy. This is the efficient cause why the world is crouded with deists, whom I pity from my heart, as they cannot see into the spirituality, the consistency, utility

and super-excellence of the scriptures; for it is as impossible for the carnal mind to discriminate the things of God, as they are spiritually discerned, as it is for an infant to read latin. They look therefore to the professors of religion, to prove by their conduct that there is a reality in revelation. What is the consequence of their investigation? They see such a contrast between their practice and profession, that they condemn the whole as fabulous, and plunge into one horrid labyrinth of deism, and thus stumble over them into hell. Hypocritical professors are the radical cause of all this spiritual evil, as immodest women are the cause of much temporal evil. Yet blessed be God, there are still many virtuous, prudent women, and pious, holy men, in our world, for whose sake God suspends his threatening judgments from bursting on our guilty heads: but will he suffer such wickedness for ever to accumulate and prosper? It is impossible.

BOOK VI.

PAGE 273....LINE 1.

No more of wars, of carnage, or of arms.

I expect to be severely censured by the critics, for adding this book to the poem, as it should conclude with the death of AVENIA. But they must still remember, that as my object is the good, not the praise of man, I study utility more than method. At any rate the critics should consider such imperfections beneath their notice, especially when the circumstances of the publication are considered.

PAGE 273....LINE 6.

And tyrants' rage contrast with heavenly love.

AS I have studiously avoided introducing theological matter into this work, for reasons already given, I flatter myself it will be neither uninteresting or unentertaining to introduce in this note, a few miscellaneous articles from the book of creation. Our Almighty Maker, in condescension to the weakness of our faculties, the brevity of our lives, and our many avocations, has comprised all the knowledge conducive to our real happiness, in four volumes, viz. the book of Revelation....Nature....Providence....and the book of the Heart.

As I conceived the lessons in the book of nature to be irresistible, energetic, and not to be confuted, and consequently most calculated to convince tyrants of the iniquity of their conduct, the disapprobation of heaven, and the dissimilarity between their works and those of their Creator, I have therefore exhibited, or endeavored to exhibit, a specimen, and only a specimen, of the munificence of Jehovah, depictured on all his works, in hopes it may have a tendency to make oppressors blush, their crimes forego, and no more insult the Creator, by destroying his creatures, the noblest works of his almighty hands. To attempt to convince a tyrant by scripture, is, in my opinion, like administering medicine to a dead man. The cogency and super-excellence of the sacred volume is spiritually descried; and tyrants, while they continue such, are sold under sin. Notwithstanding this last book of the poem is especially intended as an answer to their futile arguments in favor of slavery, I hope it will be likewise acceptable to the sincere christians of all denominations. That path of life which the greater part of them are appointed to tread, allows but little opportunity for philosophical researches; and the little leisure they enjoy, is more properly devoted to the study of the book of grace, than the book of nature. At the same time, I conceive a sketch of christian philosophy is calculated to elevate the mind with transcendently honorable thoughts of God, and to enflame the heart with adoration, exaltation, and admiration of him. It is observed by an inspired author, that the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy works.

Nothing can be more becoming man than to investigate the obvious works of Deity, with this design, that he may excite in himself, through the assisting grace of God, these devout affections, and that superlative respect and veneration, which are the quintessence of that praise, which is his reasonable, as well as religious service. Are we inclined to cherish gratitude....to be stimulated to the delightful duty of praise? the means are at hand. His glorious, magnificent and munificent works continually present themselves to the indiscriminate inspection of the savage and the sage, the saint and the sinner, the christian and the heathen, the potentate and the peasant, in a wonderful, an instructive, an entertaining manner. We may reasonably conclude from profane, as well as sacred history, the antiquity as well as utility of this employment. Even God himself has been understood to intimate, when, concerning the heavenly bodies, he spake thus: *Let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and for years.* By the Jewish rabbins we are informed, that Adam, in his state of innocence, had an extensive knowledge of astronomy. Josephus tells us that the anti-deluvians were acquainted with this science. The longevity of the pa-

triarchs* afforded them many opportunities for astronomical observations.

This noble study, the patriarch Abraham, who was a native of Chaldea, is supposed to have in an eminent degree promoted. The knowledge collected from the traditional history of creation; the contemplation of the heavens and the earth; the experience of preceding generations, and the various gradual discoveries of the attributes and purposes of the Almighty, which had been by the long lived patriarchs transmitted from age to age, he no doubt was solicitous to diffuse among his cotemporaries. In the contemplation and study of the works of creation and providence, the devout part of mankind of every age and country, have found equal profit and pleasure. Does it not seem to be the periodical employment of Isaac, at each re-appearance of the heavenly luminaries, to retire to the solitary fields for contemplation. *Isaac,* (says the sacred historian) *went out to meditate in the field at eventide.* Was it not a view of the starry heavens that suggested to the pious Jewish king the subsequent devout ejaculation? *When I consider the heavens, the work of thy hands; the moon and stars which thou hast formed, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him.*† From Chaldea the study of astronomy passed into Egypt, from thence to Phenicia, and from Phenicia to Greece. The astronomy of the Greeks was greatly enriched and improved by the scientific discoveries of Pythagoras. This celebrated astronomer and mathematician is believed to have been born in the island of Samos, and to have flourished about 500 years before the christian era. In search of knowledge, it is said, he travelled into Egypt, then celebrated for the study of the sciences, where he became acquainted with geography, and the true solar system; and he made himself master of the several branches of literature, for which that country was so famed among the nations of antiquity. Incited by

---

* *The patriarchs before the flood, could readily recite to many generations, such remarkable events as had happened in their days; and thus they supplied the place of history. Adam was* 243 *years cotemporary with Methusalem, who lived till the flood; Methusalem with Noah* 600 *years, and with Shem* 100; *Shem with Abraham* 150, *and died when Isaac was fifty years old.*

† *I particularize these desultory observations, to prove that the patriarchs, as well as the philosophers of antiquity, studied the works of creation from devout and excellent motives; especially as many modern christians condemn as futile and spurious, astronomical contemplations.*

an insatiable thirst for knowledge, we are told he afterwards visited Persia, Chaldea, and other parts of Asia, as far as India, where he conversed with the gymnosophists, and from them acquired the knowledge of the philosophy and literature of the east. This great philosopher taught that the earth was of a spherical or round figure; that the moon reflected the rays of the sun; and that the comets are wandering stars, disappearing in the superior parts of their orbits, and becoming visible only in the lower.

He is said also to have exhibited the oblique course of the sun in the ecliptic, and to have first taught that the planet Venus is both the evening and morning star. But rational and philosophical as the theory of Pythagoras was, it was universally reprobated, and consigned to a state of oblivion. Indeed, notwithstanding the propensity the ancients had for astronomical and philosophical speculations, they entertained the most erroneous ideas concerning the structure of the universe. According the Ptolemaic* system which universally prevailed, the earth was considered an extended plain, surrounded by the ocean; and that the sun, when he sets, dips into the western ocean; and when he rises, emerges from the eastern; that the sun, moon and stars are small luminous bodies, at no great distance from the earth, and created solely for the purpose of illuminating it. This system, (though as unreasonable as to suppose, a cook, instead of turning the spit, would turn the fire round the loin of beef, in order to roast it) was for many ages, and among many nations, popular. Though how to ascertain on what foundation the earth rested, or how to account for the velocity with which the heavenly luminaries moved round it, they knew not.

The honor of restoring and consolidating the true solar system, belongs to Copernicus, a native of Thorn, born A. D. 1747. After twenty years spent in contemplating the phenomenon of the heavens, in making mathematical calculations, in examining the observations of the ancients, and in making new ones of his own, he was of a firm persuasion that the only true system was the Pythagorean; which makes the sun to be the centre, and which makes the earth to move, not only round the sun, but round its own axis. Thus he fully established that system of the universe called the Copernican, which is unanimously received by scientific men of all nations.

Greatly has the science of astronomy been improved by the invention and use of telescopes. This improvement is attributed to Galileo, a famous mathematician, a Florentine, born A. D. 1564. But modern astronomy has been improved,

---

* *So called from* Ptolemy of Alexandria, *who lived in the second century.*

confirmed and enriched, by the discoveries, experiments and speculations of Sir Isaac Newton.

Modern discoveries in the sublime science of astronomy, have opened prospects, which at once astonish and delight, to a degree which words are unable to express: and could the tyrant be prevailed upon to investigate the planetary system in particular, and the book of creation, it would inculcate a lesson on his mind, which time never could obliterate. Even the atheist, if there can be such a monster in existence, by studying this noble system, would find an antidote for an unnatural and unreasonable unbelief. An astronomer an atheist! it is impossible.

The most obvious distribution of those heavenly bodies which we call stars, is into two classes, viz....Permanent and planetary fixed, and wandering....The former are usually termed stars; the latter, planets. The stars, on account of their apparent unequal magnitudes, are divided into six classes, called, stars of the first, second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth magnitude. And though the stars appear so astonishingly numerous to the naked eye, it has been ascertained that a good telescope can discover, in several parts of the heavens, twenty times as many as can be recognized by the naked eye. The apparent unequal magnitudes of the stars are probably owing to their unequal distances. To a person at the nearest star, our sun would probably appear no larger than that star to us. At such immense distances are the stars from us, that it is supposed a ball shot from a cannon, and flying with undiminished velocity, would travel several hundred thousand years, before it could reach the nearest of them. As several stars have become visible of late years, it is apprehended that there may be stars at such immense distances, that though they have been in the heavens and emitting light for almost 6000 years, and light flies at the rate of 10,000,000 of miles in a minute, their light has not yet reached our world. Agreeable to all this, it has been observed, that were an inhabitant of our earth to travel toward the cope of heaven, and to advance on his ærial journey 160,000,000 of miles, even in that advanced situation, he could not perceive the smallest difference in the apparent magnitude of the stars. Nor is this a mere supposition; (however the ignorant may doubt, and even laugh at the reports of astronomers) it is an uncontrovertible fact, which the following case abundantly demonstrates. At the time of the winter solstice, that is, about the 21st of December, we are upwards of 160,000,000 of miles nearer to the northern parts of the sky, than we are at the summer solstice, or about the 21st of June; and yet, with regard to the stars situated in that quarter, we perceive neither change in their aspect, nor augmentation in their magnitude.

The discoveries of modern philosophers have rendered it *more than probable*, that creation consists of as many sys-

tems or worlds, as there are fixed stars; and that each of the fixed stars is the centre of a particular system, imparting heat and light to that system, and the several planetary bodies which compose it, as the sun does to the earth and the other opaque bodies which compose our system; and which, for this reason, is usually known by the name of the solar system. The majestic sentiments of the Rev. James Hervey on this subject, which particularly correspond with my own, I will literally transcribe: "Could we (says he) soar beyond the moon, and pass through all the planetary choir; could we wing our way to the highest apparent star, and take our stand on one of those loftiest pinnacles of heaven; we would there see other skies expanded, other suns, other stars, and other, perhaps nobler systems established through the boundless dimensions of space. Even at the end of this vast tour, we would find ourselves advanced no farther than the suburbs of creation and arrived only at the frontiers of the Great Jehovah's Kingdom."...How admirable the plan! how inimitable the architecture! how incomprehensible the circumference! how transcendant the superstructure! To enlarge on this amiable subject the brevity of our plan forbids ...A compendious exhibition must therefore suffice. That part of the vast expansive universe to which we belong, and to which our knowledge is almost wholly confined, called the Pythagorean, the Copernican, the Newtonian or the Solar System, consists of the Sun as its common centre, and a number of opaque bodies called comets and planets which in certain orbits perform their periodical revolutions around the Sun which is the principal orbit in our system; the centre and the soul of it. The antiphilosophical notion that the earth is the most considerable body and the centre of the universe, which during a long series of ages almost universally prevailed, has been long and justly exploded. The grand philosophical truth that the sun is the centre of our system, which the several planetary bodies of which it consists circumvolve, has been established on principles, and confirmed by arguments which leave no room for hesitation or doubt. Of all the celestial bodies which come within the sphere of our observations, the Sun in apparent magnitude and extensive influence is the most eminent and conspicuous. Of the peasant as well as the potentate, the cottager, as well as the philosopher, though in a different manner, he attracts the attention. His rising in the east, and his setting in the west form everyday two important epochs, and are among the first objects of which we take notice. When the great ruler of the day makes his majestic appearance in the eastern horizon, all the nocturnal luminaries disappear....from his superior splendor and presence, they shrink and vanish. At his early call universal nature awakes, and illuminated by his exhilirating beams, displays all her variegated beauties. How majestically grand, how stately and august his diurnal circuit. Does not this amaz-

ing luminary honor to his creator? Was not the formation of such an immense globe, a work worthy of a God? Without any manner of doubt. The question of what materials this vast orb is composed, has for a long series of ages excited the attention of the curious part of mankind, and occasioned a variety of speculations, a recital of which we must at present forego.... The opinion almost universally adopted, and confirmed by all the phenomenon of nature with which we are acquainted, is that the sun is an immense globe of fire placed in the centre of the system, or to use the language of astronomers, in the lowest focus of all the planetary and cometary bodies of which it consists. How astonishing the great magnitude of this grand luminary of day! His apparent diameter according to the computation of our best astronomers, amounts to upwards of 800,000 and his ambit to more than 250,000 English miles. That prodigy of mathematical knowledge, Sir Isaac Newton, computes the sun to be 900,000 times larger than the earth. His distance from us is by our modern astronomers estimated at 95,000,000 of miles. Flying in his orbit at the rate of 4262 miles every hour, he turns round on his axis in the space of 25 days 6 hours, and by the various attractions of the circumvolvery planets and comets, he seems to be agitated by a small motion round the central point of gravity in the system. To the temperature of the earth and of its various inhabitants the magnitude and distance of this luminary, and the corresponding degrees of light and heat which they derive from it, are wisely adapted, and in a peculiar manner show the infinite goodness as well the inconceivable wisdom of the Divine Architect. Were the sun larger he would set the earth on fire, were he smaller he would leave it altogether frozen, were he nearer to us we should be scorched to death, were he farther from us we should not be able to live for want of heat; he does not annoy, he only refreshes us.

Here I cannot forbear making a digression and with unfeigned gratitude exclaiming with the devout Psalmist, "Oh! that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men." But this is only one of 10,000 instances of the admirable nicety and exactness with which the several parts of the system are constituted, and all their dimensions, motions and uses adjusted. How uninvestigable the wisdom that formed, how unlimited the power that executed, but above all, how boundless the munificence that supports, the expansive universe! Are we startled at the reports of astronomy concerning the sun, that enormous mass of fire, which the Almighty kindled and for thousands of years has kept alive and undiminished? Let us, (to use the words of an exemplary pious as well as ingenious divine of the last century) "attend our philosophical guides, and we shall be brought acquainted with speculations more enlarged and more amazing. This *sun with all* its attendant planets, is but a very little part

of the grand machine of the universe. Every star is the centre of a magnificent system; having a retinue of worlds irradiated by its beams and revolving round its attractive influence, all which are lost to our sight in the unmeasurable wilds of æther." How manifold and how glorious are thy works Lord God Almighty; in impenetrable wisdom and infinite power hast thou made them all; great in goodness and good in greatness art thou! heaven and earth are full of thy glory.

The muscular appearances or spots on the sun's disk, discovered by Galileo as early as 1610, has excited much curiosity and excited no small diversity of conjectures. But though our astronomers have long observed, and often attempted to explain them, all their united efforts have hitherto proved unsatisfactory. That they are occasioned by the smoke of volcanoes breaking out time after time on the surface of the sun; that they are exhalations raised by its intense heat, or a kind of clouds flying in its atmosphere; that they are new worlds in a chaotic unformed state as our earth once was; that they are planets moving in orbits nearer to the sun than any with which we are acquainted, are all at best only arbitrary opinions, fanciful conjectures supported by no satisfactory evidence. Are there not numerous inexplicable mysteries in nature, as well as revealed religion. After all our investigations and speculations, we must come to this rational conclusion at last, that the Creator is infinitely great, and we are infinitely poor and blind and hence we may with propriety adopt Job's reflection. "Lo! these are a part of his ways and works, but how small a portion of him or of them is, or I may add, can be known." How beneficial and salutary are the effect of the periodical revolutions of the planets, diurnal and annual, to the former we are indebted for the alternate succession of day and night, the seasons of labor and repose; to the latter for the regular returns of spring and autumn, summer and winter. Were the planets stationary, the one half of them would be dazzled with everlasting day, the other involved in eternal night; the former would only be habitable, the latter utterly uninhabitable. Not confined to us, the light and warmth of the sun, his vivifying and nutritive influences, extends to creation around us indiscriminately; to minerals, vegetables and animals. Moses in his valedictory benediction to the Israelites spoke of "the precious fruits brought forth by the sun; and the precious things put forth by the moon." The fructifying effect which these heavenly luminaries have on the earth not only the sage but the savage perceives. Did our benevolent Creator intend this world for our temporary abode, and with such unbounded expence, such unutterable profusion of goodness fill it for our accommodation and comfort? what imagination can conceive, or tongue can express then the magnificence and glory of that eternal kingdom prepared for his faithful children from the foundation of the world. Can we day after day behold the light and feel

the exhilirating influence of the sun, and partake of the benefactions of the Parent of Good who circles nature in one kind embrace, and yet oppress, murder and destroy the noblest works of this great, this good, this glorious being, instead of reverencing him, obeying him, and loving him ? Inexcusable, criminal, shameful ingratitude ! Does the sun proclaim his goodness and perfections, and can we, dare we, both literally and virtually insult him to his face, with impunity ?

The reasons of the different degrees of heat which the earth receives from the sun in summer, and in winter are sufficiently obvious ; his continuance above the horizon is in summer longer and in winter shorter. The former increases the heat in proportion as it lengthens the day, the latter diminishes the heat and augments the cold in proportion as it shortens the day. Another reason is, the different directions of the sun's rays in summer and in winter ; the former more vertical, the latter more oblique : the vertical rays strike with greater, the oblique with less force. Astonishing is that contrivance of infinite wisdom by which a proper distance between the sun as the centre, and our earth and all the other planets of which the system consists, is invariably preserved. Within the orbits or paths wherein they travel through the wide dimensions of open and unresisting space which were originally assigned to them, they ever are confined. To depart too far from their centre or to approach too near to it, could not fail to prove fatal to their inhabitants. The former, the attractive power of the sun prevents ; the latter, that projectile force which the Almighty impressed upon the planetary bodies at their creation prevents. Between these attractive and projectile powers the adjustment is so exact, that without any solid orbit to confound them the several planets have invariably continued in their respective paths from the creation to this day. Concerning the sun, mankind have entertained the most extravagant ideas. By one part of the human race, this luminary has been advanced to the rank of a God, and had divine honors paid to it; by another it has been debased as low as hell, and supposed to be the place of infernal misery, but this is only one instance out of millions in which " men have become vain in their imagination, and professing themselves to be wise have become fools." We have attempted and only attempted to give some description of the centre of our system, we will next give, or endeavor to give, some account collected from the most accurate calculations of modern astronomers and mathematicians, of the planets and comets which revolve about the sun at different periods of time, and at different distances from it in the following order :

Mercury, at the distance of about 37,000,000 of miles, makes its circuit round the sun in the space of 87 days, 23 hours, and *15 minutes.*

Venus, at the distance of 69,000,000 of miles, in 224 days, *16 hours,* and 42 minutes.

The Earth, at the distance of about 95,000,000 of miles, in 365 days, 6 hours, 9 minutes, 14 seconds, or a Sidereal year.

Mars, at the distance of about 145,000,000 of miles, in 686 days, 33 hours, 27 minutes.

Jupiter, at the distance of 495,000,000 of miles, in 4332 days, 12 hours, 20 minutes, or almost 12 years.

Saturn, at the distance of 908,000,000 of miles, in 19,759 days, 6 hours, and 36 minutes, or nearly 30 years.

The Georgium Sidus, at the distance of 1 816,000,000 miles moves in its orbit round the sun in 30,456 days, 2 hours, or 83 and a half years.

The prefixed are all the heavenly bodies which are at present known to circumvolve the sun, as their centres exclusive of the satellites that continually revolve about the Earth, Jupiter, Saturn; and the Georgium Sidus first recognized by the ingenious Dr. Herschel, 13th March, 1781.

The earth has but one moon or satellite, which in 27 days, 7 hours, and 43 minutes, revolves about it at the distance of 240,000 miles. Four moons has been descried constantly revolving around Jupiter, viz. the first in 1 day, 18 hours, and 28 minutes, at the distance of 6 semidiameters from its centre; the second in 3 days, 13hours, and 14 minutes, at 9 semidiameters; the 3d in 7 days, 3 hours, and 43 minutes, at 14 semidiameters; the 4th in 16 days, 16 hours, and 32 minutes, at the distance of 25 semidiameters.

Dr. Herschel has observed by his celebrated telescope, that Saturn has 7 moons moving round him as follows: the first which is nearest to the planet in 1 day, 21 hours, and 17 minutes, at the distance of 5 semidiameters, as measured with a micrometer; the 2d in 2 days, 17 hours, and 41 minutes, at 6 and a quarter semidiameters; the 3d in 4 days, 12 hours, and 25 minutes, at 8 and 3-4 semidiameters; the 4th in 15 days, 22 hours, 41 minutes, at 20 semidiameters, the 5th in 79 days, 7 hours, 47 minutes, at the distance of 59 semidiameters; the revolutions of the other two moons have not as yet been found out. But exclusive of these satellites, Saturn is surrounded by a thin broad ring which is about 21,000 miles in breadth inclining about 30 degrees to the ecliptic; the distance of this ring from the body of the planet is equal on all sides. There have been but two moons as yet discovered, which circumvolve Georgium Sidus; the time of their revolutions has not been accurately ascertained.

With respect to the comets that revolve about the sun, their orbits are so various and eccentric, their stations and periods so different, that the laws by which they are governed are not known, nor their periodical times ascertained. They are however supposed to be solid opaque bodies with long refulgent tails issuing from the side opposite the sun, and they move about him in remarkable eccentric ellipsis. The comet which appeared in 1680 was supposed by Sir Isaac Newton to

be 2000 times hotter than red hot iron. Though comets are but very seldom seen by the inhabitants of our globe, it is nevertheless conjectured, that there are great numbers of them moving in all directions, belonging to the solar system, which must greatly astonish the reflecting mind, especially when it is remembered that the innumerable quantities of heavenly bodies scattered through the ætherial regions, do not suffer the least injury from their influence. There are only three comets, whose periodical revolutions are known with any degree of certainty. The above mentioned one at its greatest distance, is about 12,200,000,000 miles from the sun; when it is nearest him, it flies with the astonishing velocity of 880,000 miles an hour. When it is recollected that the above comet was 575 years performing its circuit, we must be amazed, if we contemplate the wondrous distance it runs out into the boundless dimensions of æther; and our amazement must be enhanced, when we remember that none of the comets belonging to our system ever approach sufficiently near to feel the attraction of the nearest fixed star. This idea demonstrates the amazing distance between our system and the nearest fixed star.

There are many credulous persons who suppose (though the supposition is an insult to common sense,) the different luminaries were all created to enlighten our terraqueous globe: but the absurdity of this idea is notorious as well as fabulous, and needs only to be exhibited in order to be execrated, as demeaning the works of deity. Not only the different planets, but in my opinion, the comets themselves, notwithstanding their gross vapors, extreme heat, and dense atmosphere, may be inhabited by beings calculated to enjoy the benedictions of the Creator; and I am confirmed in my opinion, when I consider that his love inclines, and his power enables him to render all his creatures susceptible of feeling happy. Again, when we reflect that the solid marble, the fragrant orchard, the crystal stream, and in short, the earth itself, are teaming with living creatures, though all imperceptible to the naked eye....the diversified animals that inhabit the earth, air and sea, who all enjoy qualifications as their natures require, from their Creator....these obvious reflections, and many more which might be adduced, demonstrate that such large masses of durable matter, as the comets as well as planets, are not destitute of beings who are capable of enjoying the gifts, and admiring the wonderful works of the God of nature.

PAGE 299....LINE 19.

Ev'n PAINE *must grant, no man is blest'd but he.*

I DO not by any means introduce Mr. Paine's name out of disrespect, much less malevolence; but rather by way of pre-

ference, as I suppose him to be the best informed infidel of the present age, at least in a political point of view. Indeed, the want of candor and christian moderation, in many of the authors who wrote in favor of revelation, and against modern infidelity, has in my opinion, rather tended to consolidate than invalidate it; has made more proselytes to, than converts from it. The fallacy of the arguments in favor of deism, and the futility of the hopes of its advocates, cannot be obviated by declamation, or intimidated by illiberal execration. If there never had been a deistical writer, the superstitious hypocrisy, and guilty pretensions of many of the supposed votaries of revelation, both laymen and reverend men, is sufficient to prove a dangerous stumbling block to such as are not experimentally acquainted with the intrinsic excellency of the christian religion, but who judge of its utility according to the merit or demerit of its advocates; and this is the primary cause so many millions of people are implacable enemies to the most glorious of all civil causes....republicanism.

With respect to Mr. Paine's systematic attack on the scriptures, in his Age of Reason, while I allow his sincerity, (for I really believe he is no hypocrite) I must disapprove his mode of attack, and I sincerely lament that ever the author of that incomparable performance, entitled, Common Sense, and the inimitable and philanthropic work, called, The Rights of Man, should have produced such a spurious compilation to the indiscriminate inspection of a gainsaying and degenerate generation. Spurious, not only on account of the subject discussed, but the unjust and injurious method of discussion; not altogether on account of the arguments adduced, but the virulent acrimony, illiberal satire, unjust animadversions, and pedantic witticisms, with which the work abounds. But what I consider the most censurable part of Mr. Paine's conduct in the arrangement and compilation of his Age of Reason is, his assuming such an air of assurance and self-importance in his criticisms on the bible, as though he was acquainted with the literal and spiritual meaning of the word of God, and was a proficient in the original languages; whereas he knew no more of their spirituality, utility and excellence, than a blind man does of colors, or a deaf man of sounds; and I may add, it is utterly impossible for him to see their spirituality while in nature's darkness, as "they are spiritually discerned;" for the carnal mind is enmity against God, and is not competent to judge of the law or word of God, neither indeed can be. With respect to his satirical remarks on hypocritical christian priests and christian preachers, who love the loaves and fishes more than they do the bodies and souls of men, they are energetic, inasmuch as they are consistent with truth: but because there are counterfeits, is that a reason there are no silver dollars? because there are gluttons and drunkards, is that any reason there is no utility in meat and drink? be-

cause there are religious and political hypocrites, is that any reason that christianity and republicanism are nugatory? With respect to the simplified stile of the scriptures, though it is invalidated by Mr. Paine and his votaries, I consider as their most beautiful quality: for the Almighty, accommodating himself to the capacities of his creatures, revealed his will to them conformable to their own language and ideas of things; and I am confident even Mr. Paine himself would not command his servant in a language he did not understand. Yes; I will be bold to affirm, there can be no language more majestic and nervous; no diction can be purer; no sentiments can be grander or more sublime; no imagery more strong and beautiful, than that in the word of God. The Age of Reason has been more fatal to thousands and tens of thousands, especially of the wavering and the profane, than the deistical writings of Morgan, Hume, Bolingbroke, Tindal, Voltaire, Spinoza, &c. The reason is obvious. It is a stubborn fact, that the majority of their objections were compiled from their writings, and collected in that production, as it were to a focus; and being clothed in the most sonorous language, proved the ruin of many of the ignorant and unwary. His collecting the sentiments and objections of these infidels, is by no means censurable; as this is a practice peculiar to all writers who cannot dispense with a dependance upon one another for information: but the abuse and invective so liberally scattered throughout the performance, cannot be justified. Wherefore, while I admire and venerate the author of the Rights of Man, I cannot avoid pitying and lamenting the author of the Age of Reason, when I remember he must be an unhappy man, full of doubts, fears, and forebodings of mind, and I pray the Almighty to pity him also; for I am confident the influence of infidelity on the mind, has the direct tendency, not only to extinguish all religious impressions, but also to corrupt the morals, and loose the reins to the domination of every unhallowed passion and sensual appetite, and consequently accellerate the destruction of the contaminated individual, and pierce him with many sorrows here, and unutterable misery hereafter. Thus the pirate plunders the defenceless mariner of his riches, his ship, his provisions, and his all, and sends him adrift in an open boat, on a boisterous ocean, without a compass to guide, or food to support him. But the man who virtually or literally robs me of my silver and gold, robs me of what I can dispense with, and yet be happy; but he who bereaves me of the comforts of religion, bereaves me of an immortal treasure of infinite value; the want of which incapacitates me to enjoy peace or happiness in time or in eternity. But the advocates of deism will say, "What you call religion, is enthusiastic vision" Is that enthusiasm, which enables me to rise superior to the degeneracy of my corrupted nature? to

walk in the paths of moral rectitude, and shun the devious paths of folly? to love God supremely, and mankind affectionately? to live on earth as one that is born to die? to prefer virtue clothed in rags, to villainy arrayed in robes of state? Then admitting this is enthusiasm; he who takes it from me, takes what cannot enrich him, but makes me poor indeed.

Those who consider themselves the rich, the great, and the noble, think little of these interesting considerations, till brought to experience the solemnities of a dying hour. Pampered with adulation, caressed by flatterers, engrossed by the formalities of life, the tumult of business, or perhaps, the vicissitudes of folly, they think they have little need, and as little relish for the consolations of religion. But let them know, that in the shades of obscurity there is many a virtuous patriot, sincere philanthropist, and pious christian, languishing beneath the pressure of complicated disease....whose friends are all faithless, and whose foes are all sincere....oppressed by the iron hand of despotism, and chilled with consequent poverty....who are, notwithstanding, happy in the love of God, and joyful in the hopes of a future retribution, possessed with that ineffable delight and contentment which the world can neither give nor take away. Yet have the champions of infidelity, with sacrilegious hands, made daring innovations on this last retreat of the children of affliction.... this sacred asylum of the miserable that has survived the ravages of misfortune, the malevolence of devils, and the tyranny of wicked men.

I would ask the votaries of infidelity, Did it ever happen that the influence of your tenets proved efficacious in causing the vicious man to forego his vices, and become virtuous? No. But on the contrary, they have tended to destroy the tranquility of virtuous retirement, deepened the gloom of human wickedness, and enhanced the horrors of the grave. Ye modern infidels, who (though perhaps ignorantly) are traitors to the human race, murderers of the human soul, and ministers of woe, how can you answer to your own hearts, and the almighty Searcher of all hearts, for the infinite injury the dissemination of your baneful principles has been to millions of the human kind. Reflect on the evils they have produced, and if there remains a particle of social virtue in your hearts, the spontaneous reflection will awaken the keenest remorse and penitential sorrow.

PAGE 308...LINE 7.

Forbear, my muse, the sweet Columbian strain.

IN concluding this work, I will not, in the prophetical language of Scripture say, yet forty days, and Christendom

shall be overthrown: yet I will with boldness assert, that unless the hostile nations thereof reform and repent, they must unavoidably perish. The almighty cannot avoid punishing them—he must either do it, or prostitute his attributes, tarnish his veracity, and annihilate his justice. The judgments of God are already in a peculiar manner abroad in the earth. All Europe feels, while America anticipates the dreadful scourge of heaven. In the kingdom of Spain alone, according to documents received from Madrid, it appears from the annual census, that has been lately made of the population of that kingdom, that during the last twelve months it has diminished 1,000,000; which diminution has been attributed to epidemic disorders, earthquakes and famine: and in addition to these judgments, they have been recently afflicted with a still greater punishment, viz. a sanguinary war with England. In the town of Malaga alone, 26,000 persons were buried in the course of four weeks, who perished by the pestilence. I firmly believe these important events are preludes to that glorious period spoken of in scripture, when universal harmony and peace will pervade the whole earth. And I am of the opinion, that in the year 1836, popery, aristocracy and despotism, will have a final downfal; though they will perhaps flourish, and come to their zenith or summit, in the intermediate space of time. The parabolical assertion of our blessed Redeemer, "They who know their master's will and do it not, shall be beaten with many stripes," is applicable to nations as well as individuals; which the dreadful punishment of the Jews abundantly demonstrates. Though individual tyrants seem to escape the punishment of their crimes in this world, nations of them cannot escape the terrible vengeance of heaven. Individuals may be punished in eternity according to the turpitude of their sins, but nations cannot; national characters and civil distinctions being unknown in the eternal world. All the nations of antiquity have felt the avenging hand of heaven; but none so severely as the Jews, though God's peculiar people; who, like the Christians, were exalted to heaven in point of privileges. They were, previous to their downfal, solemnly warned of their danger and guilt, as Christendom now is; but they refused to hear and forbear; consequently, the warning supremely enhanced the goodness of God, while it augmented their guilt, and finally left them without excuse; and if this work has no other, it will certainly have this intrinsically glorious tendency, namely, to demonstrate through eternity, to the astonishment of angels, and the confusion of tyrants, the great mercy and forbearance of Almighty God.

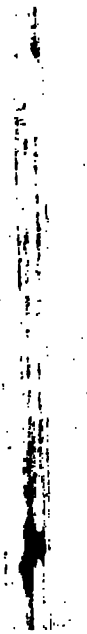
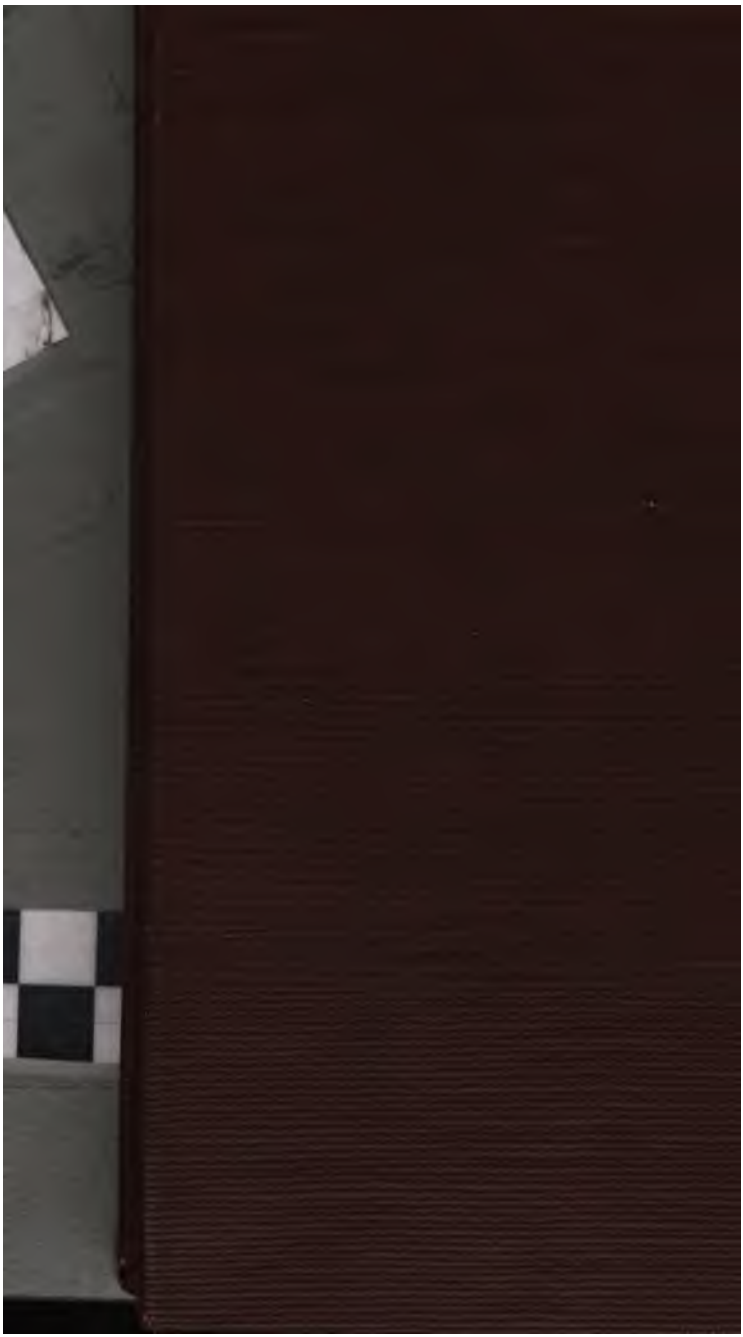
Can we so far insult reason and common sense, as to suppose for a moment that the impartial Judge and Sovereign of the universe can let the nations of Christendom escape with *impunity*, whose barbarous crimes are in magnitude, what

those of the nations of antiquity were only in miniature? It is impossible.

From the subject matter of this work, which is as interesting to the citizens of America as any subject they can discuss, it appears self-evident, that at no period of our existence as a nation, has our freedom and safety been so much endangered as the present; in no crisis have we had equal cause of alarm, (in a political, as well as in a religious point of view;) and yet, alas! we seem to behold with a torpid indifference, the government, which is the boast of our own, and the envy of other nations, degraded and debilitated by a set of unprincipled avaricious slave-dealers. Though I do not wish to give offence, I will boldly affirm, that these same slave-holders would wade through seas of the blood of white men, as soon as black men, to gratify their despotic propensities, if they were not restrained; and it is the fear, not the love of either God or man, that restrains them. Those who conceive that I am too pointed in my animadversions, would no doubt be of a different opinion, were they to be one day in the predicament the slaves are, or could they for one moment view their unutterable distress. Are we, or can we be so forgetful of past toils, so insensible to present disgrace, and so careless of future danger, as to suffer importations from Guinea to undermine the foundation of our incomparable federal government, the price of our blood and our treasure, that rewarded the toils and dangers of a sanguinary war, and which is at once the guarantee of our prosperity, and the palladium of our religious and political rights? God forbid. Those who duly appreciate the intrinsic value of our federal constitution, and who justly estimate the power which this constitution possesses, to diffuse the blessings of equal rights, without distinction, amongst the citizens, must look with horror at that unjust inequality in favor of slave-dealers, which, without the possibility of effecting a single benefit, will eventuate in the prostration of the dearest interests of the citizens of the north, and in time be assimilated to aristocracy and despotism.

My concluding admonition to my fellow-citizens, whether democrats or federalists, is, that every distinction of party be done away, except the noble appellation of republican. Let the patriotic citizens behold their smiling infants, and unanimously resolve not to leave them, after their decease, a prey to anarchy and intestine commotion. Finally, let them rally round the constitution, and be found determined, not only to resist any attempts at ruinous innovation, but also to bequeath it unadulterated and uncontaminated, to their children and their children's children, as an INTRINSICALLY SACRED DEPOSIT.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page	17	line 10,	for *foaming*	read	*warlike.*
	ib.	17,	*dikes*		*dukes.*
	20	10,	*flowing*		*flow'rs.*
	50	33,	*mortal*		*martial.*
	92	5,	*lo*		*to.*
	97	25,	*drench*		*drink.*
	114	33,	*chain*		*chair.*
	122	17,	*ourselves*		*ourself.*
	187	22,	*then*		*them.*
	201	16,	*soul*		*voice.*
	217	15,	*th' expiring*		*her youngest.*
	238	14,	*on*		*in.*
	ib.	17,	*thus*		*this.*
	275	9,	*tyrants*		*tyrant.*
	278	4,	*the*		*that.*
	280	10,	*sports*		*spoils.*
	306	22,	*ministers*		*monsters.*